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June, 1964
35¢

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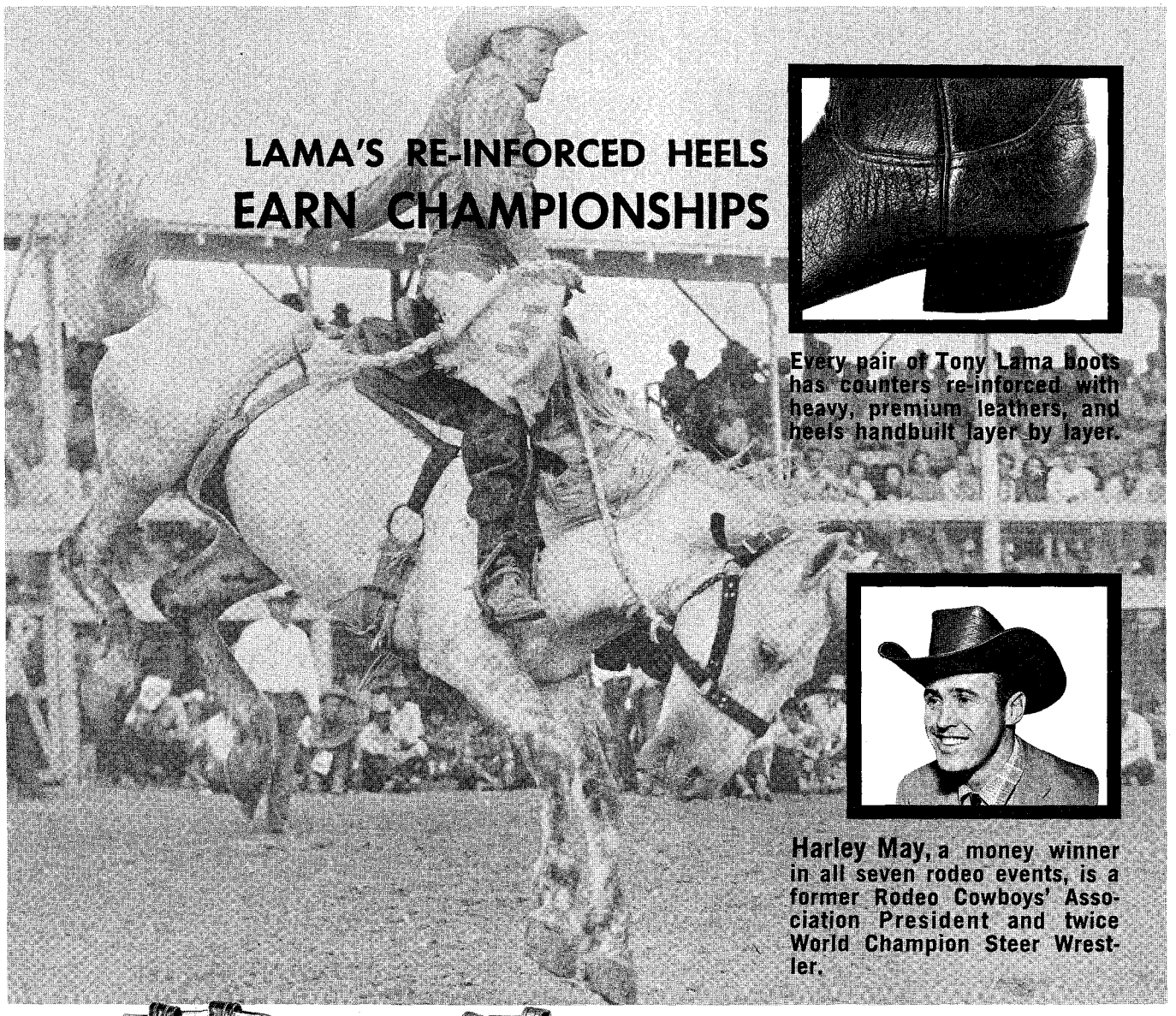
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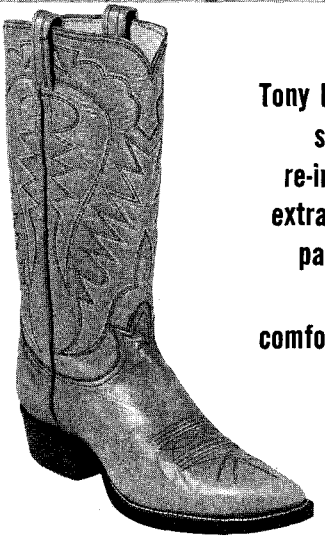

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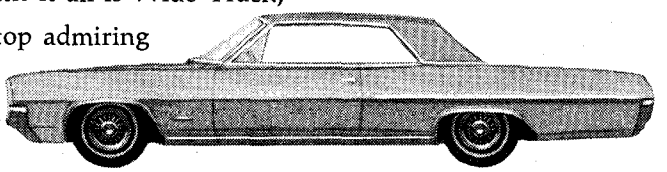

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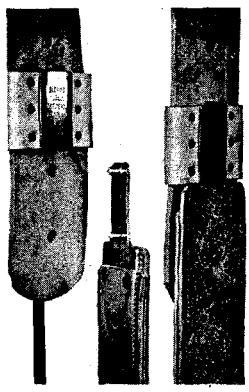

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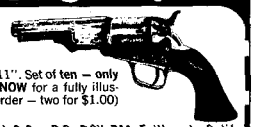
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May-June, 1964
Volume 11, No. 5
Whole No. 63

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

PAT WAGNER, Editor
JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher
PATTY AARON, Advertising
CATHIE WILSON, Secretary
MARILYN SCHOLTZ, Circulation

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Joe Grandee

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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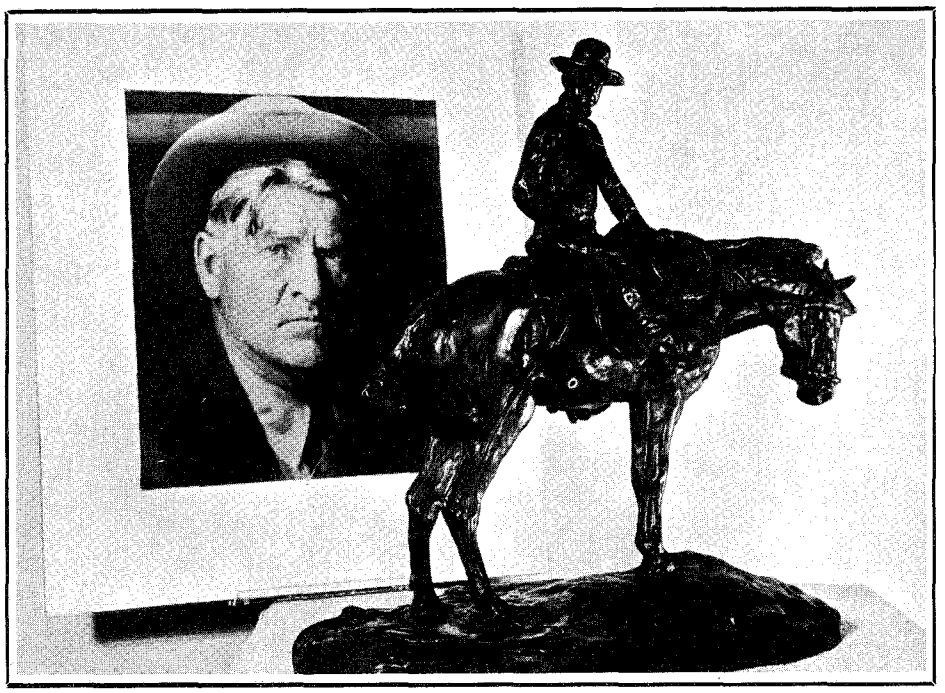

Replica of Charles Russell's famous bronze, "Horse Wrangler," award trophy.

BABY SISTER'S GROWED UP, or— We've Won an "Oscar"!

IF YOU read FRONTIER TIMES as well as TRUE WEST, this is old news. The full story is in the May issue of the twins. I hate to be so sly and underhanded about this, but if you've just *got* to have that issue, your newsstand owner might be talked into selling you one.

I did all our shyful bragging in that issue about "Nine Years Among the Indians" winning THE AMERICAN HERITAGE AWARD but there are still a few of you rapscallions left who read TRUE WEST only, because you say it is better than FRONTIER TIMES. Well, you remember all my editorials wherein, between pulling out fistsful of graying hair, I explained that they were the same —just labeled different so as to stay on the newsstands twice as long. In addition to being sly, sneaky coyotes, we HAD to do this in order to keep going at all! Then is when the belt jumped the wheel! We had the dadburndest controversy over which was the best magazine!

That has about died down now and FRONTIER TIMES has nearly caught up with big sister. When we received that letter from THE NATIONAL COWBOY HALL OF FAME AND AMERICAN HERITAGE CENTER saying FRONTIER TIMES had won the award for the best article in the field for 1963—well, we were plumb proud of little sister and the durned little old thing that we thought for awhile was going to turn out to be a maverick is already wanting to wear high-heeled shoes!

Fact is, we used to use this space to try and *acquaint* you with FRONTIER TIMES—now we're using it to brag on it. I know you won't mind this little display of pride. We know, way down deep, that we've got so little to brag on we might as well take advantage of any opportunity, whatever it is!

The boys who should have the real credit are those who are helping build the NATIONAL COWBOY HALL OF FAME and WESTERN HERITAGE CENTER. As I said before, this is the first real step in an attempt to recognize and reward on a national scale those instrumental in trying to present the Old West as it *really* was. In the field of books, music, art, television, motion pictures, radio and magazines, they are rewarding the very best contributions pertaining to an era that needs no distortion whatsoever to keep and to further build it as possibly the most interesting short period in history.

Today, seventeen Western states have banded together to build a HALL OF FAME AND WESTERN HERITAGE CENTER to pay tribute to the drovers, ranchers, farmers and pioneers who had a hand in building the West. They are doing a great job and they need all our help to do an even greater one.

The winning article, "Nine Years Among the Indians," was published in our March and May, 1963, issues of FRONTIER TIMES. It is (and we said this before the award!) the most outstanding Indian story that we have ever read. It is the account of eleven-year-old Herman Lehmann's being captured by the Apaches and living nine fantastic years with them and the Comanches.

I wouldn't be commercial for the world, but if you missed this rare old book, which we ran in two parts, send 70¢ to Lehmann Story, FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 5008, Austin, Texas—and watch FT for more old books in coming up issues. I'm running out of space—never out of "wind"!—Joe.

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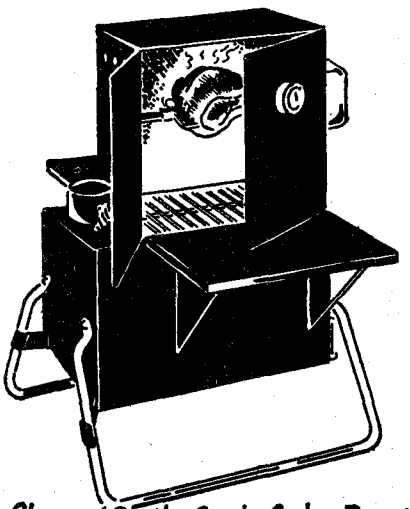

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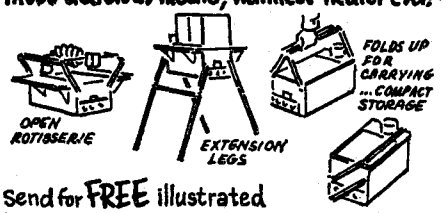

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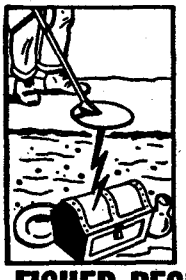

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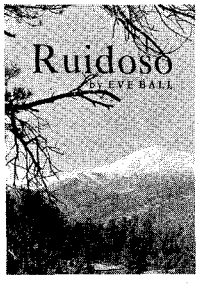

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Watch for the
August TRUE WEST
. . . on sale June 20

True Western

Cattle Kings!

Dear Editor:

From the Far West I salute your TRUE WEST—the February '64 issue of "Cattle Kings." You are in my country now. I knew Colonel Goodnight and worked on his range before going to Oklahoma in 1900. The one error I find—there was one Cheyenne Indian at the buffalo hunt, Chief Mad Wolf from New Moon, Oklahoma. I saw him there.

I was born in Howard County, Texas. You will find our brand in the old records in Big Spring, the Running UT; ear mark, shallow fork left, split right. I worked for John Nolen near Canadian and have ridden from the Kansas line to Sonora, Mexico. I was in Hale Center when there was only a wagon yard, saloon, blacksmith shop, general store and about four houses. I would like to know if any readers can tell me anything about C. P. McCoy from Southwest Texas or Chas. Siringo who rode for the Spur. You have the best Western magazine published. I am getting old but I can still read.—O. P. Youngblood, 5101 68th Street West, Tacoma, Washington.

Dear Pat:

The article in TRUE WEST relative to Charles Goodnight and the J A prompted me to look up these two pictures which might be of interest to you. These two shots show part of 2,500 J A steers that I held in Western Kansas the winter of 1919-20 and the summer of 1920. They were owned by Pat Skinner of Medicine Lodge. I kept 1,500 of them on my ranch on the Smoky Hill River near Russell Springs and put 1,000 on the North Fork.

Charles Goodnight had not been connected with the J A for some time, but these cattle showed the line of breeding that he laid down long before that. They were two-year-olds when I got them and they were undoubtedly the best bred large bunch of cattle of one brand that I ever saw thrown together.—Walter W. Gann, 31662 Scenic Drive, South Laguna, California.

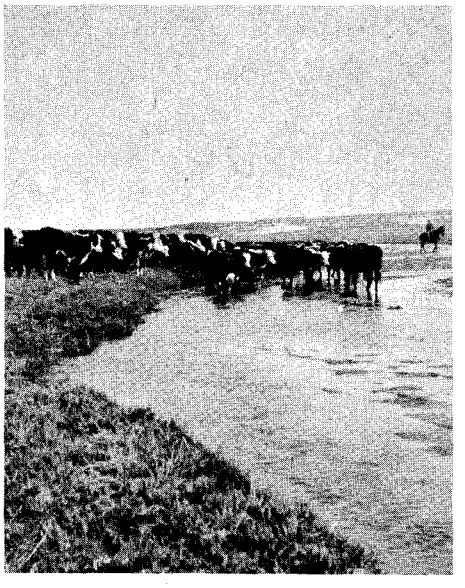
Dear Sir:

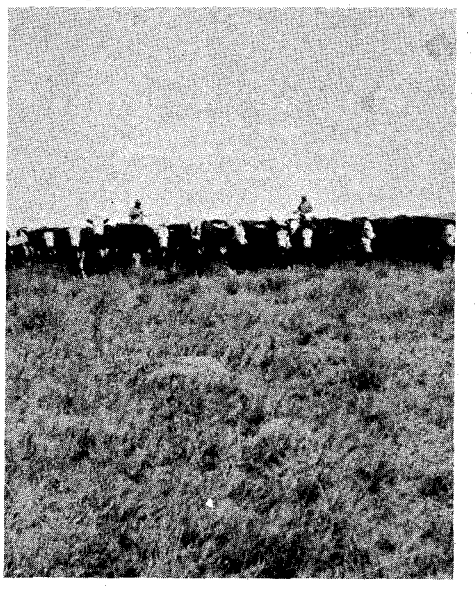
The article in TRUE WEST regarding the old ranchers is very interesting and I am looking forward to the next issue in which the Spade Ranches will be mentioned because I worked on the lower Spade (The Renderbrook Ranch) at one time.

The article also brought back memories of C. C. Slaughter. He had interests down along the lower Pecos Valley. The Southern Pacific Railroad approach to the Pecos River High Bridge from the east was down a fairly steep grade for some three or four miles. One year there was a severe drought and a number of cattle were lost. On a cold winter night with a stiff norther blowing, a westbound freight approaching the High Bridge was suddenly confronted with a large bunch of cattle in a deep cut. Now,

(Continued on page 62)

Part of a 2,500 head herd of JA cattle. In the picture below right, Walter Gann is the horseman on the right.





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(5) **Fathers and sons** go for this handsome hat with interwoven two-tone design and matching narrow ribbon band. 2-rows ventilation. Wired brim lets you shape it the way you want. 2-colors: White with Tan, Black with White.
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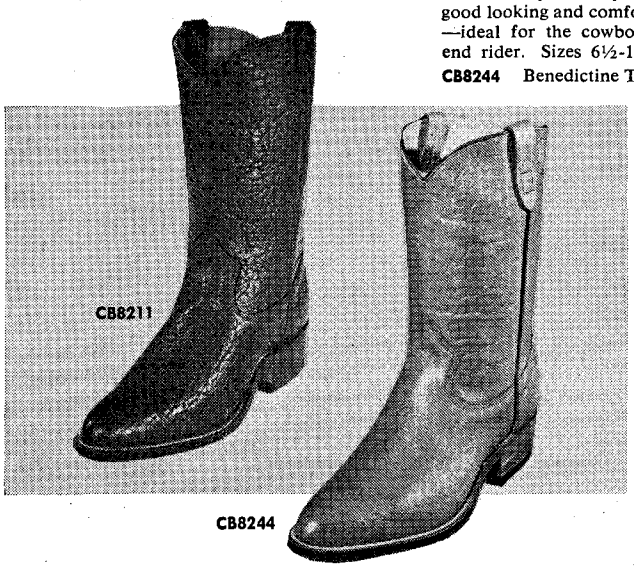
CB8244 Benedictine Tan **$15.95**



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THE MATADOR Land & Cattle Co., Ltd., operating two big ranches, held the largest acreage on the Staked Plains in 1951, and is probably the largest spread in the United States based on the number of cattle it owns. This great ranch was running 47,000 head of cattle on 800,000 acres of land several years ago. Its only rival for first place in the nation is the King Ranch in Southwest Texas.

Henry Harrison Campbell, a Texan, was a sandy-haired man with a birthmark that covered half his face. On the range he was known as "Paint" because of the disfigurement. Campbell began his career as an ordinary cowboy during the period of expansion that followed the Civil War. By 1876 he had saved enough to buy a small herd, which he drove to California and sold at a good profit.

With the money he made on this trail trip, he founded the Matador Ranch in 1878 near the rim of the Caprock on the eastern edge of the Staked Plains, where hunters were rapidly exterminating the buffaloes for their hides. He bought out a squatter by the name of Joe Browning, who had taken possession of Ballard Spring near the head of Pease River. Browning had a few hogs but had not tried to run cattle with the buffaloes.

The spring was in rough country under the Caprock's rim where cattle could go out on the vast prairie of the Staked Plains in summer and retire to the timber brakes for winter shelter. The Plains were treeless, but the brakes contained considerable mesquite, cedar, hackberry and cottonwoods. There were also large strips covered with shin-oak. It was the acorns of the "shinnery" that supported Joe Browning's hogs.

Paint Campbell was quick to see the opportunity for a vast cattle kingdom in this region that had supported millions of buffaloes. He went to Fort Worth and organized the Matador Cattle Company with a capital of $50,000. Matador is a Spanish word meaning "bullfighter." The corporation included A. M. Britton, S. W. Lomax, John Nichols and H. H. Campbell.

Campbell stocked his range with 8.000 Jingle Bob cows and heifers from John Chisum's outfit on the Pecos in New Mexico. The cattle were purchased from Robert K. Wiley and Thomas Coggins, who had been business associates of that great cattleman and who had taken the stock in payment of a note.

The first Matador Ranch headquarters were two half-dugouts in a hillside. When Elizabeth Bundy Campbell, Paint's wife, arrived at the Matador Ranch in 1879, she insisted on having something a little more civilized to live in, and a small box-house was constructed. The lumber for this building was secured from a sawmill at Fort Griffin. Windows and doors were hauled from Fort Worth.

At the time of Mrs. Campbell's arrival in West Texas, there were only three other white women in the entire area. They were Mrs. Cooper, wife of a freighter at Tepee City, twenty miles away; Mrs. Hank Smith on Blanco Canyon, thirty miles away; and Mrs. Charles Goodnight at Palo Duro Canyon, seventy miles north. Tepee City, once a great campground for the Indians, was then more of a trading post for buffalo hunters. Ranching on the Plains was a lonely life, and Mrs. Campbell traded all of her precious flour for a black dog to keep her company while her husband was away.

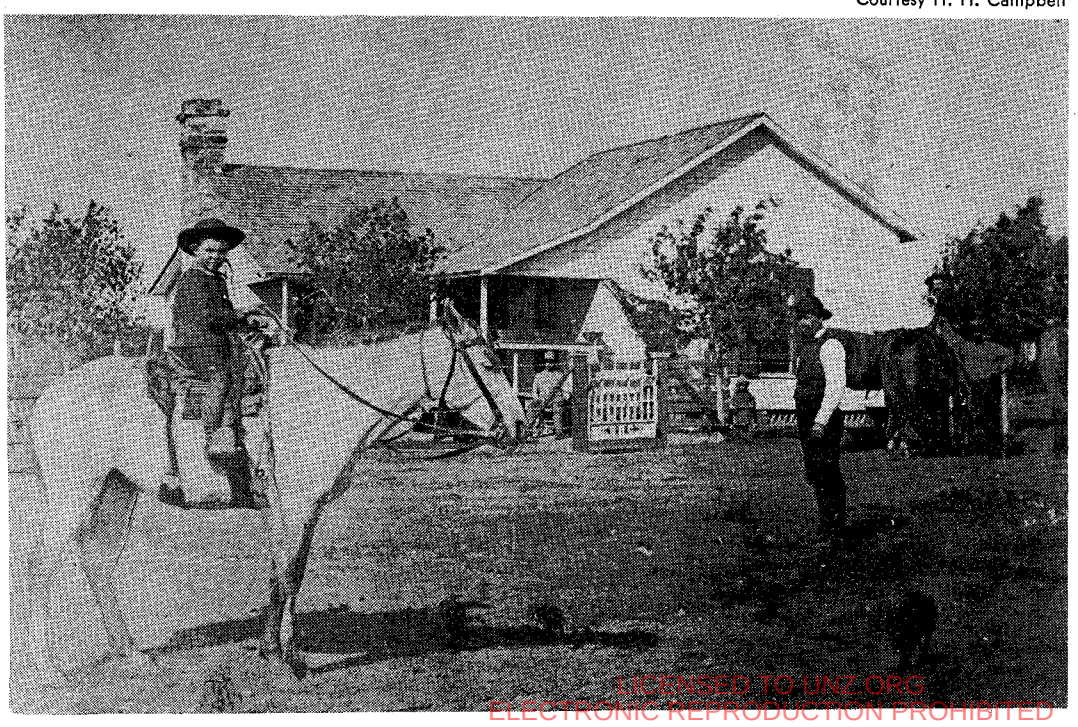
Campbell's cattle multiplied rapidly on the unlimited range, the calf crop averaging from seventy-five to eighty per cent each year. Destruction by lobo wolves and death from old age caused practically the only losses. Heifer calves became cows in two years and added their production to that of the original herd. The Matador Cattle Company began to buy and lease land from the state. The land was sold on easy terms—some of it on forty-year time—consequently, it did not take much capital to control a lot of acreage.

By 1884 Campbell was working 150 men and controlled 1,000,000 acres, most of which were leased. In 1881, just six years after he organized the Matador Cattle Company, Campbell and his associates sold to a Scotch syndicate for $1,250,000, and the name of the company was changed to the Matador Land & Cattle Co., Ltd. Under the terms of the sale, H. H. Campbell remained with the company as superintendent of the Matador Ranch and kept his stock. W. F. Summerville became general manager of the big organization. Home offices were in Dundee, Scotland. A well-stocked commissary at the ranch supplied the cowboys with clothing, bedding, tobacco, ammunition, and other articles not furnished at company expense. This merchandise was freighted by wagons from Fort Worth.

IN the days before the introduction of barbed wire, few cattlemen knew

H. H. Campbell, Jr. and his father in front of the White House on the Matador Ranch in this 1885 photograph.

Courtesy H. H. Campbell



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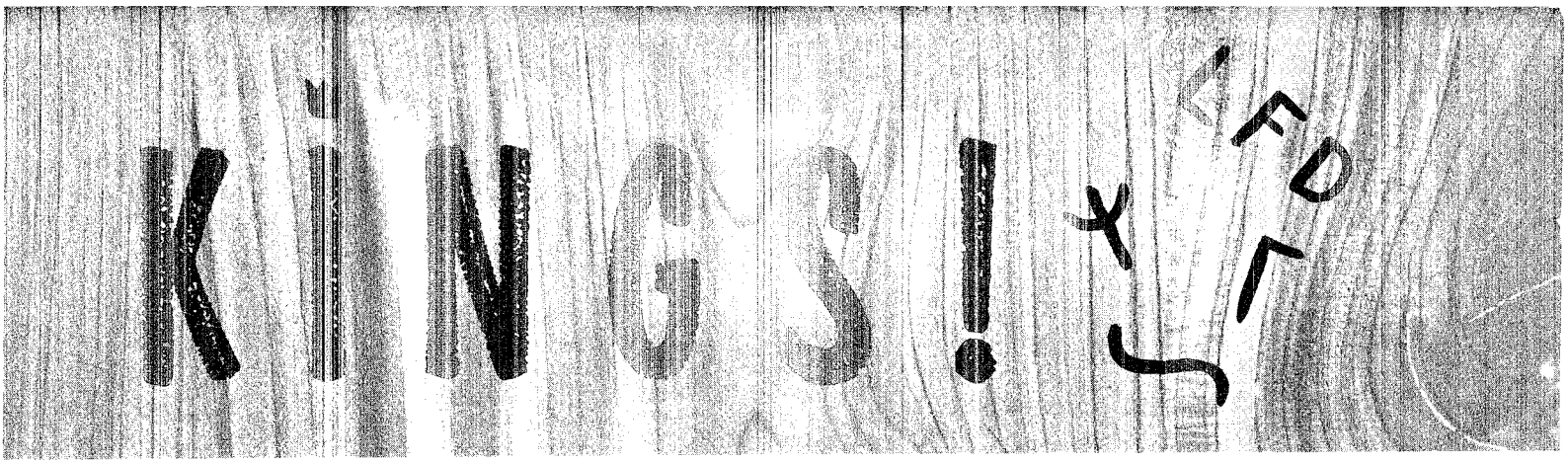

LIVES OF THOSE MEN WHO TOOK LIVESTOCK AND THE RANGE

THEY HAD ESTABLISHED THE GREAT RANCHES OF THE PLAINS,

KNOWN, BUT ALL WERE GIANTS OF THE GREAT PLATEAU

exactly how much stock they had. Since it was the custom to hold the steers until they were two years old, ranchers sometimes estimated the number of cattle by the calf crop. The Matadors branded 10,525 calves in 1888 and must have had about 50,000 head of cattle.

The Texas and Pacific Railroad was built through to Colorado City in 1883, and all supplies for the Matador Ranch began to be hauled from there. A buckboard stage connected the ranch with Childress.

The company was paying four cents an acre for the land it had under lease. Crosby County valued the Matador horses at $30.00 each for taxation; two-year-old steers brought from $14.00 to $16.00 per head on the range.

Cattle belonging to other ranchers sometimes became mixed with herds on the trail. If these were not discovered and cut out before the herd got off the range of the owner, they were taken on to market and sold. The honest trail-drivers forwarded the proceeds to the owner of the stock. Although not all stockmen were scrupulous and prompt in this matter, prosecution seldom resulted. There seems to have been no complaint against Mr. Campbell in his long record of ranching. In fact there are many letters in the files of the Company like the one he wrote to the Espuela Land & Cattle Company, one of his neighbors to the south, notifying them that he had thirty head of Spur cattle and had branded five calves for them.

There were sixty-nine men on the Matador payroll through the summer of 1889, with a monthly payroll of $1,989.25. The spring roundup began on June 5 that year. Two or three weeks before starting the work, Campbell wrote all the surrounding ranchers inviting them to send representatives to look after any of their stock that might be mixed with the Matador cattle.

One of the wagons started on the head of Tepee Creek and worked down; the other began at Williams Dugout on Croton. The roundup lasted forty days and each cowboy had a minimum of eight horses. Men changed mounts two or three times a day. Roping and cutting horses were reserved for their special work. Night horses were saddled and staked where they would be ready for the owner to mount when roused for his period of night guard. Night herding was divided into three periods, with two men on duty at a time riding in opposite directions around the herd.

There were usually fifteen to twenty men with each wagon during the Matador roundups. M. Cammack, New Mexico lawyer and rancher, is one of the many who once wrangled horses for the Matadors. The ranch raised its own horses, using Morgan and Steeldust stallions and range mares.

With the cowboys spread out fan-shaped, the Matadors drove down the creeks. When the herds became too large to handle efficiently, a halt was made for the branding. Two ropers, or snakers, dragged the calves from the herds. Large calves were roped by the heels; small ones by the neck. The flankers worked in pairs. Taking turns, these men would rush up on the left side of the animals, reach over their backs and get a hold in the flank, lift up, and bring the animal down on its sides. When the calf hit the ground, one man seized its head and kept its forefeet from getting under it while the other placed one foot against the lower hock and stretched the upper hindleg back and held it; a third man applied the smoking iron, and a fourth marked the ears. This method is commonly used today.

The Matador brand is a V that looks much like 7-V. It has been called a "Flying V," but it is not. The location of the brand has been changed from time to time but most often was on the right side and thigh. A tally brand on the shoulder indicated the age of the animal; for example, in 1907 it was a "7". The horses are branded "50" on the left hip. Most horses, like men, are right-handed. This makes them work best on the left side of a cow. For this reason, some ranchers prefer to have their brands on the left side. The best calf crop that H. H. Campbell ever claimed was ninety-two per cent. He set 25,000 as his goal for a calf crop but never quite reached that number.

By 1890 the Matador Land & Cattle Co., Ltd., owned 140,000 acres of land in fee simple and had paid out $150,000 to the state and to individuals for leases. In that year Campbell wrote the home office that Texas was on the eve of a land boom. As he predicted, a period of more active land buying began soon after.

W. F. SUMMERVILLE, general manager of the Matador Land & Cattle Co., Ltd., jumped from a windmill and killed himself. He was succeeded by Murdo MacKenzie. There had been some dissatisfaction with Campbell's management of the Matador Ranch, and in 1891 the home office asked for his resignation.

H. H. Campbell, Sr., (center) with two directors of the Matador Land and Cattle Company as they visit the holdings on a trip from Scotland. At right is Ben Brock, a Matador cook.

Courtesy H. H. Campbell

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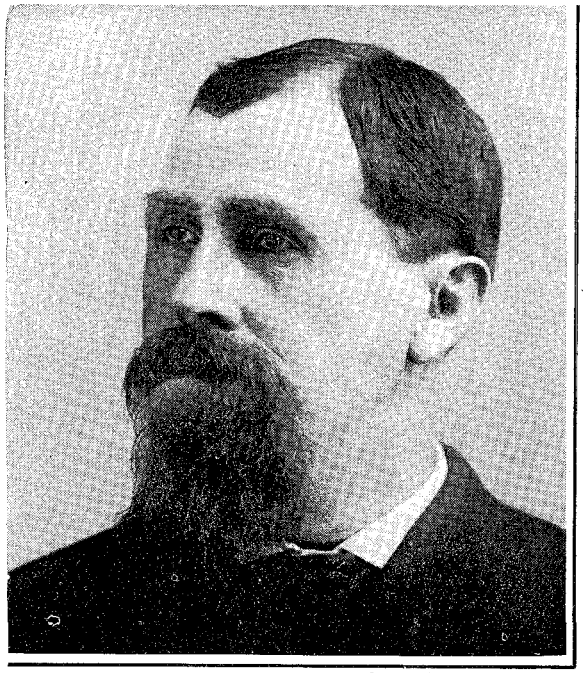

Courtesy H. H. Campbell

H. H. Campbell, Sr., founder of the mighty Matador Ranch.

This was a heavy blow to the man who had built up one of the largest ranches in America, but Campbell bore his loss with fortitude. He met MacKenzie at the end of '91 and conducted him over the ranch. In a farewell address, he urged his cowboys to make themselves useful and law-abiding citizens in the country they had pioneered. He advised them to take advantage of the liberal land laws, acquire property, and thus provide for their future.

Campbell had only a few sections of land when he lost his job. From being a cattle king with unlimited European capital behind him, he suddenly found himself a stock-farmer in the dry region of the Staked Plains. He went to the town of Matador, a mile north of the headquarters of the Matador Ranch, and became County Judge of newly organized Motley County. Mrs. Campbell became postmistress.

The town, however, was almost surrounded by the great Matador Ranch. Its growth was slow and the Campbells had to struggle. Yet when this great man died in 1911, he left his son, Harry H. Campbell, in fairly prosperous circumstances. This young man, the first white child born in Motley County, lived at his ranch fourteen miles west of Matador until his health failed about 1950, and he moved into town.

After 1891 the Matador outfit became the biography of Murdo MacKenzie, who came out from the Old Country full of Scotch thrift and executive ability. Under his management, the Matadors spread northward into Canada and southward into Brazil. A. J. Ligertwood became superintendent of the ranch on the edge of the Staked Plains.

Before the building of the Ft. Worth and Denver, the Matador marketed many of its cattle at Dodge City, Kansas, but the last herd went through to Dodge in 1893. After that date, most of the steers were trailed to the Far North and finished their growth on ranches in Montana, Wyoming and the Dakotas. John Smith was the most famous of the trail bosses. He spent sixteen summers on the trail with Matador cattle.

In 1904 the Matador Land & Cattle Co., Ltd., bought the Alamocito Division of the XIT. This tract northwest of Amarillo contained over 400,000 acres. The same year they leased 500,000 acres in the Cheyenne Reservation in South Dakota. D. Summerville became manager of the South Dakota ranch; Con McMurray was wagon boss. Walker Crump was the youngest man in the group of Texas cowboys who went to the northern state to work for the Matadors. The cattle that were sent to this ranch were unloaded at Everts, South Dakota, and crossed the Missouri River on a pontoon bridge. Although the climate was severe and only steers could stand it, Matador cattle grew large and strong and put on heavy coats of fat. When they were fully grown, they went to the Omaha and Chicago markets.

There were 700 saddle horses on the Matador ranch in South Dakota. More than once the remuda had to be used to break trail for the cattle when heavy snows fell. Although valleys were often impassable in winter, Chinooks usually cleared the hillsides sufficiently for stock to graze. Poor animals perished, but steers that went into the winter fat came through, unless they fell victim to wolves or died from having their feet cut and frozen by ice. A winter or two like this was usually sufficient for the Texas cowboys. Crump stayed in South Dakota five years, however, before returning to the Staked Plains.

The Matadors also leased 500,000 acres on the Saskatchewan River in Canada. The first shipment to this ranch numbered 2,200 two-year-old steers and was unloaded at Waldeen, Canada.

In 1913 the Matador Land & Cattle Co., Ltd., leased 550,000 acres of the Ft. Belknap Indian Reservation, near Bear Paw and Harlem, Montana. A year or two later they bought Walt Coburn's Circle-C Ranch of 20,000 acres adjoining their Ft. Belknap lease. They also acquired the DeRicquies Ranch eighty-five miles east of the Coburn property. Coburn was the well-known cowboy author.

EACH RANCH had its own superintendent. Murdo MacKenzie spent most of his time making the rounds from one property to another in general supervision of the far-flung enterprises. William McKay, President of the Matador Land & Cattle Co., Ltd., came to America once a year for an inspection of the ranch on the Staked Plains, the chief breeding ground for the Matador cattle. The only time he missed was during the submarine campaign of World War I.

MacKenzie also went to South America to look after the ranch property that owners of the Matadors acquired in Brazil. A few American cowboys went down to South America with MacKenzie to work under a two-year contract. John Jackson was one of these. Jackson, upon his return, said the ranch in Brazil was in a region infested with jaguars and boa constrictors. It looked like a swamp to the Texas cowboy, who had been used to the high, dry atmosphere of the Staked Plains. Horses did not do well in the heat, and sometimes the cowboys had to ride mules. These animals seldom were good at roping or cutting cattle.

One day the boys from Texas heard their dog barking at something in a swamp. Jackson jumped on his mule and loped down to see what the dog was after. Suddenly the dog began to yelp with distress, then his cries ceased as suddenly as they had begun. When the cowboy arrived he found that a huge boa constrictor had crushed the dog and was swallowing him headfirst.

Lobo wolves were an ever present menace to the Matador herds of the Staked Plains. The huge wolves usually brought down their victims by cutting their hamstrings. When the tendons had been cut, and the animal could neither run nor fight, the killers would make a meal of the helpless beast while it was still alive. They ate calves and colts mostly, but a pair could kill a fully grown steer when necessary.

The Matadors imported hounds from England to hunt these wolves that often were too cunning to be trapped or poisoned. Several breeds of dogs were tried. Staghounds and greyhounds that ran by sight were fast and good for coyotes, but they were of little use on the lobos that usually worked at night and remained concealed during the daytime. The long ears of the American black and tan hounds got in the way when fighting the grey killers. Black and white foxhounds appeared to be the best for both trailing and fighting. Two men gave their full time to hunting lobos, and many other cowboys participated for the sport it gave. Dock Backster hunted with a pack of hounds in the Croton brakes. Buck

The Preston Drace family (foreground) at a Matador line camp on Turtle Hole Creek. Also in the picture are Joe Beacham (far right), Walter Walton and Alex Smith on the left. Courtesy H. H. Campbell

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Curry hunted from Turtle Hole Camp. Later, Claude Jeffers mixed some hunting with his bronc-breaking.

The hounds usually caught and killed a coyote in fifteen or twenty minutes after they struck a fresh trail. Lobos were something different. They did not change their course for hills, cliffs or ravines. In fact, the rougher the country the better it suited them. Sometimes they took the hounds clear out of the country, and the dogs would be days getting back to the ranch. Anyone who killed a lobo could get $5.00 for the scalp by presenting it at the Matador Ranch. The big wolves were pretty well thinned out by 1900, although Claude Jeffers killed a big fellow after 1910.

AN AMUSING story has been told about Turtle Hole Camp. Among the men who came over from the Old Country to work for the Matadors was an Englishman who had a high opinion of the greatness and superiority of his own country. The Matador ponies were good, but horses were bigger and better in England. England had bigger and better cattle, too. After listening to an endless number of things that were superior in England, the Texas cowboys got tired of it.

One night when the outfit was camped at Turtle Hole, one of the boys caught a hardshell turtle and put him in the Englishman's bed. When the fellow discovered something in his blankets, he sprang out of bed. Seeing the thing wiggle the cover he began to shout, "What is it? What is it?"

"It is just a bed bug. Why all the excitement? Surely you must have them bigger and better in England," they told him.

Another greenhorn from England came into one of the line camps, where he had been assigned to work, complaining that he had nearly starved to death for water on his way out from the Matador headquarters.

"How is that?" they asked him. "The trail passed a windmill and crossed a creek."

"I didn't have a cup," was the astonishing reply.

Even today Matador cowboys will tell you stories of the thrift of the Scotch owners of the ranch. It is said that on one of his trips to the ranch, McKay asked the manager how many calves the Matadors would get that year. "About 10,000," he was told.

When the manager made his report to the home office in Dundee, it was just twenty-seven under his estimate of the calf crop, and the foreman was congratulating himself on this indication of almost superhuman knowledge of cattle. When McKay wrote back, however, he wanted to know where the other twenty-seven calves were.

The 420,000 acres at Matador, Texas, on the eastern edge of the Staked Plains has always been the most valuable of the Matador holdings. Most of the land was acquired from the railways that had received the land as a bonus for constructing new lines. When Texas passed the four-section law, many of the Matador cowboys filed on land and after they had acquired title to it, sold it to the Matadors.

Next in importance was the Alamocito Division northwest of Amarillo. The Montana and Dakota ranches were gradually reduced or converted to sheep raising. The company had no cattle in Canada in 1951, the year the Matador holding sold for almost $19,000,000.

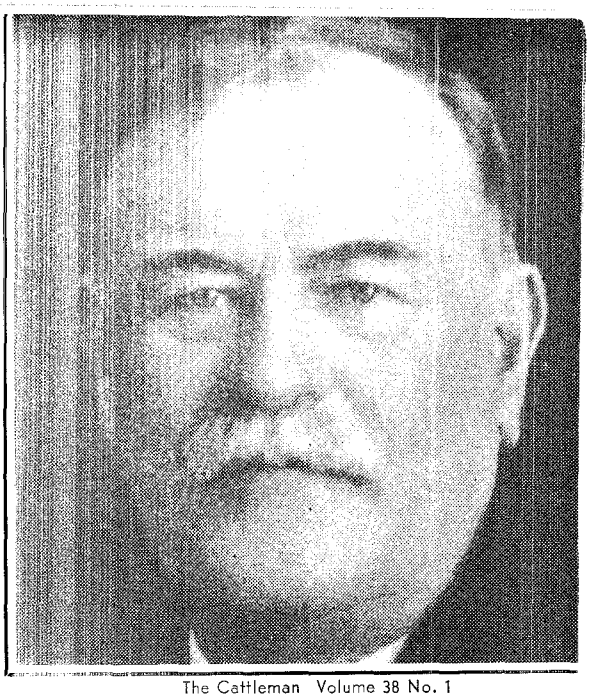
General offices of the Matador Land & Cattle Co. were established in Denver in the early days of the ranch and were never changed. This was adjacent to a good market and about halfway between the breeding grounds and the finishing pastures in Montana and the Dakotas. Home offices remained at Dundee, Scotland, until sale of the ranches to American interests in 1951. The Matador headquarter buildings in Texas are located one mile southwest of the town of Matador, on a hilltop that gives a fine view of the ranch with its thousands of fine Herefords. The main building has much the appearance of a country club.

Murdo MacKenzie resigned as general manager after having worked cattle on three continents and after having spent some sixty years with the Matador herds. J. M. Reilly was manager of the home ranch at Matador during the drought of 1936. For assistant and bookkeeper, he had D. I. W. Birnie, who fought with the kilted Scots known as the "Laddies from Hell" in World War I, one of the two men of his company said to have survived that terrible conflict with its poison gas.

Early in 1951 stockholders living in the United States received word from the home office in Dundee, Scotland, that a group of Americans had made an offer of $18,960,000 for the Matador ranches and that sale of the property would be considered at the meeting of the stockholders April 15.

John MacKenzie, general manager for the company in the United States, and a few others were opposed to sale of the big ranches that had provided a steady income for its owners for sixty-nine years but all the original founders of the company were dead, and their successors were feeling the pinch of the post-war period, and they voted to sell, after reserving one-half the oil rights.

Although the old Matador, with cattle truly on a thousand hills, had been reduced in size, it is still in the cattle business, with a lot of lusty sons and daughters following in their fathers' footsteps. Deeds show that the Pease River Cattle Corporation holds 65,358.4 acres and the Turtle Hole Cattle Corporation has 46,580.36 acres of the former Matador range. With improved pastures and better livestock breeding, one of these may someday equal the old Matador on the day when it sold for $18,960,000.



The Cattleman Volume 38 No. 1

Murdo MacKenzie followed Campbell as manager of the Matador.

CLAUDE JEFFERS AND "HIGH POWER"

Bronc Peeler for the Matador

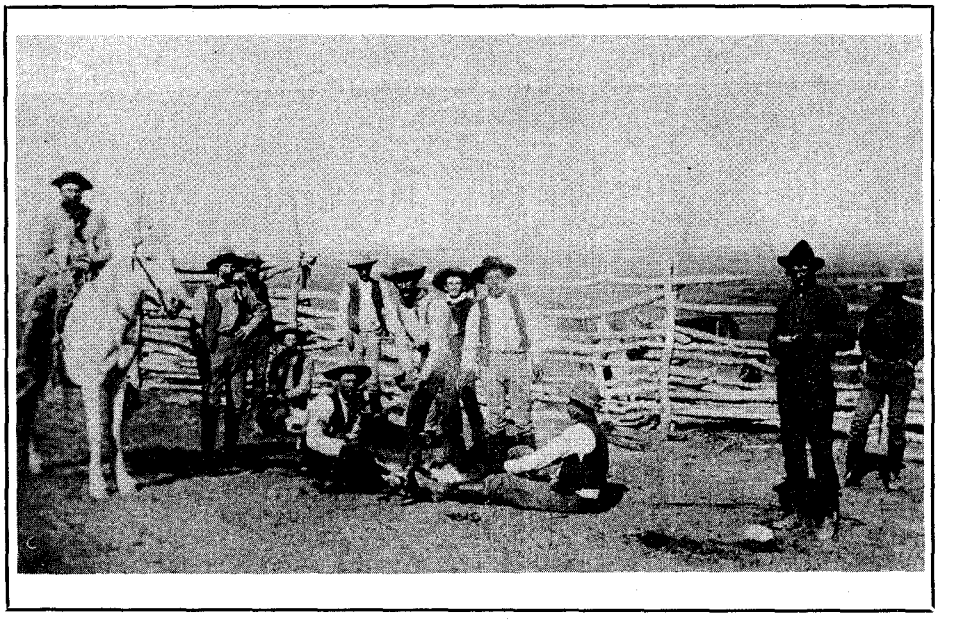
OLD "THC" had been an outlaw for ten years. Bob Haley, wagon boss for the Matador outfit, was the last man to try to ride him. When he got thrown, the sixty or so punchers of the ranch decided the horse could not be ridden.

Of course, the champion of the Matador tough string had worked up to his position by disposing of one puncher after another. He was probably just a promising novice when he tossed his first cowboy into a mesquite bush at the McDonald Camp, but he was a horse that could take an education and he improved with each new experience. Practice makes perfect, so by the time he got to the wagon boss the outlaw had already sent about half the Matador outfit sprawling in the dust.

Haley didn't pay much attention to what the punchers said about the horse

(Continued on page 70)

A Matador branding crew in the early 1880s. Identified are: Tom Harrison on the horse, Jim Jones (right foreground) and Negro Andy (far right), often called the best rider in the West. Courtesy H. H. Campbell



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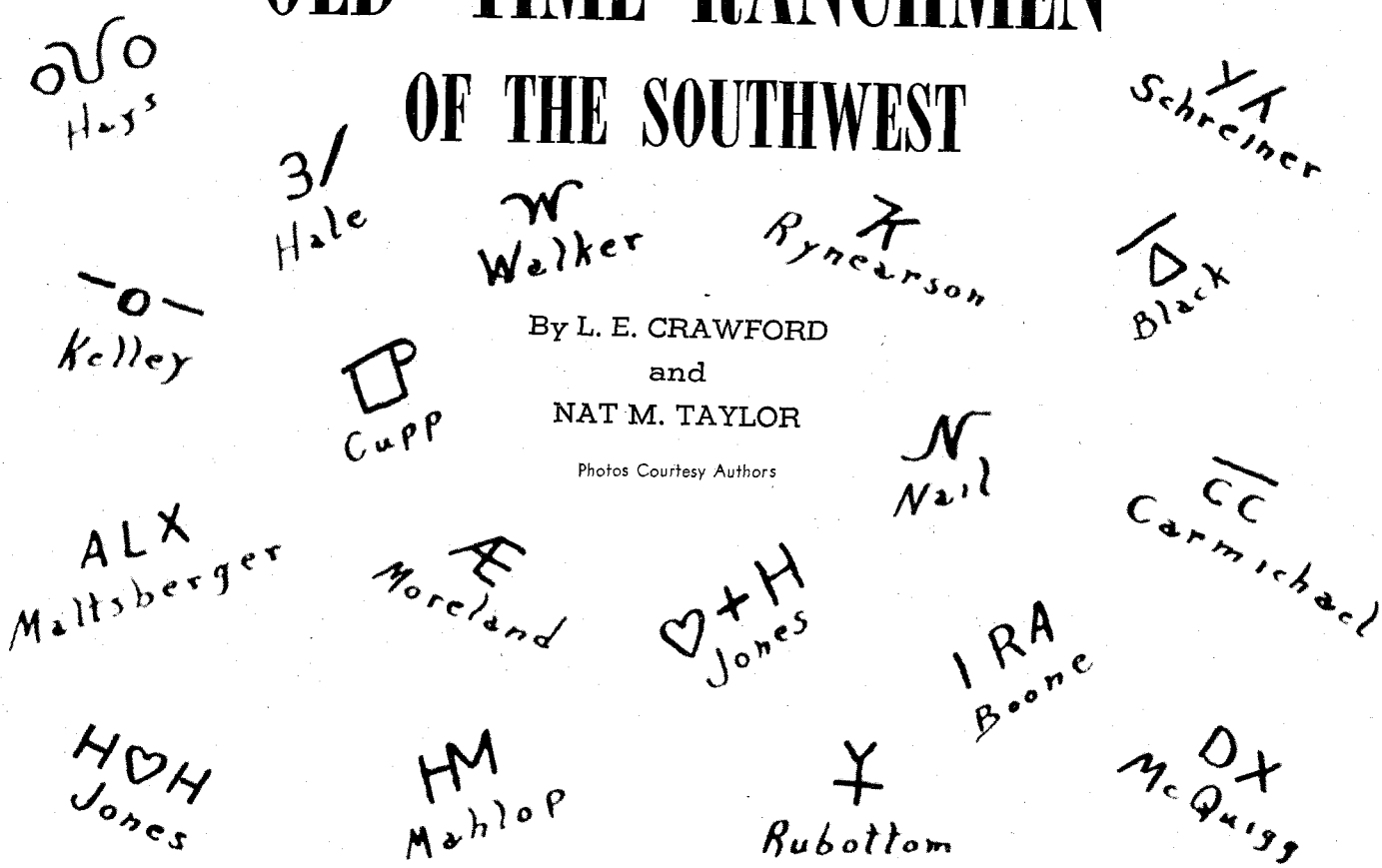
(1) John McQuigg, (2) Moss Hays, (3) A. E. Moreland, (4) Dick Nail, (5) Charles Rynearson, (6) Sam Cupp, (7) Bud Walker, (8) Ira Boone, (9) Flem Carmichael, (10) Sebe Jones, (11) Alex Crawford, (12) J. W. (Bill) Kelley, (13) Hiram Black, (14) Alex Young, (15) Gus Mahlop, (16) Ed Rubottom, (17) Alex Maltsberger and (18) Will Hale.

OLD-TIME RANCHMEN

OF THE SOUTHWEST



By L. E. CRAWFORD
and
NAT M. TAYLOR

Photos Courtesy Authors

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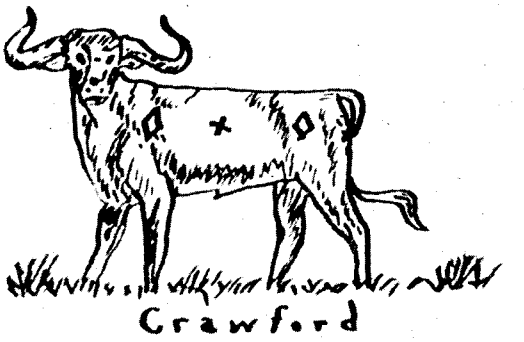
Bound by common dangers, common standards and a fierce love for the land they meant to conquer, these cattlemen made up the greatest brotherhood on earth . . .



About the authors: The late L. E. Crawford was the son of Alex Crawford, one of the subjects of this sketch. He grew up in Lipscomb County, Texas, and knew the men personally who are featured in this article. Mr. Crawford served for many years in the Fish and Game Department in Oklahoma but was retired and living in Lawton at the time of his death this year.

Nat M. Taylor, who compiled the data, spent many years on the Texas—Oklahoma line. He also knew most of the subjects of the sketch. He was an educator for many years, and later served in the Oklahoma State Senate. He is now retired and lives at Lookeba, Oklahoma.

WHEN TIME'S curtain fell on the last frontier, the men shown in the accompanying photograph went with it. This reunion was the last time many of them met.

Together they had ridden the ranges; attended roundups; eaten from a chuckwagon; slept on the ground with a saddle for a pillow; stood night guard in rain, sleet and snow; gone on trail drives; stood off hostile Indians, outlaws and cow thieves; and had led altogether a precarious existence. Such a life required sturdy and resolute men and they proved themselves equal to every occasion.

While it is true some of these pioneers took human life, attended lynchings or branded some stray calves, it must be remembered that together with their families, they battled the elements and overcame other enormous obstacles with little or no outside help. Their homes were the Texas Panhandle, Eastern New Mexico, Southeastern Colorado, Southwestern Kansas, Oklahoma Panhandle (No Man's Land), the Cherokee Strip and Oklahoma Territory. At their coming the principal inhabitants of that region were wild game, Indians and outlaws. As stated before, some of them were hard men but they seldom failed to come to the aid of the unfortunate and, through living close to Nature, were often deeply religious.

Many of the brands shown in the picture originated before the Civil War and were handed down from father to son. During the war years and those immediately following, wild cattle increased enormously in Southern Texas but they were of poor quality. There was no market so they were worth little or nothing, and many were slaughtered for their hides and tallow.

In the late Sixties and early Seventies, a railroad was built, first to Abilene and later to Dodge City, Kansas. This line made an outlet to Northern markets, but the problem remained to get the cattle to Kansas. So the trail drive was originated. There were two principal routes. The Chisholm Trail, which ended in Abilene, Kansas, passed through the middle part of Oklahoma. The John Chisum Trail, named for a rancher near Vernon, Texas, ran through Western Oklahoma, crossing the Canadian River near the present town of Camargo and ending at Dodge City. Many of the men in the picture were trail herders or trail bosses who later established ranches of their own.

With the opening of Northern markets, the custom of branding became more universal. Each animal, before starting on the road, was given two brands, the owner's and a trail brand. According to an old Spanish law, on acquiring a tract of land the owner was assigned a certain brand. They were difficult to read in English so a brand reader had to be able to read them in both languages. Although many brand readers could neither read nor write, they became experts in reading these particular marks.

As the number of ranchers increased, difficulties arose over brands due to variations, different locations on the animal, and alterations by rustlers. In 1845, the Texas Legislature passed a law that each brand must be recorded in the county in which it was to be used. It must also be placed on the spot on the animal as shown by the records. To avoid this part of the law, many ranchmen recorded their brands on both sides. Mexican brands were discontinued at the close of the Civil War.

A brand might consist of a single letter, a numeral, a symbol, or a combination of any or all of them. They were usually read from left to right but occasionally from right to left. This, too, caused confusion as two brands might be identical and yet be read differently. A good brand reader could tell almost at a glance if one had been altered.

Branding was very strenuous work when done on the open range as most of it was at that time. It usually took four men, two ropers, a tailer and an iron man. The animal was double roped, the ropers pulling in opposite directions; it was then thrown and held by the tailer and the iron man did the branding. In later years it was done with the animal standing in a chute built for that purpose.

THE brands shown in the picture were those of the men shown—none of whom is now living. Names, ranch locations and brands were as follows:

No. 1, insert upper left hand corner—**JOHN McQUIGG; Brand, "DX."** From Montague County, Texas, John was a trail driver at an early age. At twenty he was outside man or top hand for the Box T. Cattle Co., owned by an English syndicate, and one of the larger cattle companies. It is still in operation after more than seventy years. Located on Wolf Creek in Lipscomb County, Texas, the Box T. is now owned and operated by Paddy Doyle. John McQuigg established his own ranch in old Day County, Oklahoma Territory, and it is presently operated by his son Joe.

No. 2, first in back row left to right—**MOSS HAYS; Brand, "O. Flying U.O."** Dean of them all, Hays came from San Antonio to the Panhandle-Oklahoma Territory area in 1871 as a trail herd owner. In the winter of 1871-72, he kept his cattle on the Washita River near the state line, northeast of where Ft. Elliot was founded a year or two later. He had numerous skirmishes with the Indians during the winter. When spring came, he moved his herd on to Dodge City which was just beginning to be a market. That fall, he returned to South Texas, bought another herd, and brought them to Boggy Creek, in what was later Hemphill County, Texas. He ranched there for fifty years after which failing health forced him to retire and return to San Antonio where he died a few years later.

No. 3, Second man in back row—**A. E. MORELAND; Brand, "A.E." connected.** Moreland was a South Texas cowboy who drove a herd to the northern market in 1885. The following year, he settled in the Cherokee Strip on the Cimarron River. After being harassed by outlaws and cow thieves, having two sons killed and a large number of his cattle stolen, he moved to the Texas Panhandle and located on the line between Texas and No Man's Land, where he ranched for fifty years, until his death about 1945.

No. 4, Third man on back row—**DICK NAIL, known by his friends as "Old Rattler"; Brand; "Flying N." on left side.** A cowman of the old school, Nail handled cattle for many years in the brush country along the Mexican Border and was engaged in many clashes with Mexican cow thieves and outlaws. He finally sold out and moved to the Panhandle, where he became the owner of several large tracts of land. Dick Nail died in Ft. Worth.

No. 5, fourth in back row—**CHARLES RYNEARSON; Brand, "Y.L." over bar.** Probably Rynearson was the last one of the group to pass on. He ran cattle in Idaho, later in Colorado and New Mexico, and came to the Texas Panhandle in 1881. After working as range boss for the Y.L. outfit for twenty years, when they closed out in 1890, he bought the cattle left on the range and assumed the brand. The syndicate had often run as many as 30,000 head and his purchase amounted to more than 1,000 head. He finally retired at an advanced age and sold his interests. This grand old cattleman was one of the best all-around men who ever drove a trail herd. He once saved the life of Murdo MacKenzie, one of the cattle barons of the country, by being quicker on the draw than a cow thief who had vowed to shoot MacKenzie on sight.

No. 6, fifth in back row—**SAM CUPP; Brand, "The Cup."** Sam was another old trail driver who settled on Plum Creek in Oklahoma Territory and was appointed the first sheriff of Day County. When his term was over he moved back to

(Continued on page 46)

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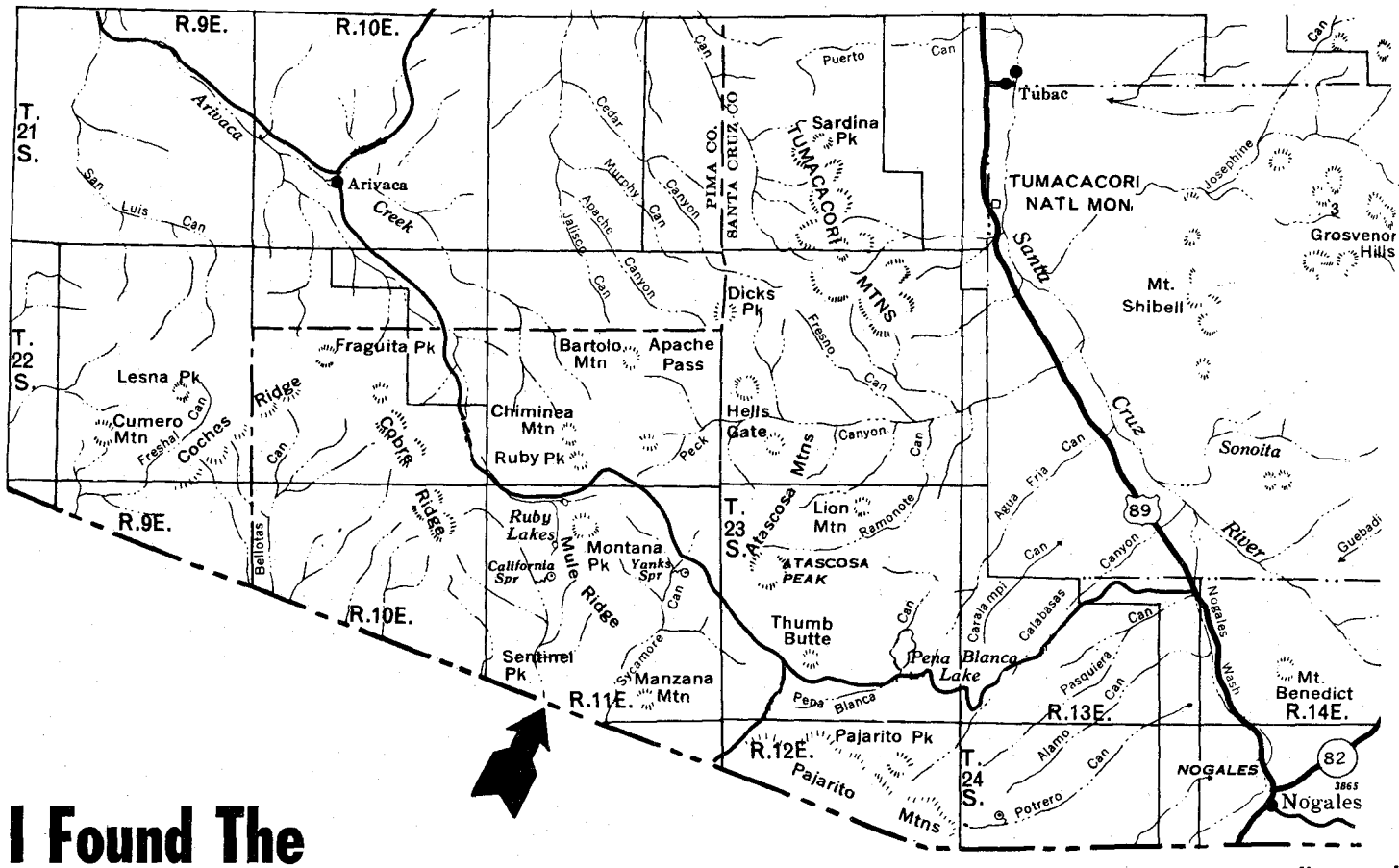

Arrow marks spot where cave was discovered.

I Found The PLANCHAS DE LA PLATA!

By WAYNE WINTERS

Photos Courtesy Author

FOR the past couple of years I've been sitting on a real hot "lost mine" yarn, and don't think it hasn't been a temptation to cut loose and tell ole Joe Small's readers all about it, but the stakes were far too high to risk a premature disclosure of the find that Lady Luck tossed right smack into my lap.

You see, I've discovered the famous Planchas de la Plata lost silver mine! What's more, I have it tied up real tight—at least, as tight as a *gringo* can tie it.

The story of Planchas de la Plata is known to every serious hunter of lost mines. For those unfamiliar with it, I'll quote the early-day historian, R. J. Hinton, in his 1878 book, *Handbook to Arizona*:

"Then came the revolution in Mexico. The republic was established, the Jesuits banished, and their church property confiscated. The Tumacacori Mission was abandoned, and naught remains of their history and doings, as known to the world, but tales handed down from generation to generation, and one or two books, which speak of the Salero, Tumacacori and Planchas de la Plata mines. The Salero is in the Tyndall district, the Tumacacori has never been found, and the Planchas de la Plata, or placers of silver, are located some twenty miles southwest of here (Tumacacori) stretching across the boundary line.

"In an old Spanish work, entitled *Apostolic Labors of the Society of Jesus*, published by one of the most illustrious members of that order, is given the following account of the discovery of silver and gold in the Santa Rita range of Arizona: 'In the year 1769 a region of virgin silver was discovered on the frontier of the Apaches, a tribe exceedingly valiant and warlike, at a place called Arizona, on a mountain ridge which hath been named by its discoverers Santa Rita.

" 'The discovery was unfolded by a Yaqui Indian, who revealed it to a trader of Durango, and the latter made it public; . . . news of such surprising wealth attracted a vast multitude to the spot. At a depth of a few *varas* masses of pure silver were found in a globular form, and of one or two *arrobas* in weight. Several pieces have been taken out weighing upward of twenty *arrobas;* and one found by an inferior person attached to the Government of Guadalajara weighed 140 *arrobas*. Many persons amassed large sums, whilst others, though diligent and persevering, found little or nothing. For the security of this mass of treasure the commander of the Presidio of Altar sent troops, who escorted the greater bulk of the silver to his headquarters, whereupon this officer seized the treasure as being the property of the Crown.

" 'In vain the finders protested against this treatment, and appealed to the audience chamber at Guadalajara; but for answer the authorities referred the matter to the Court at Madrid. At the end of seven years the King made the decision, which was that the silver pertained to his royal patrimony, and ordered that henceforth the mines should be worked for his benefit. This decree, together with the incessant attacks by the hostile Indians, so discouraged the treasure hunters that the mines were abandoned, as needs must be until these savages are exterminated.'

"Not all the priestly historians write so smoothly of this transaction, which, by the way, is commented on in every work upon Mexican mines since written and published. The reader, who should desire to see how deep in gall a Castilian may dip his pen on the same subject,

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Has one of the most famous of lost mines been found? Will the home of a lowly javelina turn out to be the treasure cave of the Santa Ritas? The chances are good!

should peruse a work entitled *Los Ocios Espanoles*, or the documents yet existing in the archives of Pimeria Alta, written by Jesuit Fathers, who were despoiled by this act of the King. Curses loud, strong and binding were showered upon the royal robber, and thenceforth such discoveries were most carefully locked up in the breasts of the Fathers, until at last the cream had been properly skimmed off. This was the real beginning toward uncovering the riches of the Santa Ritas.

"Then the Apaches drove out all gold seekers, and this treasure book of nature was sealed, down almost to the present day, in the blood of explorers and prospectors, gentle and simple, Mexican and American. But as the old Padres were wont to say that the difference of one letter made a difference of millions of souls: 'All men will dare death for gold—few are they who dare it for God!'

"In 1817, Dionisio Robles, a courageous inhabitant of the town of Rayon, fitted up an expedition of over 200 men, and proceeded to the Santa Ritas to discover these rich spots. They fought their way for seventy leagues, found what they believed to be the old workings, but which were only the marks of the first prospectings; and as the quaint old chronicles say that 'although throughout all their seekings they did find virgin silver, more or less, yet were not these large masses of treasure so readily obtained during the eight days of their stay; so that finally, after much loss of life, being daily and nightly beset with the savages, they did turn their steps homeward, being exceedingly harassed all the way; bringing home, indeed, a good store of treasure, but yet no single piece of pure silver weighing in excess of four *arrobas*. Yet . . . will it again and again be adventured until the savages become extinct, and the superior race possess the untold wealth imbedded in the mountains of Santa Rita.' " So much for Hinton and the original designation of "Santa Ritas."

DOWN through the years, right up until today, hundreds of prospectors have tramped south-central Arizona searching for gold, silver, copper or anything of value. Success has smiled widely on a few; given a provocative wink to many; and turned up her nose at most. She never gave as much as a nod to all the *gambisinos* who hunted for Planchas de la Plata.

In the early days, all of the mountains surrounding the Tumacacori area were known as the Santa Ritas. Today they have been divided up into a dozen or so smaller ranges, but for the purpose of simplifying this story, we'll use the original designation of "Santa Ritas."

In 1960 I became interested in a particular portion of Santa Cruz County and did quite a bit of prospecting, gold panning, and general exploration south of the ghost town of Ruby, down what is shown on the maps as California Gulch, but is locally called Smugglers' Gulch. Not only was the area a great gold and silver producer around the turn of the century, but it is heavy in history. Careful exploration will turn up the sites of many camps of yesteryear, graves of a family killed by Apaches, a cemetery which is reputedly the final resting place for nineteen United States cavalrymen who died fighting Mexican bandits, foundations of 'dobe and rock buildings, and a host of other interesting relics.

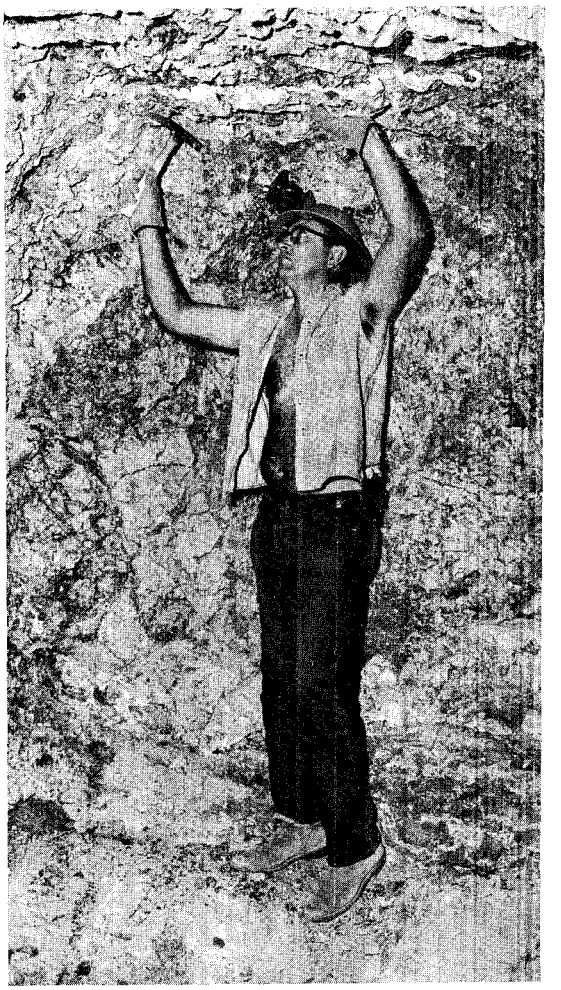
February of '61 found me combining a prospecting trip with a hunt for *javelinas* (wild pigs) that are native to the cactus- and mesquite-studded mountains along the International Border. You find the peccaries feeding on prickly-pear during the first two or three hours of daylight, and sometimes again along about dusk. I'd been working west along the four-strand barbed-wire fence that separates the two countries one morning, when I jumped a band of perhaps a dozen, busy with their breakfast. They dived down a small arroyo cut in solid rock, and I followed, hoping to draw a bead on the big boar that led the pack.

The arroyo soon became a small canyon and, as I picked my way through the rocky debris in the bottom, I glimpsed a pig disappearing into a small hole in the south wall of rock. Not knowing as much about the habits of these animals at that time as I do now, I sat down to wait for it to reappear. Perhaps I'd still be waiting had I not noticed a cross cut into a rock that lay close to the opening in which my quarry had chosen to hide. Those marks transformed me from pig hunter to treasure hunter in less time than it takes to tell.

I had long known this country was once the stomping grounds for miners, Indians, settlers. Even a Chinese gardener had eked out a living selling produce to the miners. There are all sorts of legends regarding treasures, both buried coin and bullion, as well as lost mines, to be heard around the fire in most any native's home. I wasn't quite prepared, however, to find this definite evidence of the ancient Padres. Yet here it was, lying at my feet, so to speak.

Examination of the immediate area disclosed that the small horizontal slit of a hole into which the javelina had disappeared was the single possibility of a "working." Perhaps eighteen inches high, and twice as wide, the opening appeared to slope downward. This pretty well decided me that I had happened upon the entrance to an old tunnel, for they always fill from the bottom, with any opening left along the roof. There was no sign of an ore dump, but the nature of the tight little canyon is such that

The stone with the cross (above) is exactly as it was found near the opening of the tunnel. At some time the rock had fallen to its side. The author (below) picking samples from the veins in the large room of the cave.



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One of two ancient smelting ovens (above). When equipment indicated "metal," the author dismantled oven and found the fourteen-pound piece of silver shown below. It is now on display in a Mexico City museum.

heavy summer cloudbursts and wet winter snows would funnel water across the place where a dump would have been, thus washing away any trace of such work.

Yes, I'd happened upon an old mine, or at least a prospect, but there were a couple of disturbing elements about the situation. The immediate problem was that I knew this hole to be inhabited by a peccary, and I had little stomach for tackling one of the vicious tuskers hand-to-hand. Secondly, the tunnel appeared to go almost straight south, right into Mexico, which was certain to compound the difficulties were I to have a real mine.

I returned to camp, traded rifle for camera, herded the Jeep as close to the place as I could, then climbed through the cactus to the canyon. After making a couple of pictures of the rock with the cross, I lugged it back to the vehicle and into camp, where it remains today in front of my 'dobe. About twenty inches high, fourteen wide, and five thick, it makes a pretty good load. The cross is chiseled deeply.

Little contemplation was required as to the course the discovery must take: Were I to tell a single soul, the word would get out and I'd be hard put to run off potential claim-jumpers. The only thing to do was to go ahead and explore it alone and in utmost secrecy. I did exactly that, and it appears that my lone hand has paid off.

It was almost two months after the pig led the way to the tunnel when I slipped down there late one afternoon, enlarged the hole a bit, then wriggled head-first into the dark and long-abandoned cavity. After the first twenty feet the hole opened up enough that I could walk upright. It is perhaps seven feet high, five to six feet wide, and the floor is covered with considerable loose rock and evidence of many years' habitation by *javelinas* (although I've never met another there). Driven to the south and a trifle east, the adit ends perhaps sixty feet south of the border fence. It terminates in a good-sized room from which considerable ore evidently had been removed. A stope goes up at one corner, appearing to have been abandoned while still in ore. Another corner contains an inclined shaft or winze that went down on ore.

Subsequent trips to the mine, coupled with considerable sampling, turned up some very interesting information. The ore is not in any great, continuous mass, but seems to run in several veins that widen, pinch down, then open up again. From time to time I picked out pieces of native silver in uneven sheets or small spheres. The high-grade became more plentiful in the hanging wall as I worked my way farther and farther down the incline on every trip to the mine.

By the last of April, 1961 I had gathered enough samples to get a representative assay and took them to Hugo Miller, an excellent assayer, in Nogales. Rich beyond my fondest hope, the assay showed values in gold, silver and copper totalling $19,924.22 per ton—almost pure silver. True, I had hand-picked the very high grade material but, by the same token, that assay was made at a time when silver brought about thirty cents an ounce less than it does today. Truly a fabulous property.

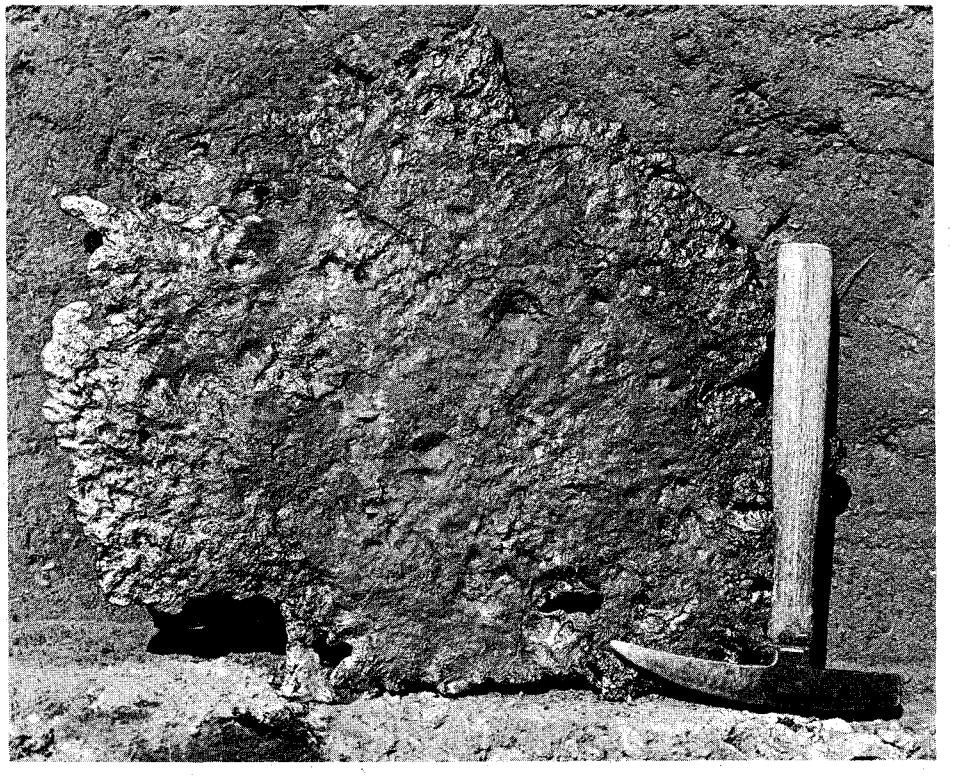
SOON after the report came, I laid out and filed a claim on the immediate area of the tunnel, using the U.S.-Mexico border fence as the southern boundary. Then followed a lot of exploratory work. The ore body appears to be richer with depth, and I've moved enough of the loose rock that all but blocks the incline to the lower level and have gone down over eighty feet. What is below is anyone's guess. I have hopes that in the lower reaches of the mine will be tools, lamps or something to identify the early workers.

All of these explorations have been conducted completely alone, for I have no desire to be plagued by would-be claim jumpers, the idle curious, or so-called "friends." Thus far I've removed no material other than samples, and have not enlarged the entrance to any great extent. Every photo with which this article is illustrated was made by a remotely controlled shutter, or a self-timer connected to the camera. It has been a lonely and dangerous game, but in handling it this way I feel my secrecy will pay off.

In order to legally hold a mining claim, mineral in place must be shown within ninety days of filing. After that, the claim-holder must spend at least $100 in cash labor on the claim every year. In order to comply with these requirements, I have located a gold-bearing quartz vein on the same claim. The discovery work was completed, and each year more than sufficient assessment work has been performed on it. The proper Affidavit of Proof of Labor is recorded every year, with the claim being known as "Casas Piedras."

As in all such things, there is a serious drawback. In this case it is the fact that while the entrance tunnel begins on the United States side, it goes directly under the International Boundary and the main ore deposit appears to be located in Mexico. I've wracked my brain and grasped at straws trying to find a legitimate way in which I can mine this property. One thought was the oft-repeated tale of a so-called "buffer zone" that some say separates the two countries. Proponents of this line maintain that there is a 200-foot wide strip of land on the

(Continued on page 66)



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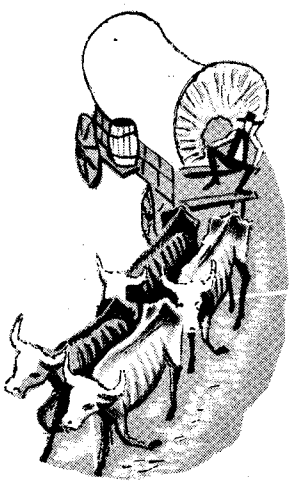
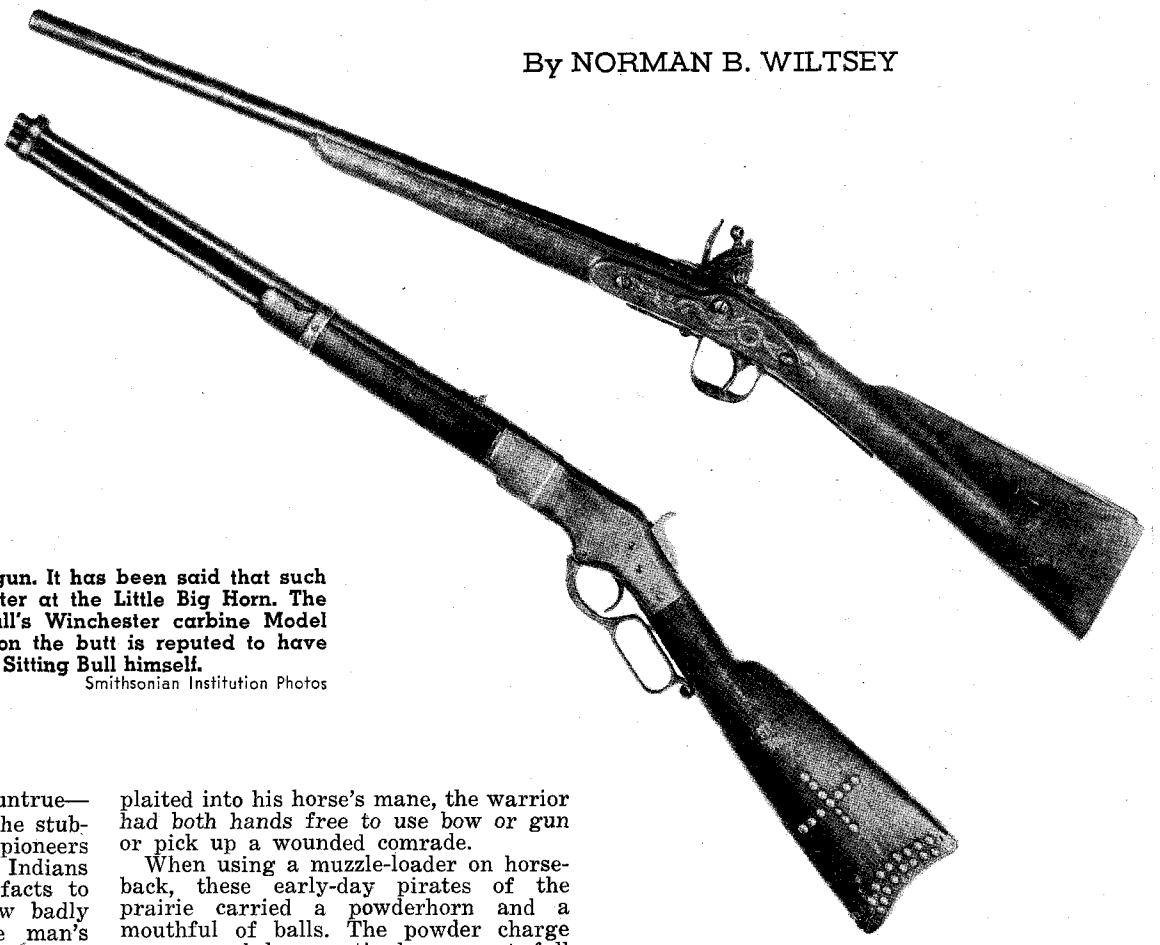


THE INDIAN AS A MARKSMAN

Guns Of The Old West: Eighth In A Series

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY



Top rifle is a Flintlock trade gun. It has been said that such guns were used against Custer at the Little Big Horn. The bottom weapon is Sitting Bull's Winchester carbine Model 1866. The brass tack design on the butt is reputed to have been put there by Sitting Bull himself.
Smithsonian Institution Photos

AMONG the die-hard—and untrue—legends of the Old West is the stubborn belief that all soldiers and pioneers were crack marksmen and all Indians poor shots. Let's examine the facts to determine just how well or how badly the Indian handled the white man's "thunder-stick."

Although the Spanish, in the first and second quarters of the 16th Century, were the first white men to invade the Great Plains of the West, the Indians got no guns from them. In later years whatever firearms the sullen tribesmen in New Spain acquired were received from French traders.

In the Southwest, early in the 18th Century, far-ranging French traders bartered their inferior flintlocks in New Mexico and Texas to the Comanches. The hard-riding warriors, armed with French fusils, conducted raid after raid upon Spanish settlements until by 1759 all of north Texas was abandoned by Spanish soldiers, settlers and missionaries. With the rout of the hated Dons from north Texas, the insatiable Comanches turned to raiding New Mexico towns.

Rated by early frontiersmen as the greatest horsemen of all the warrior Plains tribes, the Comanches were trained in warfare from childhood. One superb feat of horsemanship which few white men were ever able to master was the spectacular stunt of swinging over the "off" side of a mount in battle and using the horse's body as a shield. By hooking a leg over the horse's back, and hanging in a rope loop attached to his saddle or plaited into his horse's mane, the warrior had both hands free to use bow or gun or pick up a wounded comrade.

When using a muzzle-loader on horseback, these early-day pirates of the prairie carried a powderhorn and a mouthful of balls. The powder charge was poured by practiced guess at full gallop, a wet bullet spat into the muzzle and the ball settled by a thump of the hand against the stock. The trick was to fire the gun at the level before the ball, retarded by saliva, rolled out of the barrel.

After the fall of New France to the British in 1760, the English Hudson's Bay Company moved to take over the lucrative fur trade with the Indians of the Northwest. French traders, ignoring the official surrender of New France by Governor de Vaudreuil to the English General Amherst, banded together to hold their territory. By 1784 nine different French companies had combined to form the Northwest Fur Company in direct and bitter competition with HBC. Grace Lee Nute writes in *The Voyageur* that these rugged adventurers, other traders already afield, plus employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the American traders from the new United States, brought the total of fur traders to 5,000 men sprinkled from Montreal to the Rocky Mountains and from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. Guns and ammunition provided the best trading bait to swap for furs with the more than 300,000 Indians roaming this incalculably vast wilderness area. Small wonder that the Indian could not envision, from this relatively small number of whites, the vast flood of westward-surging pioneers that was to begin half a century later!

SHORT, light fusils were the favorite arm of the redman. Not until around 1805 was this type of weapon generally designated as the "Hudson's Bay Fuke," the "Northwest Gun," or the "Mackinaw Gun." Carl P. Russell, in his carefully documented *Guns of the Early Frontiers*, describes it as follows: ". . . light in weight, often short of barrel, and cheaply constructed. Commonly it was gauged to shoot a one-ounce ball; that is, it was about sixteen-gauge, or about .66 caliber, although some were smaller. The trigger guard was clumsy in appearance and was large enough to permit access to the trigger even though the trigger finger was enclosed in glove or mitten."

Many of these distinctive Northwest Guns were made by Barnett or Bond, British gunmakers. Most, if not all, carried a brass dragon pattern side-plate on the left of the stock. Guns traded by

(Continued on page 50)

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Utah Historical Society
Brigham Young

"USE HIM UP, BILL!"

By JOHN CARSON

FOUR WORDS THAT WERE LITERALLY A DEATH SENTENCE FOR REAL OR FANCIED WRONGS, NO ONE ESCAPED ONCE THE ORDER HAD BEEN GIVEN TO THE MOST METHODICAL EXECUTIONER OF THEM ALL!

IN 1870, an embittered and thoroughly disillusioned man sat down and wrote his memoirs. Whether he did so for vengeance or to purify a soul rotten with murder, deceit and hypocrisy, the tale is one of horror, shocking even to those men of the early West accustomed to such things.

In that year, William A. Hickman was fifty-five years old. By his own count he had had ten wives and twenty-four living children, his eldest just eighteen years younger than himself. Nine of his wives had deserted him, his property had been taken from him, and he was forced to hide to escape the murderous vengeance of his enemy, the Church. And he had other enemies, as well. The Utah authorities were waiting to get their hands on Bill Hickman, and now that he was disarmed and helpless, so were many of the relatives and friends of his past victims.

Just a few short years before, Hickman had been an important man, enjoying the favor of his masters and the fear and respect of his inferiors. Mothers frightened their youngsters into obedience with the words, "Bill Hickman will get you if you don't be good." And this terrible threat always had the desired effect. When children played their games, the biggest and meanest was always "Bill Hickman"—the others, his victims.

A Kentuckian, born in 1815, he was a descendant of heroes of the Revolution. The first Hickman had come to the New World in 1635, settling in Virginia. The men were farmers, most of them, but above all they were pioneers, frontiersmen, adventurers. When Bill was three years old, his family moved to Missouri, then harassed by hostile Indians of whom Hickman was to write, "Men were killed while plowing in their fields, and occasionally whole families were brutally butchered by the savage Sacs and Foxes." Consequently, as a youth, Bill became an accomplished woodsman and better than average with rifle and pistol.

At fifteen, because his father wanted him schooled, he began the study of medicine, but he did not like it and gave it up. He next took up law which he liked better. He worked at becoming a lawyer, but his restless gaze would not long dwell on books and soon he became tired of studying. Nevertheless, his education was above average.

When he was sixteen, he fell in love with a pretty, black-eyed lass, and against the wishes of both parents, they were married. Bill took a job teaching school, and when his father saw that the young couple seemed determined to make a go of it, he relented and gave them a farm. They joined the Methodist Church but Bill, who had met several Mormons, had become fascinated by their ideas. Despite their being openly disliked in Missouri, Bill joined them, "losing," as he said, "his good standing in society."

HE SOLD his farm, journeying to the poor Mormon settlement in Illinois. There he met Joseph Smith, the Church founder and leader, and with Smith traveled to Nauvoo, where Smith preached. Although the Mormons tried to remain aloof from Gentile citizens, they were much maligned, and mobs attacked Nauvoo, the Mormon city. Hickman was thrown into jail, but escaped, returning with his wife to Missouri. During his absence from the Illinois city, Joseph Smith and his brother, Hyrum, were arrested and killed.

A militant young churchman assumed Church leadership, but not many were yet ready to follow him. Brigham Young favored polygamy, among other things, and while he tried to hold the weakened

Main Street looking southeast in Salt Lake City, Utah, 1861.
Utah Historical Society

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Utah Historical Society

William Hickman

membership together, a splinter group refused to follow such a man. Hickman, being a stranger, was assigned the task of learning who had led the mob which killed Joseph Smith. A Colonel Williams was suspected, and Hickman became acquainted with him—not as a Mormon, but as a fellow Missourian. He heard Williams admit to having led the mob, but nothing was done about it.

Hickman did not like Brigham Young, but thought the group needed a leader and "felt Young was as good as they could get." He did not accompany Brigham on his western trip, but later was called upon to do some "important" work for him.

A half-breed Indian, well educated and personable, had joined the church in Nauvoo, but had had trouble with Brigham, and had left, swearing vengeance against him for real or fancied wrongs. He boasted that he would be able to unite all the western tribes against the Mormons and their wagontrains. Brigham sent for Hickman, who took the half-breed's trail. In Hickman's words, "I found him, used him up, scalped him and took his scalp to Brigham Young."

This, wrote Hickman, was his first act of violence. A few months later, he was sent after a man who had threatened the life of Bishop Orson Hyde, one of the Church leaders. Again Hickman wrote a tense account. "I socked him away, and made my report which was very satisfactory."

HAVING built a reputation as a loyal follower, and a conscienceless one as well, Hickman soon became Hyde's bodyguard. The leader had many enemies and feared constantly that someone would take his life. Bill took his second wife at this time, and sent her on to Salt Lake.

A year later when Hickman was reunited with her, he learned that she had had a baby. Hickman said it was not his, and the marriage was dissolved.

In 1848 Hyde assigned Hickman the task of finding a gang of counterfeiters who were playing hob by making bogus dollars and half-dollars. Hyde's newspaper, *The Frontier Guardian*, repeatedly baited the counterfeiters, professing to know who they were. Hyde received a threatening letter for his pains.

Hickman placed himself in the printing shop at night and soon learned who the gang members were and braced them. He told them that if Hyde were in any way harmed, he would hunt them down to the last man. This talking-to had the desired effect, but the thorough Hickman was not yet through. He found their presses, broke them and put the money-makers out of business once and for all.

A few months later a band of roving Omahas stole some horses from the Mormons. Hickman went after them, and found three armed with bows and arrows, driving a small bunch of horses. Taking deliberate aim, he fired. He had waited until two were lined up. The first fell dead, but the second turned toward Hickman and made for him. Before Bill could shoot again, however, the brave fell. When Hickman reached him, he saw that his first ball had grazed the Indian's head, and that he had fallen unconscious. Bill finished the job; then, seeing that the third buck had made good his escape, Bill calmly rounded up the stolen stock and the Indians' horses and returned to the settlement.

The following year a government contractor lost his entire horse herd to thieves. A posse was dispatched after them, but had no luck trying to catch up with the herd. Orson Hyde recommended Hickman for the job, and the following day Bill and another man started out on a cold trail. By traveling light and at night, they soon caught up with the thieves, only to find that they had been expected and had walked into a trap. Bill and his companion found themselves looking down the barrels of four Winchesters.

Bill wrote later, "I looked into their eyes and did not see a shoot in them. We drew our own guns and ordered them to surrender. They came to time, and we arrested four. They took us to another place, and we got two more."

The horses were returned to the owner who paid Bill a good reward which enabled him to buy an outfit. He also took another wife when he returned to Salt Lake.

Orson Hyde, still having his troubles, sent for Hickman once again, telling him that a band of Indians had threatened the settlement of Kanesville. Hickman and four men, well mounted and armed, rode into the brush and soon encountered a dozen or more redskins. One loosed two arrows, but fell before the unerring aim of the posse leader. It was but a matter of minutes to kill the poorly-armed Indians, and the successful posse rode back and made its report.

FROM that time on, Hickman was held in high regard, not only by Orson Hyde but by Brigham Young, as well. He became the "enforcer," and served his masters well. Indian troubles were frequent in the Mormon outposts, but the deadly Hickman wreaked terrible vengeance on the marauders.

When he killed the Ute chief, Big Elk, he beheaded him because he had heard that old Jim Bridger had offered $100 for the chief's head. He carried the head with him as long as weather would permit, but finally there came a time when his sensitive nose could stand it no longer. The unfortunate head was tossed into a swift-moving creek where it speedily passed from sight and smell.

In Hickman's band rode a hard-eyed Missourian named Hensley who had had a bitter quarrel with another Hickman rider. John Watson was a particular friend of Hickman, and had been a friend of Kit Carson. Hickman described Watson as "a good man, always up front in a fight." Watson feared Hensley, however, and told Hickman of his fears. Hickman talked to Hensley, extracting a promise from him to forget their differences. That night, when the band had bedded down, Hensley snaked his way up to the sleeping Watson, and, holding his revolver against the unsuspecting man's head, blew out his brains. Hickman was aroused, but at first decided to say nothing to Hensley until he could take it up with Hyde or Brigham Young—besides, the cold-eyed Hensley was well armed and very nervous.

The following morning Watson was buried, and the men continued their travels. The matter of Watson's murder was not forgotten, however, and Hickman

Green River, Utah, about the time Hickman was sheriff.

Utah Historical Society

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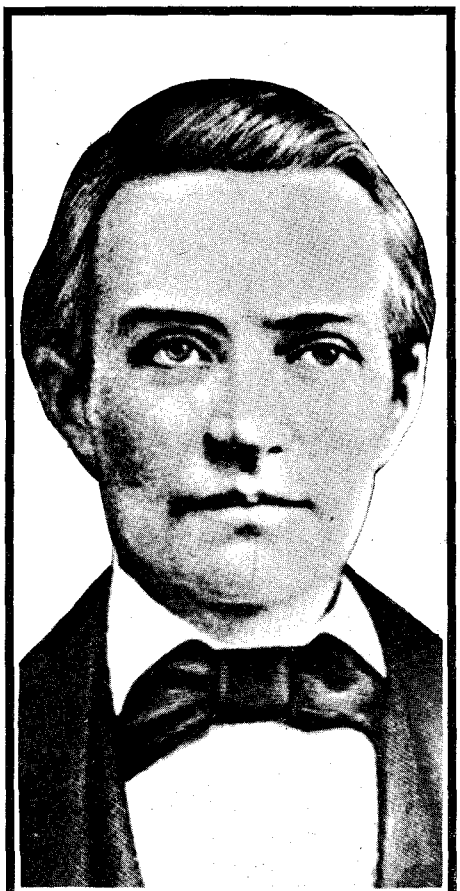
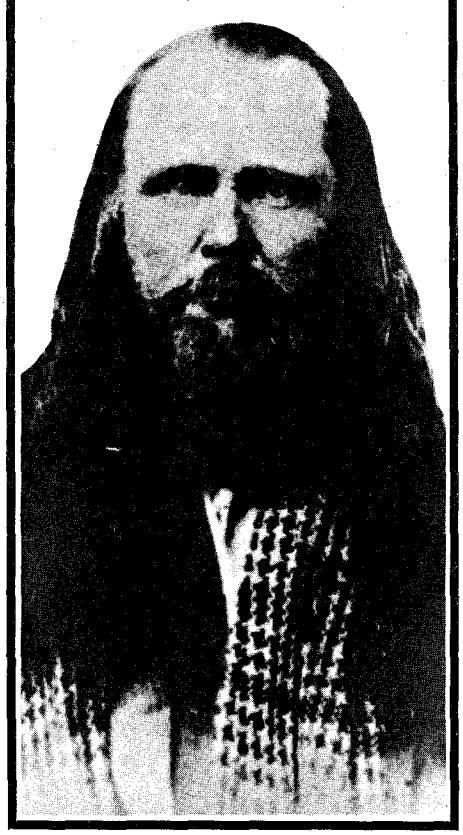


Orson Hyde (above) used Hickman as his bodyguard. Porter Rockwell (below) was another of Brigham Young's avengers. Photos courtesy the Idaho Historical Society.



made up his mind to handle the matter himself. He appointed a judge and three jurymen. After a hearing, the jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree, and Hensley was sentenced to hang.

As Hickman described the scene, "A lariat was put around his neck, thrown over a limb, and he was drawn four feet from the ground, and the other end fastened to a stake. Next morning he was rolled in his blankets and buried under the same tree."

By this time Hickman was taking his orders directly from Brigham Young, according to his narrative. Horse thieves were molesting the hard-working farmers, and a man named Hatch was suspected. Brigham sent word that Hatch was to be killed, and Hickman received the assignment. Hickman, in writing about it later, did not admit outright that he committed the murder. He wrote, "Hatch was watched for and shot, lived a few days and died. *This was laid to me, and I never denied it!*"

The stealing continued and Hickman and his band continued to ride. They captured many thieves and recovered much stolen stock. A Hickman court was held for four men captured in possession of stolen horses. Three men were turned loose for lack of evidence, but the fourth, found guilty, "was sent down the river with a bullet hole through him."

Shortly after Hickman returned to Salt Lake, some Mormons produced affidavits that Jim Bridger, the old mountain man, was furnishing powder and lead to any Indian who would kill Mormons. The sheriff and 150 men, including soldiers, were sent out to arrest Old Gabe, destroy his fort, and capture his liquor and ammunition. Brigham directed Hickman to accompany Sheriff James Ferguson.

Bridger, of course, had left as soon as he got word of the invasion. Hickman, with tongue in cheek, described the scene at Bridger's Fort. "The whiskey and rum, of which Bridger had a good stock, was destroyed by doses; the sheriff, most of the officers, the doctor and chaplain of the company, all aided in carrying out the orders, working so hard day and night that they were exhausted, not being able to stand up. But the privates were rationed, and did not do so much."

Although several mountain men along the Green River who got in the posse's way were killed by the Mormons, Bridger got away, more determined than ever to rid the country of the hated sect.

HICKMAN received an appointment as Deputy U. S. Marshal, serving under U. S. Marshal Joseph L. Heywood. He had also resumed his law studies, and was given a license to practice. During the winter of 1858, Green River County was formed. This area included the homes of the mountain men, who were friends of Jim Bridger's and had no love for the Mormons. Mormon judges and officers were appointed and, because of the evident unrest in the county, Brigham Young sent his faithful Hickman to Green River to keep an eye on things.

A great western emigration of Mormons was scheduled for the following fall and it had been decided that the new county would be their home. Hickman's orders were to make peace with the non-Mormons, and to kill those with whom he could not come to terms. Hickman accompanied Judge Appleby and Bishop Hyde to the new settlement, which was christened "Fort Supply." Hyde had become head of the Church's Twelve Apostles, and the strictest obedience to his directives was required. Hickman, a dedicated man, had no quarrel with any instructions he received. He would leave his family or his business unattended to obey a command.

A young Oregonian named Hartley had joined the Church and, in due course, married a young girl from Provo. Brigham Young did not like Hartley, and Hyde told Hickman that Brigham wanted the young man killed because he was a spy.

Hickman and one of his band, George Boyd, were given the assignment. The two men were leaving camp for some reason, and the unsuspecting Hartley asked if he could accompany them. Boyd gave Hartley his horse, and the personable young man rode out of camp with Hickman. Hickman wrote, "We started, and about half a mile on had to cross the canyon stream which was midsides to our horses. While crossing, Hartley got a shot and fell dead in the creek." When Hickman reported to Hyde, he was told, "You have done well."

Due to the influence wielded by Brigham Young and Hyde, Hickman was appointed sheriff of Green River County. Young had proclaimed the Mormon state, "Deseret," but the United States Government, while not yet at war with the Mormons, declared the same real estate to be Utah Territory. In addition to his duties as sheriff, Hickman was also county prosecuting attorney, assessor and tax collector.

Feeling that Deseret might have difficulty with the Federal Government, Brigham set Hickman to try to arrange a powwow with the great Shoshone Chief, Washakie, in an effort to enlist Indian aid against U. S. troops, and also to insure the safety of the far-flung Mormon settlements. His efforts to locate the chief were not successful.

Hickman went into the stock business with Porter Rockwell, another hard-eyed Mormon enforcer, and would have done well except that Brigham was constantly calling upon them to kill someone or to keep the restless Mormons in line. When Brigham declared polygamy a desirable thing, in direct opposition to the teachings of Joseph Smith, many Mormons, particularly women, tried to leave the church. It was men like Hickman and Rockwell who kept them in line.

Hickman's brother, T. J., came to the territory and operated a ferry across Green River, but being a Gentile, even though a brother of the great Bill Hickman, his business did not flourish.

WHEN a mail route was established between Independence, Missouri, and Salt Lake City, Brigham told Rockwell to carry from Salt Lake to Fort Laramie and Hickman from Laramie to Independence. This meant long absences from the stock ranch founded by the two men and, while they were gone, they lost most of their stock.

The energetic Young then got up an express company. Hickman tried to bow out, but Young would not hear of it, insisting upon full and unflagging obedience in the name of the Church. At all times, Hickman complained in his book, he had to subordinate his own ambitions and support of his growing family to the whims of Brigham Young and Orson Hyde.

The express route was a tough one, going from Salt Lake to Fort Bridger, over South Pass to Devil's Gate on the Sweetwater, and straight east over the bleak, wind-swept plains of Wyoming to Laramie. Besides bad weather, the riders

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had to constantly contend with Indians. On the first trip, it took the riders forty days.

By 1857, the tension between Young and the Government had reached a point where U. S. troops were sent out. They came through South Pass under the command of Colonel Harney. Harney's orders were to kill or capture the Mormons in high office. Brigham's forces tried to set up an ambush in South Pass to run off the horses, but the plan failed. The troops took over Fort Bridger, and the Mormon General, Burton, made several attempts to stampede the livestock there, but was unsuccessful.

Colonel Alexander of the U. S. forces made a march west and tried to enter the twenty-mile long Echo Canyon, but the Mormons had so well fortified this entrance that Alexander had to take a circuitous route, entering Salt Lake Valley from the north. The effort to capture Young and the others was unsuccessful, however. During this time Hickman was employed as a spy for General Burton.

Richard Yates was a trader who had been in and out of the Green River country for years. The Indians knew and trusted him. Whenever he arrived with Indian trading goods, he did very well, usually bartering several thousand dollars worth of powder, lead, trinkets, blankets and other goods. Sometimes he would buy beef on the hoof for the Government.

On one occasion Hickman accompanied Yates into Indian country. For some reason Brigham Young felt that Yates was in reality a spy for Colonel Harney. After riding for some days, Hickman left Yates and returned to Green River County. In the meantime, a Mormon scout named Conover arrested Yates and took him to Fort Bridger, then held by the Mormons. Hickman at this time held the title, "Independent Captain," and was accountable only to Brigham Young.

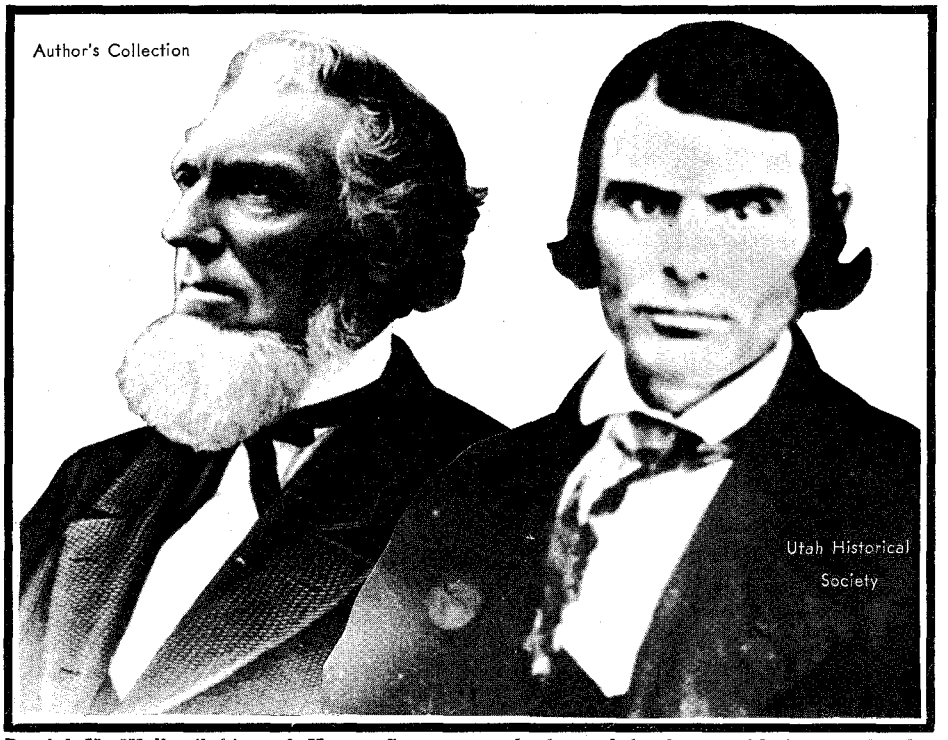
He was asked if he would take the accused spy, Yates, to Salt Lake City, and he agreed to do so. His brother, T. J., and two of Hickman's band, Lewis Meacham and John Flack, accompanied them. A chain, fastened with a padlock, was placed on Yates' ankle. At the time the party left Bridger, Yates had $900 in gold coins, and a fine gold watch.

At Yellow Creek, where the group camped the first night, they were met by Joseph Young, a son of Brigham. Joseph told Hickman that his father had ordered Yates to be killed. In camp that night, the unsuspecting trader stretched out and, being very tired, dropped off to sleep immediately.

Hickman tells the story: "Colonel Jones, Hosea Stout and another man came to my campfire and asked if Yates was asleep. I told them he was, upon which his brains were knocked out with an axe." Yates was buried where he died, but not until Hickman had removed the money from his body. He professed not to know who had pilfered Yates' fine watch.

Upon arriving in Salt Lake City, Hickman reported directly to Brigham Young, dumping the murdered man's gold on Brigham's desk. Hickman explained the considerable expense he had been put to but Brigham reprimanded him for asking for money when "there is a war to be fought."

Hickman, it appears, may have begun to become somewhat disenchanted with his leader about that time. When Hickman returned to Fort Bridger, he learned that Yates' trading goods and stock, and such other property as had been in the victim's possession, had been appropriated by sundry individuals, with Hickman getting nothing but another murder on his conscience.



Daniel H. Wells (left) and Hosea Stout were both co-defendents with Young in the Yates murder trial.

THE U. S. Government was getting pretty tired of being pushed around, and General S. A. Johnston was sent out to end the "war." The Mormons retreated from Bridger's Fort, burning it and scorching the earth as they moved west over the mountains. Winter halted the campaign, and other matters required Hickman's attention.

Two of Hickman's cohorts, George Grant and William Kimball, had been assigned to kill a man, but he had gotten away from them. Porter Rockwell had likewise failed to do away with the offender so Hickman was pressed into service. Brigham told Hickman, "The boys have made a bad job of trying to put a man out of the way. They all got drunk, bruised up a fellow, and he got away from them, came back to the city, and is telling all that happened which is making a big stink. You will have to get him out of the way and 'use him up.'"

Hickman located Kimball and Grant, who told him that the intended victim, known only by his last name, Buck, would be at the home of a man named Dalton. Hickman and a friend named Meacham went to the place at night. Hickman wrote, "The man, Buck, got a shot through the head and was put across the fence in a ditch. A rag was hung on a brush to know the place."

Kimball, Porter Rockwell and a third man got spades and the victim was buried. By having a second party bury the victim of the first party, Brigham was able to keep close check on his independent captains!

At that time, Hickman was forty-two years old, a tough, muscular, heavily built man, full-bearded and not unhandsome. His hair was dark auburn with some gray showing. It was his eyes, though, that told of this man's fierce dedication to his cause. They were dark blue and, on a job or when angry, became electric, flashing and cold.

Leading Brigham's squad of enforcers was not the job for a weakling. This group was known as "Danites," named after the Hebrew tribe of Dan, outcasts like the Mormons, who had so many enemies they could not settle in one place. The tribe's entire history is one of migration. The Danites called themselves "Brigham's Destroying Angels." Their sole occupation was doing away with anyone who was in disfavor with the leaders, whether Gentile or apostate. And there were many of the latter, bitter, disillusioned followers who had learned, too late, that Brigham's promises often exceeded his ability to deliver. Women, as stated before, were particularly disillusioned since polygamy was not only unpleasant but lawful and obligatory.

Mark Twain in *Roughing It,* tells of his first meeting with a Destroying Angel. He and his brother were having dinner at the home of a man known to belong to the group. Expecting a terrible sight, Twain wrote that he "had his shudder all ready," but to his surprise, found the Angel to be a dirty old man who did not even have a belt or suspenders to hold up his britches. In spite of this humorous description, the Danites were a formidable force of killers when called upon to act.

WITH so much dissatisfaction in the ranks of the faithful, how many murders the Destroying Angels perpetrated over the years will never be known. Hickman's book mentions only his own crimes and, quite likely, not all of them. John D. Lee, another Danite chief, at Mountain Meadows oversaw the savage butchery of more than 100 men, women and children who had, in some way, angered the great Brigham Young. Twenty years would elapse before Lee would be tried, convicted and executed for that diabolic deed, but that is another story, and Hickman is not directly connected with it.

After the killing of Buck, Hickman learned the full story of the victim's "transgressions." Buck had been one of a

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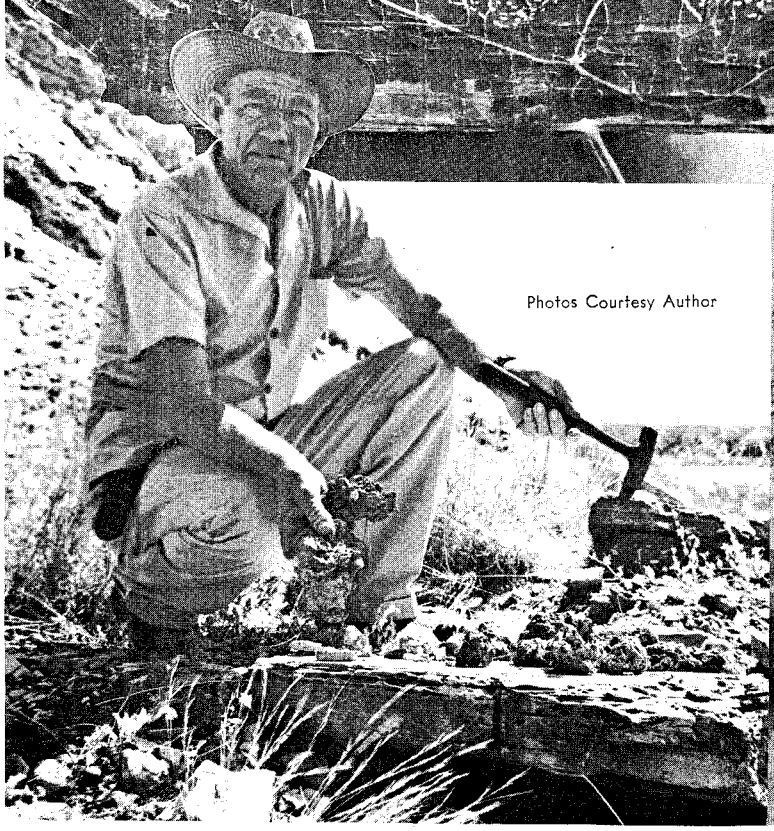
Mystery Of

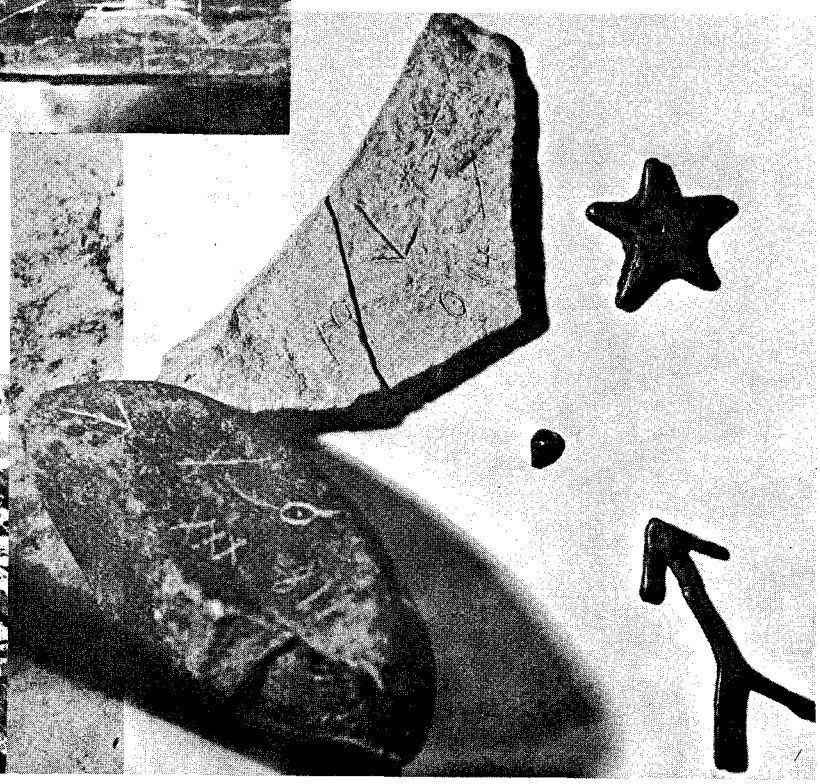
ROMANCE, adventure, murder and mystery make up the story of one of North Texas' oldest treasure legends—the "Spider Rock" Spanish gold burial and its famous map. The time—early 1800s or late 1700s; the place—country now known as the cedar brakes near the junction of the Salt Fork and Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos River in Stonewall County; the people—Spanish miners, priests, a nun and enslaved Indians; the amount of buried money—some say three chests full of church plate, jewels, gold candlesticks and statuettes.

Already found by a Haskell County treasure hunter are the crumbling walls of a Spanish mission, burned rocks and slag at three aged smelter sites, four treasure maps etched on rocks, one abandoned Spanish gold mine, two silver statuettes, two silver crosses, two silver arrows, a gold arrowhead and chunks of crudely refined gold and silver.

At left is a blueprint made from the legendary "Spider Rock" in 1908. Each line and letter was carved deeply and then filled with copper. The diamond-shaped rock and the arrow shown near the figure "94" have both been found. Below left, Dock holds a chunk of slag from the Spanish smelter. Two flat rocks with markings, a lead arrow, a star and a ball of silver are shown directly below.



Photos Courtesy Author



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The Spider Rock Treasure

A human eye that was carefully carved many years ago looks across a wasteland that defies the eyes of men who are searching now. The clues are many—so far, the solutions, none . . .

By STEVE WILSON

Treasure hunter, cedar brakes explorer, arrow point and artifact collector Dock Henderson of Rule, has discovered all of these and knows every foot of this remote, hot and eroded country. Only Dock can show a person every place of interest in this country of canyons, dry waterholes, Indian campgrounds and scrub cedars.

The Spider Rock treasure venture first began in 1908 when a man from the Mexican border named Forrest appeared in Haskell and inquired about hidden Spanish treasure in the area. The stranger's story was that at an early date, Spanish miners were gathering large quantities of gold in Mexico and a group of them traveled far to the northwest in search of more gold and wealth, taking with them a large store of the yellow metal.

The Spaniards located copper, lead, silver and gold deposits on the Brazos and began working them. They were not on friendly terms with neighboring Indians and at that very time were engaged in working Indian slaves in their mines. They knew they were in grave danger, so made complex maps of the country, buried key signs, code rocks, one of the main maps and their great wealth.

Because of dangers in Mexico, the treasure plat was turned over to a trustworthy *mestizo* who was attached to the Spanish party. It remained with him until he was approaching death, and then was given to a member of his family. The map was passed along for several generations. It was certain that no Mexican could reclaim the wealth because Texas had fallen into the hands of *gringos*. For a few favors and a small amount of money, a Mexican had released the plat to Forrest.

He organized a company at Haskell to hunt the treasure, but the map covered a lot of territory, including the two branches of the Brazos and Kiowa Peak. It showed marked rocks and trees, many of which never could be found.

THE search was a long, drawn-out affair. A Mexican who was herding sheep along the river entered into the hunting party. He furnished additional information and was made a partner. The herder said if he could find a certain rock bearing cryptic symbols and marks, he could find the gold. A few days later, the group unearthed what was called the Spider Rock.

Interpreting the queer markings on the Spider Rock, the Mexican revealed that the same small hill on which the oddly marked rock had been found, was underlaid with the "base rock," and that underneath the base rock were buried many bodies. He related that nineteen steps west of the skeletons should be found a large bone of a prehistoric animal. He said the diggers would find a wall of hard substance near the skeletons.

A pick marks the location where the "Spider Circle" was found sixteen feet under the topsoil. A square acre of ground was scraped out of this area. Years later, the lead arrow on the "Spider Rock" map was found here.

The 1908 treasure hunters dug for the base rock and hit a wall-like wedge of firm substance—wide at the top and narrower at the base.

After digging down about fifteen feet, they ran into a stench and could barely work. Many decayed bodies and relics were found. At the specified distance from the Spider Rock, they found the prehistoric animal's bone, about the thickness of a man's body and extremely porous.

The Mexican then directed the diggers to go to the bluff a little farther west. In a small, narrow ravine, he said they would find another great bone like the first and other artifacts buried by the Spaniards.

The huge bone was found. With it were an old-fashioned sword, copper ornaments believed to be epaulets, some silver ornaments, forty-two gold buttons and a large number of beads. Not until years later was it revealed by one of the members of the original party what some of the other relics were that were found during that great hunt.

J. K. Johnson of Munday, who recalled the 1908 search, said that the group also dug into the grave of a Spanish priest at the same time they were working at the Spider Rock. One of the head men, Dave Arnold, had found the location of a priest's grave and the group went over to dig into it.

In the grave with the skeleton they found parts of a pack saddle, buckles, a pearl necklace, a diamond necklace, a pipe, bridle bits, gold buckles, gold rings, gold earrings, a silver cross, a clay lamb, a walking cane and other relics.

After this excavation, the party went back to the Spider Rock hunt. Using the sheepskin map Arnold had, they found other treasure keys such as copper plates and knives, all of which were designated on his "mapa."

THE real leader of the Spider Rock hunt was Dave Arnold, Dock Henderson says, an old man who had come from South Texas. Arnold had a map which he had gotten from a Mexican which showed numerous treasure caches. Arnold claimed to have found two Spanish caches in

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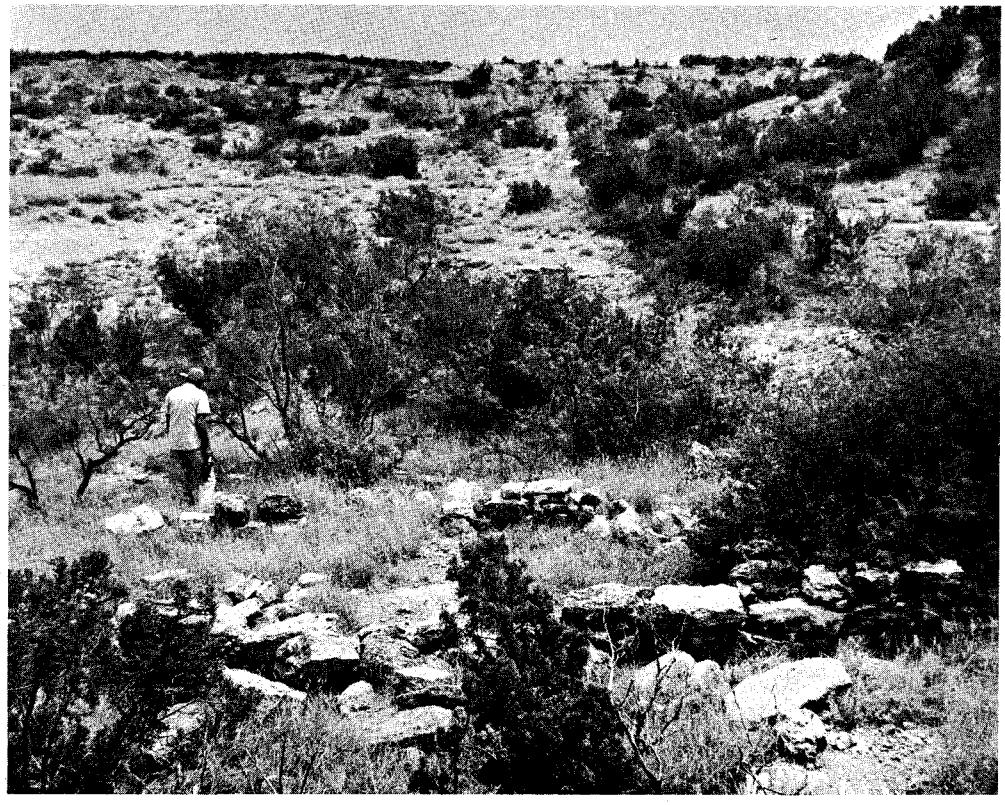

Only crumbling ruins now remain of the Spanish church about fourteen miles east of Aspermont, Texas. The old mission once had four rooms.

Comanche County amounting to $12,500.

Most of the Spider Rock treasure findings were placed in Doctor Terrell's drugstore in Haskell where many were destroyed in a fire in 1909. However, some say most of the relics were really stolen.

The Spider Rock itself—according to Henderson—was just not etched with signs and symbols; the marks were grooved and all the grooves were filled with copper, making a beautiful, copper-engraved map rock about thirty inches square.

Dock says the Mexican who in 1908 helped find some of the specified markers the Spider Rock called for was actually murdered by one of the treasure party. He believes he knows who did it, but would rather not say since it doesn't matter now anyway.

Soon after the Mexican disappeared, a skeleton was found several miles east of where the treasure group had been led to look. With the decomposed body were two small, heavy copper pots. One was shaped round and the other like a canoe. The copper pots also now have vanished.

Henderson admits that he first became interested in the Spider Rock mystery about 1924 when he lived in a dugout—now in ruins—near the hill where the copper engraved map was found in 1908. Dock lived with Bud Jones at that time and Jones had been one of the original diggers for the treasure. Jones had a blueprint of the queer markings made from the Spider Rock and soon Dock was given a copy of the intricate, copper engraved waybill.

In 1935, Dock's uncle, who also had a blueprint, and an unknown priest started re-excavating at the "Spider Circle," just a short distance west from where the Spider Rock was found. Here, they found the lead arrow shown on the Spider Rock blueprint. They also found the diamond-shaped stone—also on the map—which had a small, copper diamond inlaid in it.

What is the Spider Circle? Dock explains this by saying, "Most people don't really understand the Spider Rock because they don't know what's meant by the Spider Circle and why the Spider Rock was found in the first place.

"Dave Arnold, who found the Spider Rock, found it only because rocks and mussel shells were formed on the ground somewhat similar to the Spider Rock map or blueprint.

"The rocks and mussel shells were laid out in circles, with lines of the substance branching out in various directions for more than 100 feet. The copper-engraved Spider Rock map was found about eighteen inches under the soil right in the center of the circles of rock and mussel shells."

The Spider Circle, Dock says, was found just west of the canyon where the forty-two gold buttons, sword and prehistoric bone were discovered. The circle was also similar to the Spider Rock.

Circles were laid out in black, blue and red clay balls about twenty feet in diameter. Just west of the Spider Circle, the lead arrow shown on the map was dug up. The circle, lead arrow and diamond-shaped rock were all sixteen feet under the surface, Dock added.

"Also when the Spider Rock was dug up, there were three key markers laid on top of the rock," Dock explains. These —all made from copper—were a knife and two other objects which no one could identify exactly.

SPIDER ROCK Hill is located just southwest of the junction of the Double Mountain and Salt Forks, or about four miles west, four north and another northwest of Rule. The lone hill which once held the Spider Rock has been almost entirely dug up. One party brought in a bulldozer and dug a small canyon right through the east side of the hill, finding nothing. The dugout where Dock lived in 1924 is on the south side of where the Spider Circle was found.

"What really destroyed most of the signs," says Dock, "was when the 1908 crew dug out an acre square of ground where the Spider Circle was found and dumped the soil off into the canyon. True, they had to dig down sixteen feet to bedrock, but they brought in fresnos, scrapers and teams and did it so hurriedly that a lot of signs were lost.

"This is why my uncle and the priest found the lead arrow and diamond-shaped rock inlaid with the copper diamond."

What became of the elaborate, copper Spider Rock? Dock says a relative of Dr. Terrell who kept the relics in 1908 now has it in Waco, but refuses to show it to anyone.

South, about one-fourth mile from the Spider Circle, were two tunnels facing south, says Dock. They could be seen forty years ago, but have since caved in, blending in with the surrounding soil. Again, about one-fourth mile east of Spider Rock Hill, are the remains of a crude Spanish smelter. Slag and burned rocks six feet in diameter surround a two-foot depression in the soil. About eighteen inches below the top soil, are six or more feet of ashes and charcoal, Dock says.

A number of steps northeast of the old furnace is a plat rock which Dock keeps covered so no one will destroy it. On the rock are carved two knives, F's, crosses, Os, dots, other signs and an arrow—pointing straight to the smelter nearby.

East of the plat rock still farther is a flying arrow cut on rock and near it is a rock with a round hole cut through it. Dock also keeps this rock concealed.

Crawford Allen of Denver City, who had been with the 1908 treasure party, dug two ninety-foot shafts looking for the church treasure. One shaft was on top of Spider Rock Hill. From the hill, and as the crow flies across the Salt Fork about three miles northwest, lies the crumbling ruins of the Spanish mission believed built in 1812. Near it is a Spanish gold mine and slag from a smelter. Just two miles northeast from where the Spider Rock was found, on the west rim of the Salt Fork, is the third Spanish smelter.

The Spanish church ruins are located four miles north of Aspermont on Farm Road 1263, then east and northeast on a winding road about ten miles into the cedar brakes country.

Dock says the 150-year-old mission contained four rooms. All the small rooms can still be easily identified. Some of the walls are yet about waist high. One account says that jewels and loot were buried by a nun in the fireplace of the old mission.

The rock walls, cedar poles which made up the roof, and debris have fallen into the old building, making the fireplace difficult to find. Dock says he was shown the mission by Bud Jones years ago and at one time a rock nearby held the date, 1812. The mission was built on the south side of a hill and was protected on the west by another hill.

About one-half mile northeast is the site of the abandoned Spanish mine shored with cottonwood and hackberry which Dock found in 1932, but which also has caved in revealing no traces that it had once been a tunnel.

Dock remembers that some people once came in looking around the old tunnel and their two dogs chased a rabbit into the mine. The dogs never came out. The

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The author, aged ten, and the salmon that almost caught him.

THE BIG ONE

By SIDNEY A. KING

Photo Courtesy Author

I fed the Indians at 5c a fish!

THE breeze from the east was fairly strong "that morning and I caught that unmistakable odor I had been waiting for. It was like a mixture of rotten eggs, spoiled meat and maybe some spoiled cabbage tossed in for good measure. It fairly seared your nostrils if you drew in a deep breath. "Oh boy!" I thought, "the Indians are here!"

Despite the horrible stench riding that east wind, my heart was joyful for now I could start earning money toward the most important goal of my life at the moment: ammunition for the gun I was to get on my tenth birthday in December. A boy on a small farm in the middle McKenzie Valley had little opportunity to earn money in 1913 and I desperately wanted to have enough to buy shells for the .22 single-shot rifle my folks had promised to get for me. They had made it plain that it would be strictly up to me to finance my ammunition.

Each fall the Warm Springs Indians, who lived on the reservation just east of the Cascades in central Oregon, came to the McKenzie Valley to pick hops. That is, the women and children picked hops while the men sat around, raced horses, or speared and dried salmon for their winter's food supply.

In those days, there was a heavy run of Chinook salmon in the McKenzie River each year. In the spring and early summer they were good eating, but that didn't last long. As the water became shallow on riffles and bars, the fish bruised their bodies against the rocks as they fought their way upstream. At first, there would be just a white spot where they hit a rock, but later the bruise would turn yellowish brown as the flesh started to decay and, eventually, to rot completely away. It was not uncommon to see salmon with bones sticking out of their backs where the dorsal fins should be.

Thousands of them died before they ever reached the spawning grounds and their putrefying bodies lined the banks of the river. That was time to keep your dog at home because if he got some of that fish, he'd die. The salmon were infected with a liver fluke which made their meat deadly poisonous to dogs.

Obviously, in this condition, they were not considered fit to eat—by the whites, that is. The Indians would take the ones with only a few rotten spots, cut those parts away, filet the meat and sun-dry it on racks.

Spearing salmon on the riffles was great sport for us kids and, for the Indians, it meant a fairly easy way of getting large quantities of winter food. We speared them for the sport of it and to get salmon eggs for next year's trout fishing. When you got a female, you stripped the eggs and dried them in the sun—or in the oven if your mother proved sufficiently cooperative!

I had discovered that the Indians would pay me a nickel apiece for each salmon I could take to them that was suitable for their purposes. So now they were back in the valley and in the salmon drying business, here was my chance to start earning money for that ammunition! When my father came out to the woodshed I was ready with my proposition.

"Dad, the Indians are here and they'll buy fish from me if I can get some good ones. Is it all right if I go salmon spearing today?"

"Just be sure to stay on the riffles. Don't go into deep water."

IN my jubilance, I nearly whacked off a finger as I swung the hatchet to finish the kindling job so I could get down to the river. We made our own salmon spears out of materials around the farm. You needed a fir pole about eight feet

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MARIE DORION

DAUGHTER OF COURAGE

By GRACE ROFFEY PRATT

Illustrated by Al M. Napoletano

THERE are no portraits of Marie Dorion; no statues of her mark the trails she traveled; no parks, rivers or mountain passes have been named in her honor; yet, in the Northwest of the early Nineteenth Century when only the strong and courageous survived, the strength, fortitude and devotion of this Indian woman were outstanding.

She was born in the Red River Valley, a member of the Iowa tribe, a people noted for their tall, strong bodies and comely features. At age twenty-four, she was the wife of Pierre Dorion and the mother of two little boys, Baptiste, a sturdy good-looking four-year-old and Paul, a frail child of two with little eyes and a wide mouth.

Pierre, a mixture of French and Sioux, was an excellent trapper, trader, interpreter and guide when sober. His services were much in demand by the companies who carried on the only real industry of the Northwest at that time, the fur trade with Indians. One of his employers was Manuel Lisa of the Missouri Fur Compost in the present State of Montana, on the banks of the Big Horn in 1807. Pierre worked up and down the Missouri River and he took his family with him. Marie did not find the roving life unpleasant. Like most Indian mothers, she was easy on discipline but taught her children to bear their small hurts and privations with uncomplaining courage in preparation for the time of real hardships which came to all. She liked visiting the few towns along the way, yet dreaded them, too—for Pierre was a fairly good husband and father when away from the bottle, but when drinking, as he always did in town, he became quarrelsome and often brutal.

Once at Mandan he bought a quart of whiskey at the Company store, drank it, and then went on a real binge which lasted several days. When it ended he decided to have a settlement with Lisa for his past year's work, take his money, and go home. To his amazement he learned that Lisa owed him nothing; on the contrary, he owed Lisa for whiskey. Angry words followed and in the resulting fight Pierre came out second best. He was not used to losing. Hatred for the Spaniard built up in his heart and grew steadily as they went down the river with both Lisa and the Dorions aboard the same trading boat.

IN JANUARY, 1811, Wilson Price Hunt was looking for an interpreter to go with his expedition to Astoria in Oregon. He talked with Dorion and made him an offer, but Lisa was also getting up an expedition to go to Montana and had no intention of losing his valuable employee. He was disturbed about the increasing unfriendliness of the Sioux and Blackfeet Tribes and, as Pierre was half Sioux, he could be especially useful.

Lisa washed away some of Pierre's dislike for him with whiskey and an offer of more money. However, the matter of the old debt was not resolved, and after a bitter quarrel, Pierre located Hunt and agreed to work for him for $300 a year with $200 down.

He then tried to persuade Marie to stay with relatives while he was gone, but she insisted that she go along. There were times when Marie won out in an argument; this was one of them.

Pierre went to Hunt with the information. "The woman, she say she going, too."

Hunt was emphatic. "No! There'll be no women in my party."

"Then I guess I go with Lisa." Pierre started to walk away.

Hunt needed Pierre desperately. "Oh, all right. We'll take the woman. Be ready to start in the morning."

"There are children."

"How many?" groaned Hunt.

"Only two, yet."

"All right. Bring the children."

The next morning they embarked although some of the newly hired crew deserted at the last moment. Two scientists who had accepted Hunt's invitation to accompany him as far as they wished to go, were not quite ready to leave. They put their baggage on board and arranged to overtake the boat the next day at St. Charles. Soon after the boat put off, these two men learned that an order for Dorion's arrest had been issued for the whiskey debt and that officers would be waiting at St. Charles to apprehend him and bring him back. Because they liked Hunt, the scientists left St. Louis in the night, caught up with the boat before it arrived at St. Charles, and warned Pierre.

The Dorion family left the boat, Pierre with his rifle and Marie with their bundle of possessions and the children. They

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For five hundred miles during the month of deep snows, this girl of the prairies fought the unfamiliar dangers of mountains whose trails she could not see. Only the sound of the wolves and her own children's crying broke the stillness of a world in which nothing seemed real but hunger and cold . . .

were to rejoin the boat above St. Charles when the danger had passed, but on shore Pierre told Marie that they would go back to St. Louis as soon as Lisa left and he would get another job. Marie knew that her husband had the better part of the $200 advance in his pocket and she refused to go. They quarreled.

Pierre took a long drink from a bottle which he carried. It was very potent. He then picked up a club and beat his wife cruelly. Marie grabbed the club when he had finished and felled him with one blow to the head. She left the rifle, took the bundle and the children, and walked along up the riverbank.

When Pierre came to and realized that he was alone he started off in pursuit of his family. He found the boat coming up the river well past St. Charles the next morning but no one had seen the woman or the little boys. Pierre begged Hunt to stop and send someone to help him look for them. This Hunt did and they searched all day but without success. Another night came and Pierre knew they would have to go on in the morning; he was very sober and very frightened. Just before daybreak, Marie's voice called to him from the other side of the river. He grabbed a small craft and hurried over to her. There they embraced, all anger forgotten, all pain forgiven; they returned to the big boat which then proceeded on its journey.

AS the party approached the military post of Fort Osage, Marie learned that the Osage Indians were going to hold a scalp dance. She became greatly frightened as the Osages were enemies of her people. Hunt had arranged for her to be escorted to the fort by soldiers when the old chief came down to the wharf and invited all the Indians to attend the celebration, including Pierre and his wife.

The Dorions went. Marie was young and hungry for a bit of social life. There was much feasting and dancing. Marie had such a good time that she did not want to leave and Pierre dragged her away to the boat. There he gave her another beating so severe that some of the men interfered. This must have had a wholesome effect on the half-breed for it is not recorded that he ever beat her again.

As they made their way up the Missouri more of the men deserted while others joined, John Hoback, Jacob Rezner and Edward Robinson being among the latter. Robinson had been scalped years before and wore a scarf around his head.

News traveled faster by horse than by boat. At one place they received word that Manuel Lisa, in a canoe with twenty oarsmen, was not far behind. Lisa needed the protection of the larger party in passing through Sioux country but Hunt wanted none of him, not only because he feared some trick that would take Dorion away from him but because two of his four partners hated Lisa and had sworn to kill him on sight.

Hunt put forth every effort to stay ahead and there followed a race long talked about along the Missouri. Lisa had finally caught up but again his lack of good sense in mentioning the whiskey debt lost him any chance he might have had in bribing his former employee to return.

The two parties stayed together but in a spirit of suspicion and mistrust. In the Dakotas at the Aricara village, Hunt traded his boats to Lisa for horses and bought some more from the Indians until he had 118. However, only the partners and the little boys rode. All the others, including Marie, walked. The horses were packed with supplies and trade goods.

They left the Aricara village on July 18, reaching the divide in the Big Horn Mountains on September 15. In between they had crossed the badlands with dust rising in thick clouds from a tortuous trail, had followed creeks and rivers where water and game were plentiful, and plodded over stretches of desert where food and drink had to be doled from the supplies carried. They climbed over almost impassable mountains where the sun burned hot in the daytime only to be replaced with intense cold at night, yet aside from that one concession, a horse for the children, neither Marie nor her little ones received any favors. The boys took their wearisome lot without whining, the woman hers with quiet fortitude, winning the respect and admiration of the men.

The Hunt party reached Andrew Henry's post near the present town of St. Anthony, Idaho, in early October and the men took a few days to make fifteen dugout canoes from cottonwood logs. There was plenty of meat and water. The little boys, tired out from the long days on the pony, played happily. Marie worked about the camp and rested, forgetting the morning-to-night marches through the rough country with a pack on her back. It was well that she could not see ahead.

ONE of the partners and eight men decided to stay at the post and trap. When the canoes were finished, Hunt left the horses with some Indians and set off down the Snake River. He could have hardly made a worse mistake because the Snake, unlike the Missouri, was not a stream for canoes. They had gone but a short distance when one canoe was lost, with the crew barely escaping, while farther on after many portages another capsized, and a voyageur, Antoine Clappine, was drowned while his friends looked on helplessly. The place was called Caldron Linn.

The accident caused so much consternation and differences of opinion that the party separated into three groups. Abandoning the canoes, they made nine caches of food and trade goods. Each adult was given a twenty-pound pack, five pounds of which was food consisting of corn, soup, grease and dried meat.

The Dorions stayed with the party led by Hunt and traveled on the north side of the river, while the others took to the south. The first day they made twenty-eight miles along the steep, high banks, suffering from thirst as they could not get down to the river. That night it rained and they lapped the water from the shallow pools on the rocks. The second day the trail led over great masses of lava that cut their feet. Again they had to endure agonizing thirst for the tributaries to the river all lay underground. Not only did Marie carry her own possessions, the twenty-pound pack, and the frail little Paul when he could no longer walk, but she carried another child still unborn and kept up with the men that day on a thirty-two mile march.

Finally they met two Indians whom Dorion persuaded to lead them to their camp beside the river. Water, at last! They almost drowned themselves in it. After rest and refreshment they continued their journey to the present site of Idaho's capital city. Hunt and his men were the first white people to see that spot. There they obtained a few horses and a little food. A little farther on Marie, too, traded for a horse. On him she placed her possessions and her children and then she, free of her burdens, walked along beside.

In late November they forded the Weiser and Payette Rivers. The water was icy but the little boys sat high on the horse and Marie waded as did the men. Food ran so low that one day the entire supply consisted of a single beaver. Fortunately they were able to trade for a horse which they butchered. The meat did not last the twenty-three people long but they were unable to buy much from the Indians they met for the tribesmen barely had enough for themselves. On December 1, they made a meal of one small beaver and walked thirteen miles in gloomy silence.

When they came to the entrance to Box Canyon, which is in places over 7,000 feet deep, they could go no farther. The river was only thirty feet wide and there on the other side was Crooks' party who had separated from them at Caldron Linn. Of the two groups the Crooks men were the worse off. They had been days without food and had even discussed casting lots to see which one of them should be killed and eaten.

When the Hunt party hastily constructed a boat of horsehide and sent some horse meat over, a hunger-crazed Canadian named Prevost insisted upon being allowed to join Hunt. Before they were ashore he saw meat roasting and, in his eagerness for food, jumped up, upset the boat and was hurled into the gorge of Box Canyon. The boatman, Delauney, was saved.

SINCE they could not proceed downstream, both parties were forced to go back. Marie hushed the whimperings of her starving children with pieces of beaver skin on which they could chew. Her own misery brought not so much as a word of complaint. When it could be put off no longer, Hunt took Pierre aside and told him there was nothing to do but kill Marie's horse. This Dorion refused to do. At Hunt's insistence that it was the only thing between them and starvation, Pierre countered, "And if the horse is dead, then the woman and the boys they all die." *(Continued next page)*

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At last Hunt agreed to put it up to a vote. To a man those desperate trappers voted for Marie to keep her horse.

By mid-December the party was once more at the mouth of the Weiser and a few supplies were secured from a camp of impoverished Indians. Here the two parties joined and the united band left the Snake behind and took a more direct course westward. It was a grueling trip over wind-swept hills and snow-covered valleys. They were always hungry. Their only food was horse meat and only enough of that for one sparse meal a day. On December 30, Pierre told Hunt it would be necessary for his family to drop out for awhile. Hunt understood. They would all wait. "But no. You go on. We catch up." Pierre assured him.

So Hunt and the others went on. Marie built herself the best shelter she could in the snow with branches and moss and snow packed around it to keep out the wind. There on a bed of boughs the Dorion baby was born. It was wrapped in a cloth and then in a skin. Marie rested a few hours, then Pierre brought the horse which she mounted with the babe in her arms. Paul was lifted up and she wrapped him in a blanket at her side. The hungry little Baptiste walked like a man beside his father.

Two days later they camped near an Indian village in the valley of the Grande Ronde. Horses, dogs and roots had been purchased for food. They celebrated the New Year with feasting, rest and singing. Some of the young men danced. Marie and her little boys, for the first time in many weeks, went to sleep with full stomachs.

The respite from the rigors of the journey was a life saver but the expedition had to proceed for the snow was getting deeper and deeper. They fell over logs covered with it; the cold and their miseries increased with every mile. Yet in a week they reached the divide and started down. The wind then was not so cold, the snow not so deep. Everyone felt better—everyone except Marie. The little one she held in her arms lay so very still. It was not hungry, and that night it died.

The burial was simple, a tiny bit of humanity laid away without service and without tears, but that night from Marie's makeshift shelter came the low wailings of sorrow, a mother pouring out her pent-up grief. And the men heard.

The next day they came upon friendly Indians and were once more able to secure supplies, and at last reached the Columbia River a short distance below Wallula where they obtained boat passage. At The Dalles Marie's horse was stolen.

The Hunt party reached Astoria in the middle of February. The third party whom they had not seen since Caldron Linn had been there a month. Weak and weary Marie led her children into the fort with no sign of emotion; her long sad journey was over. There was feasting, dancing and rest.

THE mild climate of the lower Columbia, the release from brutal hardship, an abundance of food, the social life of the fort, were all like a happy dream to the young woman who had suffered so keenly on the trail, yet in the summer of 1813 when Pierre was sent back to the Snake River country, she did not hesitate to leave her comfortable surroundings and go too.

This time the trip was for a winter of trapping with a party under the command of John Reed who had been a clerk on the westward journey and so knew the country. There were also the boatman Delauncy, Le Clerc, Landry, Turcott and Chapelle. Little Paul Dorion did not remember the hunger and cold he had once endured and to Baptiste, the memories of his sufferings were growing dim. Like all small boys they were happy to be going somewhere. Marie, who remembered well, was perhaps not happy, but her place was with her husband.

The Reed party went up the Columbia to the mouth of the Umatilla, and then crossed the Blue Mountains to the lower Malheur and Boise. Reed's men built a house for winter quarters. While there, they were joined by Hoback, Rezner and Robinson whom they had left at Henry's post a year and a half before, but they lost three others. Landry died from injuries received in falling from a horse; Turcotte died of disease; and Delauncy, suffering from mental illness, wandered away and was killed by the Indians.

A second camp was built on the south side of the mouth of the Boise and a third still farther on where hunting and trapping were exceptionally good.

Reed stayed at Camp Two most of the time as did Marie and the boys. It was there they all gathered to celebrate New Year. It was a gay time with a huge fire in the fireplace for light and warmth: there was plenty of food, singing and laughter. When the celebration was over, Pierre, Rezner and Le Clerc went back to the higher camp to continue their trapping. Marie stayed at Camp Two, dressing skins, doing whatever was to be done.

A few days later a friendly Indian came riding fast. His message was that a band of "Dog Ribs," the very worst of the Snakes, had burned Camp One and were headed in that direction.

Marie wasted no time. Quickly and quietly she caught two horses, put together a bundle of provisions and a buffalo robe and, placing the children on one horse and riding the other, started out to warn Pierre. That night she was lost in a storm and lost valuable time. It was the third day before she neared her husband's camp. A badly wounded Le Clerc crawled out of the brush.

"Where is Pierre?" she asked.

"He is dead. Rezner, he is dead. Soon I be dead. Go 'way quick. The Dog Ribs, they get you, too."

THERE was no time to mourn her husband's death or even to look upon his face. She lifted the wounded man onto her horse letting him fall forward on the neck. Le Clerc's legs were tied together under the horse's belly so he would not fall off, then Marie led the horses quietly through the brush down along the south bank of the river. She saw signs of the hostile Indians and when night came, so dark she could not see to travel, she hid in the bushes afraid to build a fire.

Le Clerc died in the night and she left him there, riding as swiftly as possible back to Camp Two. The buildings were standing but Reed and the others were dead and almost everything of value had been taken. Marie did find some dried salmon, dried beaver, a little corn, a knife and three deerskins.

With these scant supplies she started on the 500 miles to the Columbia, the closest place where she was sure of finding friends. In summer it would have been easy for there would have been plenty of grass for the horses and they could have traveled fast. But this was January, a month of deep snow and severe storms. She left in the night, fearing that anyone she met might be an enemy. For nine days she struggled on, pushing as far as possible through the short daylight hours, going over the same route she had taken two years before with her husband and Hunt's party. Now alone, except for her little ones, she knew that at any time she might be captured, her children killed and herself made a slave.

The horses, which had had nothing to eat but cottonwood twigs, gave out for lack of feed west of the valley of the Grande Ronde. The young woman made a shelter under some overhanging cliffs, killed the horses with her knife, smoked the meat, and hung it in the branches of a tree. She covered her shelter with horsehide and deerskins and wrapped herself and the children with the buffalo robe at night. With a net made of horsehair she sometimes snared a squirrel; occasionally she found a few frozen berries.

Marie Dorion and the children stayed there for almost two months. The deep cold kept them always hungry and the smoked meat disappeared at an alarming rate. Even with rationing, Marie knew it would not last until spring. If they stayed for the snow to melt they would all die; if they went on, they might have a chance to live. Marie took the chance.

Making a pack of the robe, horsehides, deerskins and what meat she had left, and with a child's hand in each of her own, Marie began walking westward with only the sun and remembered landmarks for a guide. The trail was lost under the snow and she was a daughter of the prairies, not the mountains. Each day they walked as far as little Paul's legs could carry him, then after a meager supper, huddled together with the hides under them and the robe over them. At daylight they had

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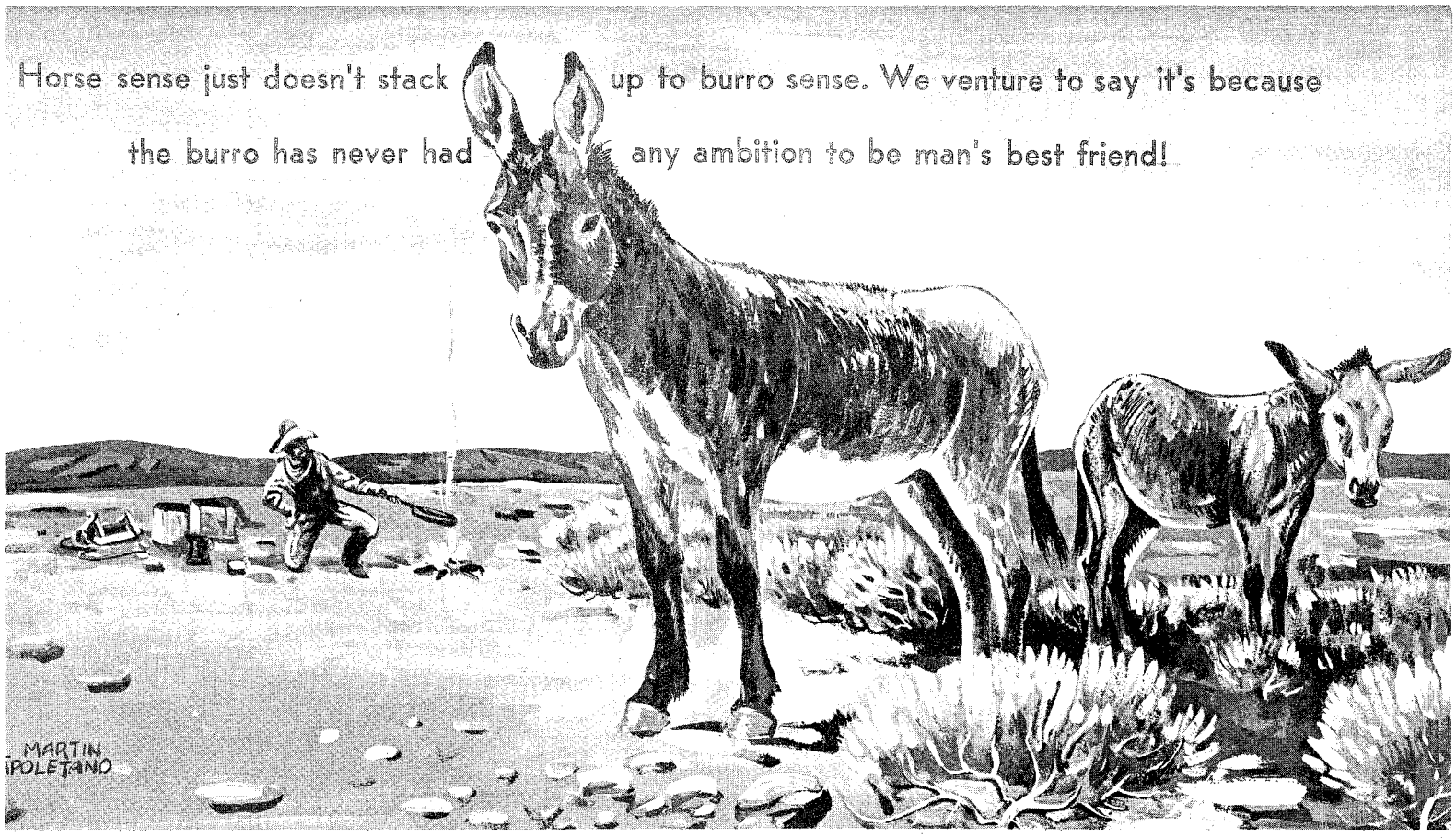

THE INTELLIGENT STUPIDITY OF THE BURRO

By LEO D. FRANKLIN

Illustrated by Al M. Napoletano

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN had an idea that "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn from no other." If this sage bit of philosophy be true, then I was quite a fool in donkey-ology. Maybe I wasn't the most experienced with burros but I will casually remark that I was the only kid in school who could actually wiggle an ear.

There was one year, in particular, that I well remember. My brother and I rode burros to school every day from the old Gene Holder Ranch on Houston Mesa to Payson, Arizona, a distance of some five miles each way. We could have walked in half the time, with half the effort. But what kid wants to walk? And, too, you'd be surprised to learn how many girls would beg to ride those little four-legged fiends during the lunch hour. Our burros supplied a course in applied psychology that the salaried teachers couldn't touch!

The animal world's "country cousin" is a past master of sham and innocent ignorance.

It's usually necessary to catch him unawares or get him in a tight spot before he will evidence any trait other than unmitigated stupidity—but when the notion strikes him, he can put the proud equine in the shade anytime.

In the first place, a horse is ignorant enough to submit completely to man. If he can understand what his master wants done he will do it if it kills him. A rider can keep pushing a horse until he drops dead in his tracks or 'winds' himself until he is worthless.

Did you ever hear of a winded burro? When he is under the hand of man he does only what he is forced to do; and he doesn't do that too rapidly unless his Job-like patience has run out and he decides to unload the pack. He will never venture onto unsafe footing, not for you or anyone else. You couldn't push him into a bog or quicksand with a bulldozer.

When a horse tangles in barbed wire, the first thing he does is get excited and start lunging. If something doesn't give he will very likely ruin himself. But not Mr. Burro. He is seldom careless enough to get himself caught in wire, but when he does he seems to know instinctively what it can do to him. He might make a try or two, very gingerly, at working himself free; if this fails he stands quietly and patiently until someone comes to help him.

He thinks a great deal of that ridiculous, misshapen little body of his and takes good care of it. Even in his food and drink he demonstrates amazing prudence. No matter how hot and thirsty a burro may become he will never stand and gorge himself without stopping as a horse will do. He will drink a little and walk away for a few minutes, return and drink a little more. Let a horse get into a field of green alfalfa or clover and you had better start calling the veterinarian if you expect to save him. But you don't have to worry about the burro. His diet includes just about anything from cactus to cloth as long as it is chewable, but no matter what he eats he will never eat enough to bloat himself or make himself sick.

THE CONTINUAL battle of wits that has been going on between man and burro since the two first got together is not as one-sided as one might think. The burro often displays an amazing power of reasoning. If you have ever searched for one in a wooded pasture when he didn't want to be found you will understand what I mean. I have walked within a few feet of a hidden burro wearing a bell, and he wouldn't so much as twitch an ear for fear of giving himself away.

I have stood concealed and watched a burro lie down beside a fence and toss his head and kick his feet until he worked his way under the bottom wire—not because he wanted to go somewhere, but only so he could walk around and stand in front of the gate so someone would have to come out and let him in again. I wouldn't be at all surprised if he hadn't figured on his silly human friends wasting half a day searching for a break in the fence where he had got out!

As a beast of burden the burro is pure cold molasses, but free and unfettered on the open range he can reach a jackrabbit speed that will put most good cowponies to complete shame. I have seen this happen many times over, and at one such race I had a ringside seat.

A cowboy riding a horse which was generally acknowledged to have good

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Benjamin Franklin Caperton

SAM BASS ROBBED MY TRAIN

By BENJAMIN FRANKLIN CAPERTON
Submitted by W. R. CONGER

Photos courtesy author

Hitherto unpublished account written by the baggageman who had the misfortune of being assigned to the outlaw's favorite run!

IT was in the early spring of 1878 when we first met the notorious Sam Bass and his gang, at that time the most famed and most desperate gang of outlaws in this part of the country. They had, a short time prior to this special time I speak of, held up and robbed the Houston & Texas Central Railroad trains north and south of Dallas, and trainmen of the Texas & Pacific were expecting a holdup every time the train stopped after dark. Consequently, we were not surprised when they showed up at Eagle Ford.

The writer was the train baggageman on what was then No. 1 (on the T. & P.) due at Eagle Ford at about 10:20 p.m. the night I speak of. When we made the stop I opened my door to receive mail and baggage that the agent had ready to go. The first thing I knew, a man whom I knew afterwards as Sam Bass, stepped in my car and shoved a .45, which looked like a .55, in my face and demanded what money I had, mistaking me for the express messenger who was J. A. Hickax, on that night. Before explaining that I was not the messenger and had no money, not even my own, I could not help insisting that he take the .45 out of my ear, which he did. Then I pointed out to him his mistake. Then he and I stepped out on the depot platform which, by the way, was then just the height of a (railway) car door. But when we reached the express door Hickax and his pardner . . . C. E. Groce, had put out the light in that end of the car and some of the boys said, hid under the express goods . . . !

Bass went to the engine tank to procure an axe, hammer, stick of wood, or anything he could break down the express car door with. But before leaving he stood me up in line alongside of the depot with E. W. Campbell, who was conductor of the train, the Negro porter, all the passengers that got off there, and Stephens, the agent, who had stepped out to exchange pouches with Uncle Sam.

By this time one of the gang came up with Engineer Smith and his fireman with both their hands up in the air and backed them in along with the rest of us to wait further orders.

Bass soon returned with a stick of wood, but had made only a couple of passes at the door before Hickax and Groce told him they would open it for him. After putting them in line with us he searched the car and I think searched the mail car which Billie Carr was in charge of that night. They secured a very very small amount of cash off of that holdup, so Uncle Sam and the Express Company (The Texas) said in their report.

It had only taken a very few minutes for Bass to learn there was no money aboard for he knew exactly where to look for it. There was little money being handled on night trains at that time. After satisfying himself about the lack of money and being reminded by an alert, always-on-time conductor that we were a little late now, he told us that as soon as they were out of sight, we could lower our hands and proceed, but to take no shot or make no sound. They claimed to have a lot of men near the depot and if necessary would use them. However, four men were all we saw that night at the train, but no doubt he had more with him.

They did not search or rob any of the crew or passengers that got off there that night. Nor did they make any attempt to enter the coaches which were full of people, emigrant travel being very heavy on that train at that time.

After we had given them time enough to get out of sight, the conductor wanting to be sure there would be no noise, went to the engine and whispered to Engineer Smith to go ahead. We pulled out for Fort

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Benjamin F. Caperton is seated second from the left in this picture, taken by "Foster" of Bonham, Texas, about 1890. Others in the photograph are most likely a train crew or a group of trainmen from the Texas & Pacific Railroad. It possibly includes others involved in the Sam Bass robberies.

Worth, having never a thought that within another week to the day, we would meet the same gang at Mesquite.

I DON'T think Agent Stephens made any report that night, by wire, of the holdup nor do I remember what our conductor did before arriving at Fort Worth.

The Express Company and railroads added several hundreds of dollars to their already large reward, following this holdup. The Texas Express Company had both lines, T&P and H&TC. In fact, I don't think there was any other express company in Texas at that time.

The big reward had brought detectives from everywhere. State, county, city and special officers were on the lookout for Sam Bass and his gang. The handsome Jim Curry was one of the busiest searchers. Curry was out after Bass and the big reward.

The night Sam Bass and his gang robbed us at Mesquite, he told us that they had left Curry and at least ten other detectives playing billiards and keno in Dallas. Now this may sound fishy, but Sam Bass and his gang were citizens of Dallas and adjoining counties and knew how to move about in these areas without arousing suspicion. Bass himself was born and raised near Denton and, outside of Bass, nobody knew at that time any of them were the men robbing trains and banks in Texas. Nothing was thought of it if they were seen on the streets with a .45 buckled on, for that was in the gun days in many Texas towns. We had fewer killings than we have now, considering the difference in the size of our population. But, in many respects, the people are much better now than at that time.

I am not giving dates for the reason that I have forgotten many things, including exact dates. It is not easy to locate anyone to obtain information, since very, very few witnesses of either the Eagle Ford or Mesquite robbery are now known to me.

Just one week after the Eagle Ford robbery, the same gang met us at Mesquite, which at that time was a very small village like Eagle Ford. On this night—I was train baggageman on this same run (Train No. 1) but had Jule Alvord as conductor; Pat Hall, brakeman; Spaff Curley, messenger; and old Uncle Billy Towers, mail agent. Uncle Billy was one of the very best men Uncle Sam ever had as an employee, barring none. Our engineer was Jim Barron and the fireman was Tom Mooney. Mooney was a giant of a man, six-feet eight-inches tall and weighing 180 pounds. This made up the complete crew, but in the express car there was a deadhead messenger and a Pinkerton detective named Lynch, employed by the Express Company and assigned to the car to prevent robbery.

It was a clear moonshiny night, light as day on the prairie. One could see almost as far as in daylight. About 9:30 p.m. we dropped into Mesquite. We had put out all the lights in the baggage and express ends of our car, save our hand-lights. Just as the train came to a stop, I opened my door and saw the same man I had met at Eagle Ford step from behind the depot building, run to the edge of the platform, jump to the ground and start toward our car. I doused my glim (hand-light) and hollered through the car to the other boys to look out. The robbers were on the outside. Uncle Billy Towers had not reached his door, nor had the express messenger opened his door. He had no weapon except a little .32 up in the letter case.

The messenger rushed by Uncle Billy through the narrow aisle, telling him to keep away from the door. He went into the express car and grabbed a muzzle loading double-barrel shotgun. Just as I reached the mail car door, our train began to move ahead. Through the glass part of the door I could plainly see one of their men standing about twenty yards from the train. I pulled the door back and shot at him with both barrels; that opened the battle which raged pretty strong and fast for some minutes. The train had stopped again by the time I got in my two shots. The robbers had captured the two men on the engine and had pulled the train down opposite a large pile of lumber. Some of their men were hiding behind the lumber in case we made a fight. By this time the fight was on good.

At the rear of our train, our Conductor Jule Alvord had run into the sleeper, got his cap and ball .44 and started exchanging shots with one of the gang who stood only a few yards south of the track. The robber was pumping what was then known as a "16 shooter." Jule caught one of the bullets at his wrist. It came out at the elbow. Jule emptied his gun—seven shots—then crawled back into the sleeper and remained there. The end and side of the car were full of holes as big as a silver dollar. We knew nothing about his being wounded until we returned to the train after the robbers left.

SOON after the firing ceased, the robbers succeeded in getting up to and under the baggage and express car which

(Continued on page 52)

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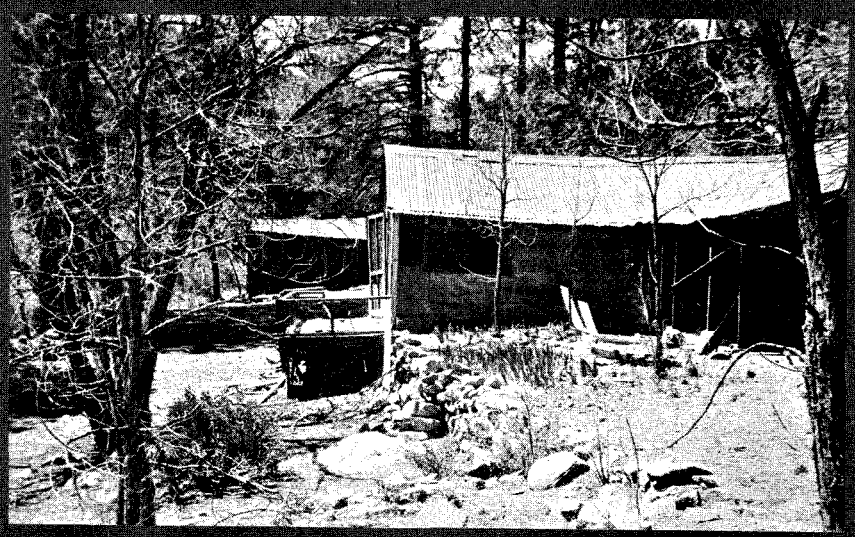
FORGOTTEN HAMLETS

Second in a series of little-known ghost towns

By TOM BARKDULL

Remains of a store on Goodwin's main street. Below, this store building still dominates the ghost town of Venezia.

Looking down Venezia's main street, with the building above on the right and the post office in the background.



Goodwin, Maxton and Venezia
The Post Office
That Wouldn't Stay Home

WHILE one claim to fame by Jerome, Arizona is its traveling jail, there is no one left in the ghost towns of Goodwin, Maxton and Venezia to relate the story of the wandering post office. Over a period of forty-nine years, from 1894 to 1943, this post office played its own game of leapfrog over and around the mountains and valleys of Arizona's gold country.

Sites of the three towns, now deserted and forgotten, form a triangle. The Goodwin townsite is located eight miles westerly from Mayer and marks the easterly apex of the triangle; from Goodwin, Maxton was five miles west and Venezia three and a half miles northwesterly. All three were vital communities during a vital era. The mining industry was enjoying its heyday and had filled the Prescott and Bradshaw Mountains with miners, chloriders, sourdoughs and prospectors, together with those other operators, male and female, who furnished fringe benefits necessary to mining towns during that period.

The capricious post office was first established at Goodwin in 1894. This village thrived at 6,000 feet elevation on the banks of Turkey Creek. Limping along due to very scant production at the Goodwin Mine, the town lost its post office in 1915, mail being thenceforth sent to Maxton. After fourteen months at Maxton the service was shifted to Venezia, but again not to stay, for in June, 1935, after being gone nearly twenty years, the itinerant office returned home to Goodwin. Here it remained until its discontinuance in 1943.

Today a goodly number of the old buildings still remain standing in Goodwin. In places Turkey Creek actually rambles down old Main Street, which is almost completely canopied by shade trees. As late as the fall of 1962 I browsed through the old postoffice structure, but when I returned in the spring of 1963, only the foundation remained.

Venezia is one of the better preserved ghost towns of the area. A few houses, the store and the postoffice building still remain for the visitor's inspection. The village rests at the foot of Mt. Union at an elevation of 6,200 feet. Its mines—the Venezia, Crook, Mt. Union and Starlight—had a reported production of about $1,000,000. The town was named by an early Italian settler after his native Venice. The canyon running northerly from Venezia to the top of Mt. Union is literally dotted with small mining operations, long since abandoned. Remains of old wood-burning stoves and other memorabilia rest half buried in the sandy creek bottom for its entire length of a mile and a half.

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Of Maxton, no information is available other than its approximate location. While exploring the entire surrounding area I have been unsuccessful in finding any vestiges of civilization, so must assume that time and nature have been relentless in their attack on its homes, stores—yes, even on the structure which for a time housed the roving post office.

Hooper
An Epitaph

Of the ghost towns in Arizona's Bradshaw Mountains, none illustrates the utter ruthlessness of time and nature more clearly than Hooper.

Here the last shred of evidence of a once tidy little mining camp is the portal of an old mine tunnel.

Hooper was located in a shady glen on Towers Creek at the westerly foot of Tuscumbia Mountain. The elevation is 5,400 feet. The surrounding area abounds with springs; ferns and wild flowers grow rampant, shaded by stately pines.

Spencer Spring
Site of Palace Station

ONE of the most delightful spots at which to while away a summer day is the site of the one-time tiny community of Spencer Spring.

Drowsing at the bottom of Crook Canyon, twenty miles south of Prescott in the Central Arizona mountains, Spencer Spring was not only the heart of the vigorous mining activities of the 1800s, but was also a favorite stage stop along the old run between Prescott and Phoenix. This station became known far and wide as Palace Station.

The main building at Palace Station, while being one of the first structures built by white men in Arizona Territory, is oddly the best preserved of the old landmarks in the area. It is of hand-hewn log construction and even today the chinking between the logs is ninety per cent intact! Along the entire north side is a wide, roofed veranda. In the station yard, surrounded by fruit trees, is the old community well. What a refreshing respite this well must have afforded the dusty, thirsty traveler. The water is clear, cold and pure, the well being under a grape arbor cover which, in spite of so many, many years, still offers ample shade for a restful stop.

Behind the station are the remains of the barn on one side of the street and of the old smithy on the other. Beyond the barn is the stream which scampers along Crook Canyon on its way to the once active mining camps to the south. Three miles down this stream lies the old Bodie Mine, and another three miles will bring you to the Trail's End where an old arrastre still stands. Five miles upstream from the station are the Mt. Union, Starlight, Crook and Venezia mines, all rich producers of the mining era.

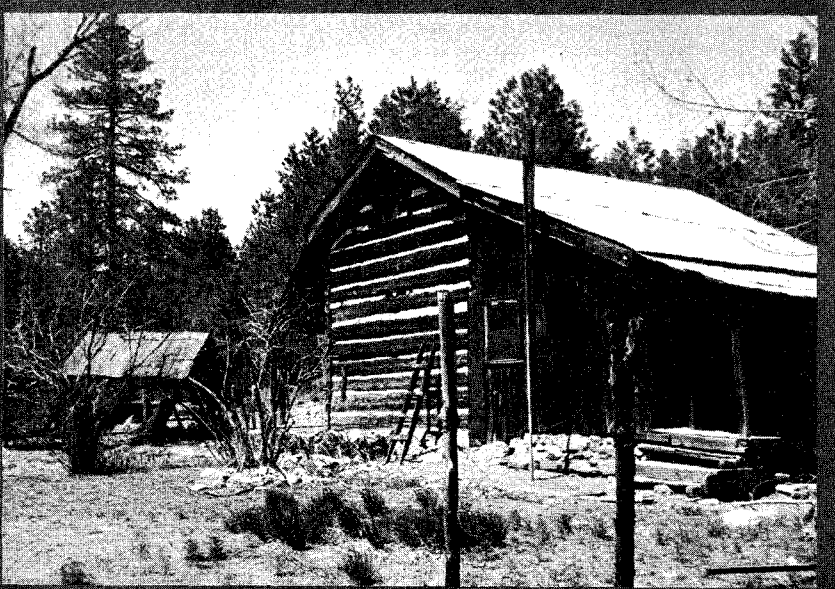
Approximately five hundred feet east of the village, on the trail to Goodwin, is the ancient cemetery site. There are no longer any headstones standing. Only an occasional ring of rocks, mostly grown over and barely discernible, mark the last resting places of the rugged men and women who first settled the area.

The elevation at Spencer Spring is 5,856 feet. The air is soft and clean. The mountain breeze murmuring through the tops of the pines, together with the gentle rustle of the stream, combine and hum a lullaby guaranteed to lull you away from the frantic rush of today.

(Continued on page 48)

Inside this structure is the portal of the old mine tunnel at Hooper. Looking north up the main street of Spencer Springs (below). The smithy at right, with the station at the end of the street.

Note upstairs window in the station and the well in background beneath the grape arbor.



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The Apaches Run Cattle

"Earn your keep" they were told. What could they do? There were no birds in the sky, no tracks of game below. They could not dig in the earth—they were warriors, not farmers!

OF THE 130 Chiricahua and Warm Spring Apache children taken from Florida to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, to school only about thirty lived to return to their people. Among them was Asa Daklugie, son of Juh, the Nednhi chief, and nephew of Geronimo.

Daklugie was six-feet two inches, and his hair came to his knees. In all his life he had worn nothing but breechclout and moccasins, and he had no intention of being forced into the White Eyes' school —whatever that was.

Geronimo spoke sternly, "You will go. It is you who will take my place as chief when I am gone."

"But you have a son."

"It is you I have chosen to lead my people. You will go. If we are to deal with the White Eyes we must learn their tricks so that they may no longer cheat and rob us. And you are to learn a way of living by which our people may live without burrowing in the earth for gold—or grubbing in it to raise food."

"They cut my hair," said Asa Daklugie, "and made me wear trousers. I knew that in such plight Ussen might not recognize me if I died like many of ours did. I thought the sooner I got out of that place the better. So I worked; I worked hard. In two years I could read and speak English. In summer I worked on a farm for a Dutch family. They raised cattle—for milk. I had long thought that for me and my people an occupation not degrading to us would be running cattle. I had seen much of that in Arizona and Sonora; and I had helped steal many cattle. Dairy cattle—no! But beef cattle had much in common with them.

"I learned all I could from the farmer, and I read everything I could find in books. Once I learned to read, I just helped myself. Running cattle was more like hunting than was any other work, and we could do it without loss of dignity."

WHEN Daklugie returned to his people they were still prisoners of war, but had been sent to the Fort Sill Military Reservation. So many had died in the humid climate of Florida and Alabama that intervention had been made by General Crook and many others to have them removed. Given thirty-six square miles of land near Lawton, Oklahoma, they had been assured that it was to be their permanent home. Later from the Kiowas and Comanches they received thirty-seven irregular tracts adjoining the original grant, thus bringing their land up to approximately a quarter-section per family.

In 1898 the Government issued a thousand head of cattle to the prisoners of war. The tribe was in charge of Lieutenant George A. Purington, 8th Cavalry, and consequently the herd was also in his charge. When Daklugie came to the reservation, his ability was recognized, his natural aptitude for leadership appraised, and the herd was turned over to him. As a scout, he and other members of the troop policed the reservation and cared for the cattle.

Good bulls were purchased and in 1911 the Apaches owned seven thousand cattle of good grade. The natural increase had been diminished by the annual sale of three-year-old steers but with the proceeds they had purchased wagons, saddles, horses, and other necessary equipment.

From the time of his incarceration (for such he considered it to be) at Carlisle, Daklugie had been determined that his people should be released from their humiliating status as war prisoners and returned to the land of their fathers. He was encouraged in this resolution by the wily old Geronimo whose confidant and interpreter he became.

But he was opposed by many in power. The Governor of Arizona proclaimed that if the Chiricahuas were sent into his Territory the train would be met at the Line and dynamited. He said the Apaches were as dangerous as the rattlesnakes upon whose flesh they fed. As though any Apache would have eaten the meat of a snake!

When Theodore Roosevelt was elected to the Presidency, Daklugie had hopes that he might intercede and secure the release of the Apache prisoners. He was delighted when Teddy invited Geronimo to attend his inauguration and lead the parade.

As official interpreter, Daklugie rode beside his uncle. They shipped their paint ponies and took their ceremonial robes—not those of the warrior, but the buckskin robes of the Medicine Men. With beads glittering and eagle plumes trailing to their heels, they stole the show. The people ignored the Presidential car to rush along the sidewalks following Geronimo.

DAKLUGIE had learned from the Dutch farmer that the wheel that squeaks gets the grease. He demanded so often and so loudly that his people be released that eventually conditions were specified —conditions which Senator Fall considered impossible of achievement. The consent of the Secretary of Agriculture and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs first had to be obtained. Then a reservation was to be selected, and permission secured for its use from the Agent and other Chiefs already upon it.

Two were considered: that of the Mescalero Apaches in southeastern New Mexico; and that promised in perpetuity to Victorio and his Warm Springs band northwest of Truth or Consequences. The latter, after having been guaranteed him by executive order, remained in the possession of Victorio just two years before being returned to public domain. Only five sections around the famous Ojo Caliente were available. The Mescalero Reservation consisted of almost a half million acres of land in the mountains.

Naiche and Geronimo used their influence to send Daklugie to Mescalero in 1909 to interview Apache Agent James A. Carroll, one of the first to recognize that Indians were human beings and to attempt to improve their condition instead of robbing them. Carroll consented to the coming of the prisoners of war—and so did the three chiefs, Roman Grande, Peso and Magoosh.

The Mescalero Reservation, Daklugie reported to his people, was a cattleman's paradise. There was good grass, water, wood, and brakes for shelter. It was equally good for people. What better could they ask? For twenty-seven years the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apaches had been prisoners of war, and had intermarried. Now they could choose husbands and wives from the Mescaleros and both tribes would be improved.

Of the committee chosen to visit the reservations and make a choice, only Eugene Chihuahua is still living. Those in the minority decided to remain in Oklahoma, among them being Jozhe, Kaywaykla, Goody, Betzinez and a few other Warm Springs Apaches.

ON August 22, 1909, a meeting of the prisoners of war was called by Lieutenant Purington for the purpose of discussing their removal to New Mexico. George Wratten, interpreter, who had accompanied them from the San Carlos Reservation and stayed with them throughout their incarceration, acted for those who could not speak English.

Daklugie praised the Mescalero Reservation and pictured the possibilities there. So eager had he been for the release of his people that he exceeded the authority given him and promised that the cattle owned by the Prisoners of War would be brought and shared with their brothers, the Mescaleros. Naiche approved his report except for this one stipulation.

Joseph B. Thompson, civilian stenographer to the officer in charge, took notes in shorthand and his typed report is the basis of this record. Among those who spoke at this meeting were Daklugie, Naiche, Goody, Betzinez, Oswel Smith, Victor Betie, Lawrence Mithlow and James Kaywaykla.

Talbot Goody reminded the assembly that his grandfather, Loco, was a great chief; that he was removed from Victorio's Ojo Caliente Reservation without cause and that for twenty-five years his people had no home. Now they wanted to be made secure; promises had been made before by the Government, but when had one been kept?

At that time the prisoners of war numbered eighty men and sixty-four

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By EVE BALL

Photos Courtesy Author

women. Counting children there were 261 persons. Of these, thirty-six men indicated a preference for Mescalero; fourteen wished to remain in Oklahoma; and the rest voted for Ojo Caliente.

The Lieutenant's recommendations to the Government included statistics as to the assets of the prisoners, and advice as to the disposal of their cattle. They had about 7,000 head, estimated to be worth $162,000. In addition they had land, horses, implements and wagons. He urged that the cattle be sold to the best advantage, not all at one time, but at intervals to prevent glutting the local market and lowering the price.

He recommended that those who wished to go to Mescalero be sent, and be received into full membership in that tribe without any cost to themselves, and that this privilege be in lieu of the land on the Fort Sill Reservation; that the implements and stock other than cattle be sold to the best advantage possible and that the Indians be required to pay their debts contracted at Lawton and elsewhere from the proceeds of such sale.

For those who chose to stay in Oklahoma he recommended that the Government buy from the Comanches, or other tribes, what was known as Dead Indian Allotments, and that they be placed upon this land. He urged that they be given good bottom land, and that their cattle be handled as recommended for those going to New Mexico. Two years were required for liquidating the assets.

A TRAIN was secured for the Indians' conveyance to New Mexico and one absolute order issued: they could take no dogs. The Apaches boarded it with their personal effects—saddles, guns, household goods, clothing, bedding, and food for use en route. Not a dog showed up.

Practically every Mescalero who owned a wagon took it down for transporting the new members of the reservation to the Agency. The train slowed to a halt and the doors were opened. Before an Indian left the coaches dogs simply poured to the station platform. Where they'd been concealed nobody knew. Even today older members of the tribe laugh when those dogs are mentioned; and they keep still.

Mr. Carroll, whom the Apaches respected and liked, had been transferred to the Osage Reservation and succeeded by Mr. Jeffries, former chief clerk. Ted Sutherland, son-in-law of Mr. Carroll, was employed as first Superintendent of Live Stock at Mescalero. Ted was young, but very well qualified for the position. He was the son of Jim Sutherland, manager and part owner of the famous Diamond A Ranch between the Reservation and Roswell, and was an expert with both cattle and horses.

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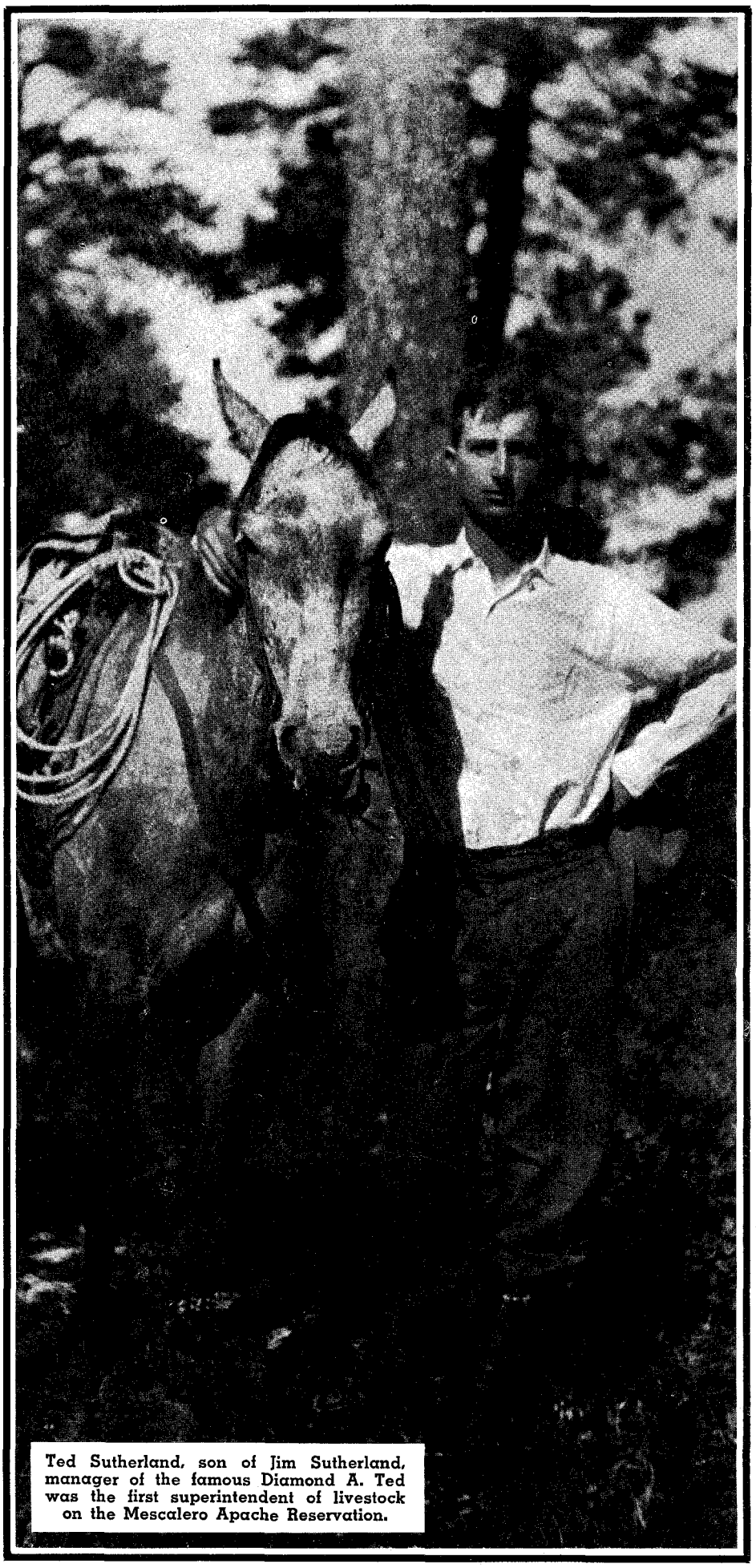

Ted Sutherland, son of Jim Sutherland, manager of the famous Diamond A. Ted was the first superintendent of livestock on the Mescalero Apache Reservation.

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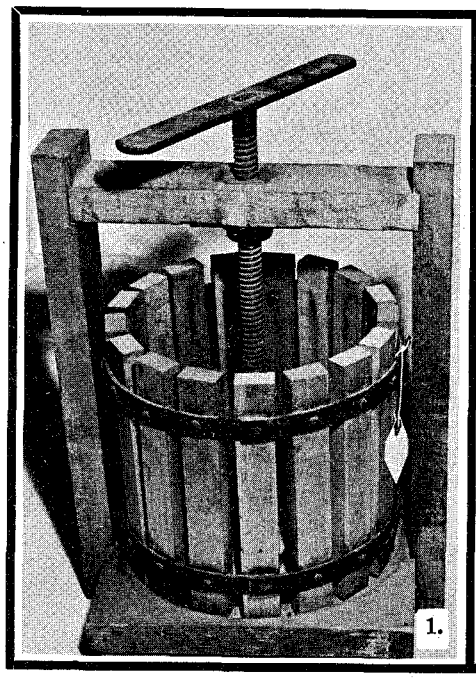

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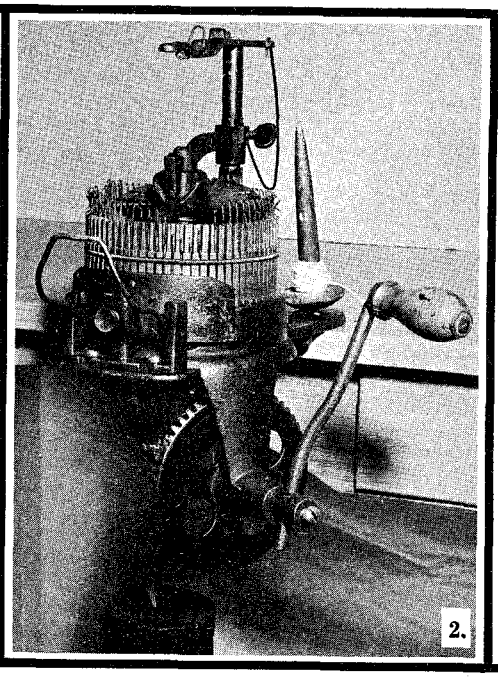

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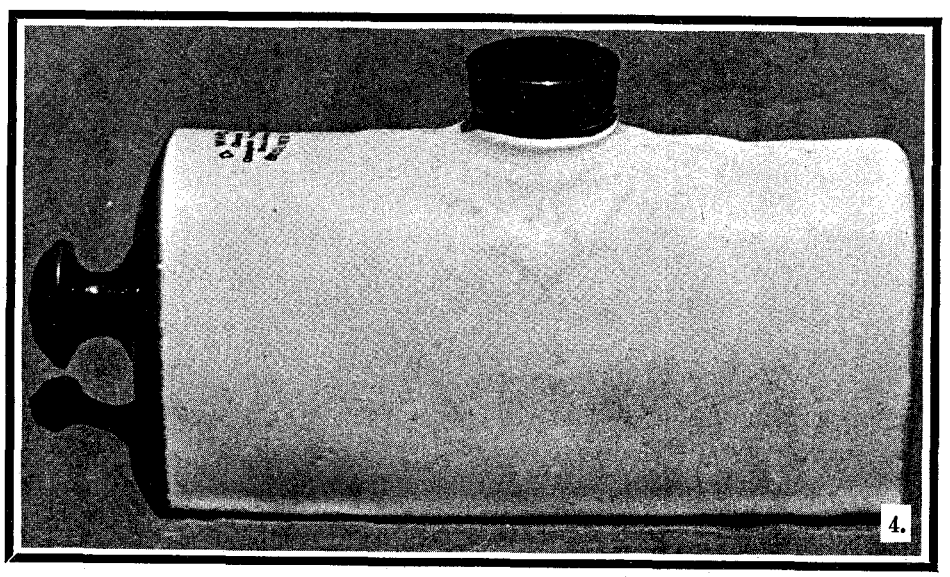
So You Think You Know the West?

By JOHN R. CLAWSON

ONE of the most certain things about life is that it is constantly undergoing change. The passage of only a few years can bring such a difference in the habits of people that ways of thinking, acting and dressing are always being revised. Tools and items used in everyday life are either improved, altered, modified or dropped entirely.

In the Western United States, our period of history from roughly 1860 to 1900 was one of the most exciting and unique in the annals of mankind. We who still live in this part of the country continue to feel that we are an intimate partner with it—and with those first men and women who settled here. Yet, how much do we truly know about life as it was lived then? An old-timer would be completely flabbergasted were he forced to name and guess the use of a modern electric toaster or a truck generator—or, for that matter, even the truck itself. It is equally doubtful if many of us could name tools and gadgets our old-timers used every day.

Here is a quiz to test your knowlege about the West. Each of these items was well known less than 100 years ago. Study them and then guess what they are or what they were used for.



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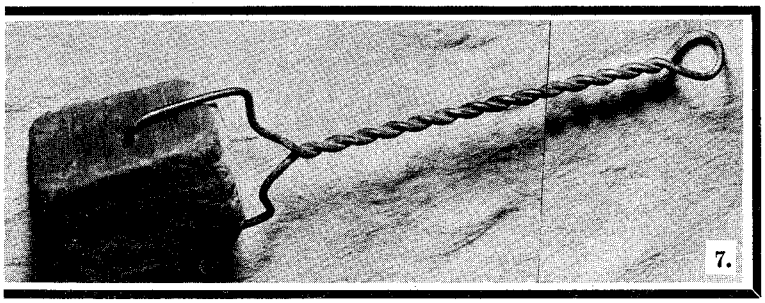

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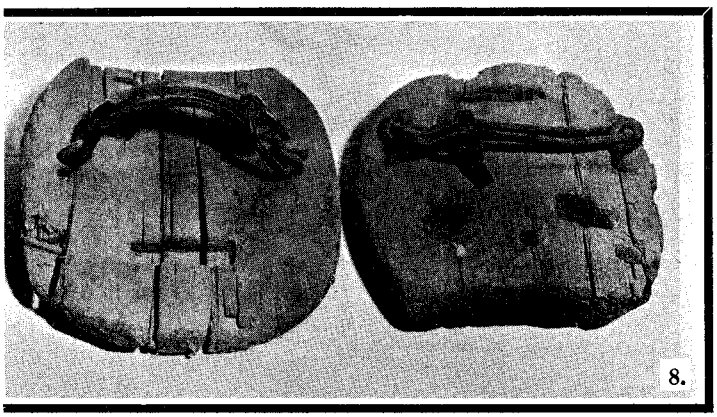

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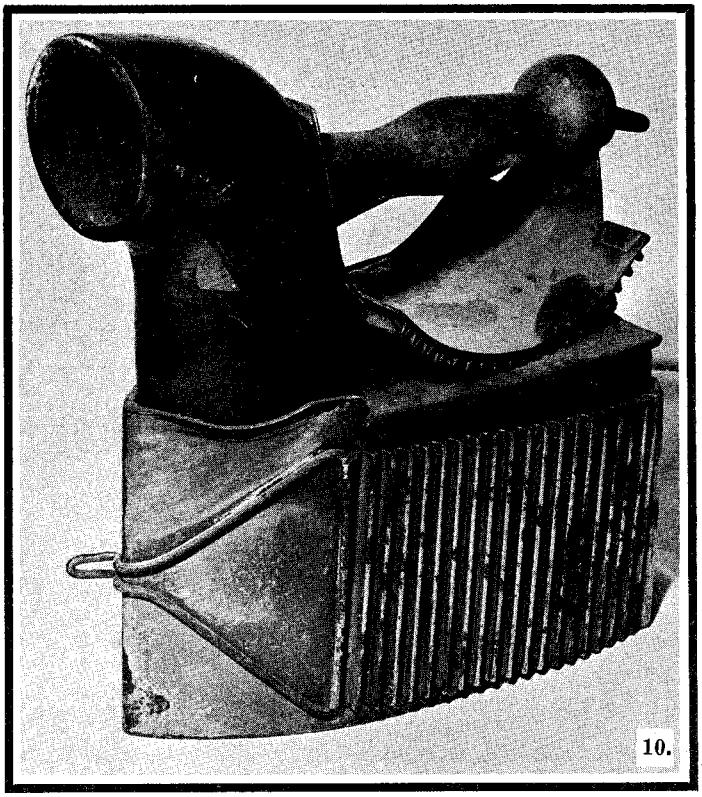

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ARE YOU STUMPED?

Turn to page 72 for help

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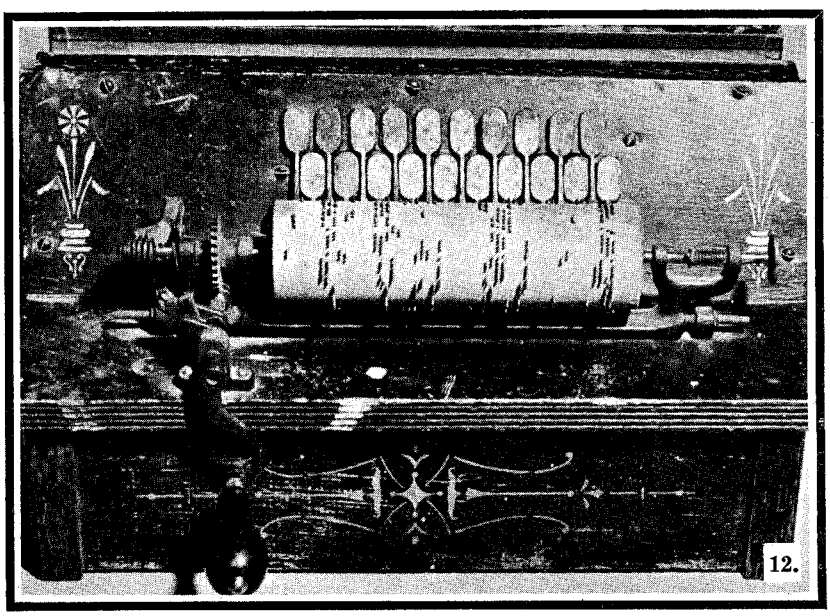

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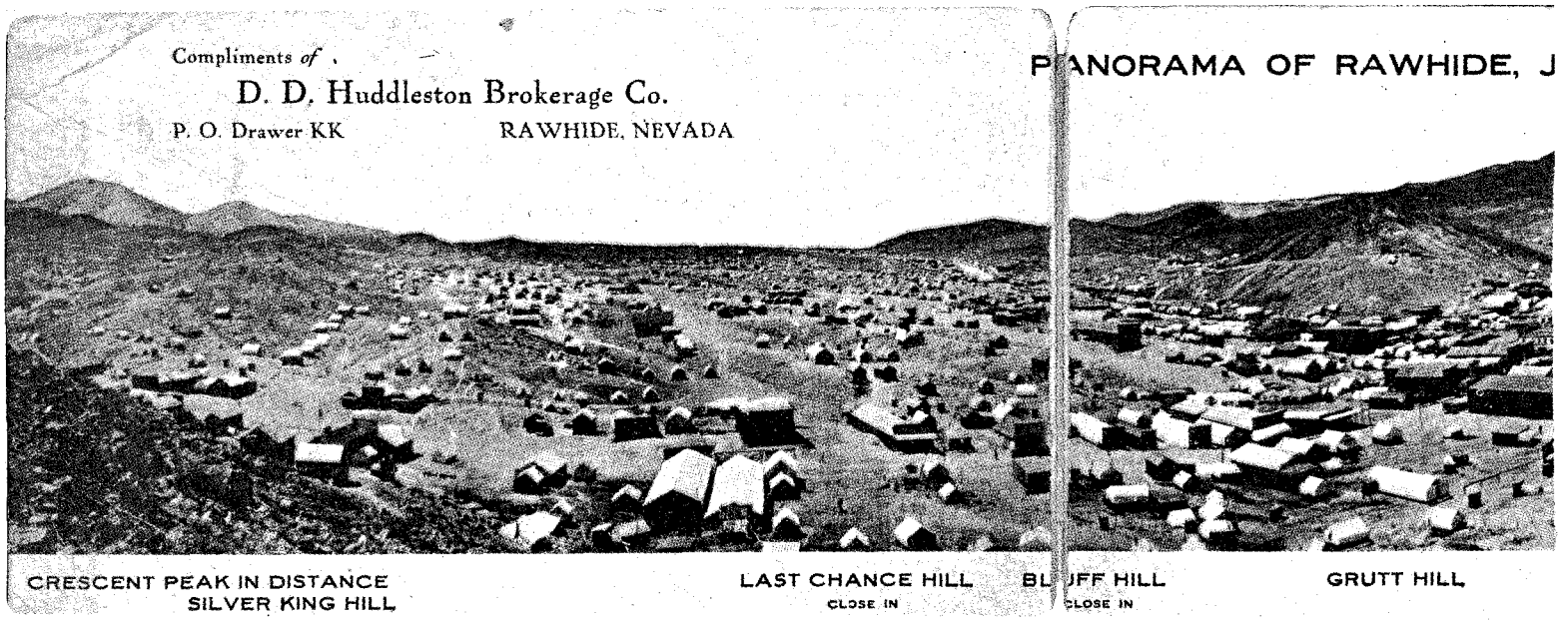

Rawhide, Nevada, (above) has been described as probably the toughest, wildest mining camp of its day. It boasted over c commonplace that they almost went unnoticed. This unusual photogra

HOREHOUND CANDY

By Helen Marquis

FIFTY years ago on our farm near Rosetown, Saskatchewan, pay-day came twice a year—in the fall after the grain harvest and in the spring when we sold our winter-fattened feeder calves. True, we had other sources of income such as butter and eggs, the chickens and geese my mother raised in such quantities, and the litter of pigs that departed in twos and threes, but all such amounts of money my father called "small sticks for the family fire." It was the grain and the calves that formed the bulk of our income.

As soon as Father sold the grain or the cattle, he would announce, "Guess we'll fix up the books tonight." Those could have been the magic words in a disappearing act, for when "tonight" came, my two older sisters always vanished. Vivien was engaged to be married, and Eloise hoped to be soon. They were both above such mundane interests, for why should a woman have to worry about finances? That was strictly a man's prerogative! My younger sister, too, fled the scene. She was terrified that Father would ask her to do sums, and chose the coward's way rather than have him find out that she still used her fingers for even the most simple addition.

That left Mother and me. Mother's arithmetic was too weak to rely on, and she admitted it promptly every time we appealed to her for help. I often wondered how she managed her own grocery accounts and the butter and egg and poultry money, for we never had a charge account at the grocery store and she invariably set a good table. But whatever her own method of bookkeeping, her method of getting out of work on Father's served her well.

Father's account books were two five-cent scribblers. One was marked "Income" the other "Outgo." (I was nearly grown-up before I associated the word "expenditure" with bookkeeping.) When Father sold anything, he entered it in the Income book. When he bought, he noted it in the Outgo book. The charge bills were fastened securely to the inside cover of the latter. When he had the money, he paid those bills. It was as simple as that.

On bookkeeping nights Father and I would pull up our chairs to the kitchen table. There would always be a clean soapy smell from the freshly scrubbed surface. The light from the coal-oil lamp hanging above shone soft and mellow on it. Mother would seat herself near, knitting in hand, the needles making soft punctuation marks in Father's discourse on the bills.

Occasionally Mother counted aloud, "Knit two, purl two." It served as an obbligato to Father's, "Seems to me there should be another bill from the drugstore. Glauber's Salts, I think, for Blossom."

Mother, "Knit two. Purl two."

Father, "Here they are together."

Mother, "Knit two together—drat it, Father, you've made me make a mistake. Can't you do your figuring to yourself?" And they would both work silently for five minutes.

FATHER'S first action on such nights was to lay out all the bills he owed on the table. Sometimes there were only a few. Occasionally the entire end of the table would be covered. Father would arrange the bills fanned out in rows like a game of cards. Then with the careful exactitude of the almost-unlearned, he would check off the total of each account with his figures in the Outgo book. Finally, there would be neat little piles of bills, one belonging to Mr. Bittner at the drugstore, one for the blacksmith, another for the harness-maker. One large account lying alone would be the thresh-bill. Father spent a long time on that one and had me check it twice. The hardware store would have a good-sized pile of bills, but usually the highest belonged to the implement repair people.

Then would come the big moment. Out from some hidden inner pocket Father would produce his billfold and a Bull Durham sackful of silver. They were emptied onto the table—the shiny little hill of silver pieces, the green paper money dulled by a hundred hands, the white of the grain cheques. Slowly and carefully Father would cover his bills with the money, the green money on first, the silver weighing it down. The thresher's bill was always cancelled out by grain cheques, a few green bills, and the usual small pile of coins to keep it all in place. Father's sigh of relief over *this* accounting was always deep and profound.

During the process I barely breathed, so fascinated was I by the slow and deliberate division of my Father's wealth to his creditors. Even my Mother's attention was held by this ceremony and for the time, her knitting lay in her lap under her idle hands.

With every account covered, Father would sit back and carefully fill his pipe. We would watch him tamp in the golden shreds with a practiced thumb and bite down on the curved black stem. He would raise his knee slightly and draw a match along the taut thigh, then hold the flame to the bowl.

"Count it."

I would count, trying to imitate my Father's methodical manner. We both knew I would not find a mistake. In all my years I never found one.

Mother, knitting again, would whisper to herself so as not to confuse me.

"Now the envelopes," Father would say, and I would put them before him. One would be pushed in front of me.

"Write 'Mr. Adams, $8.85.'"

I would write, making the marks large and black as Father made his. Father would slip in Mr. Adams' bills and the money, seal it, and hand me another envelope.

Soon there would be quite a pile of fat envelopes before him. As the pile grew, so did his smile, and because it was infectious, so did ours. At the last one on the pile, Father would hand me a quarter. "I always pay my secretary," he would beam. "And now to bed. Tomorrow we go to town to deliver the money. Maybe you come too?"

Of course I went. What child wouldn't? It meant a long trip by team and wagon,

OLD* WEST

*TRADEMARK REGISTRATION APPLIED FOR

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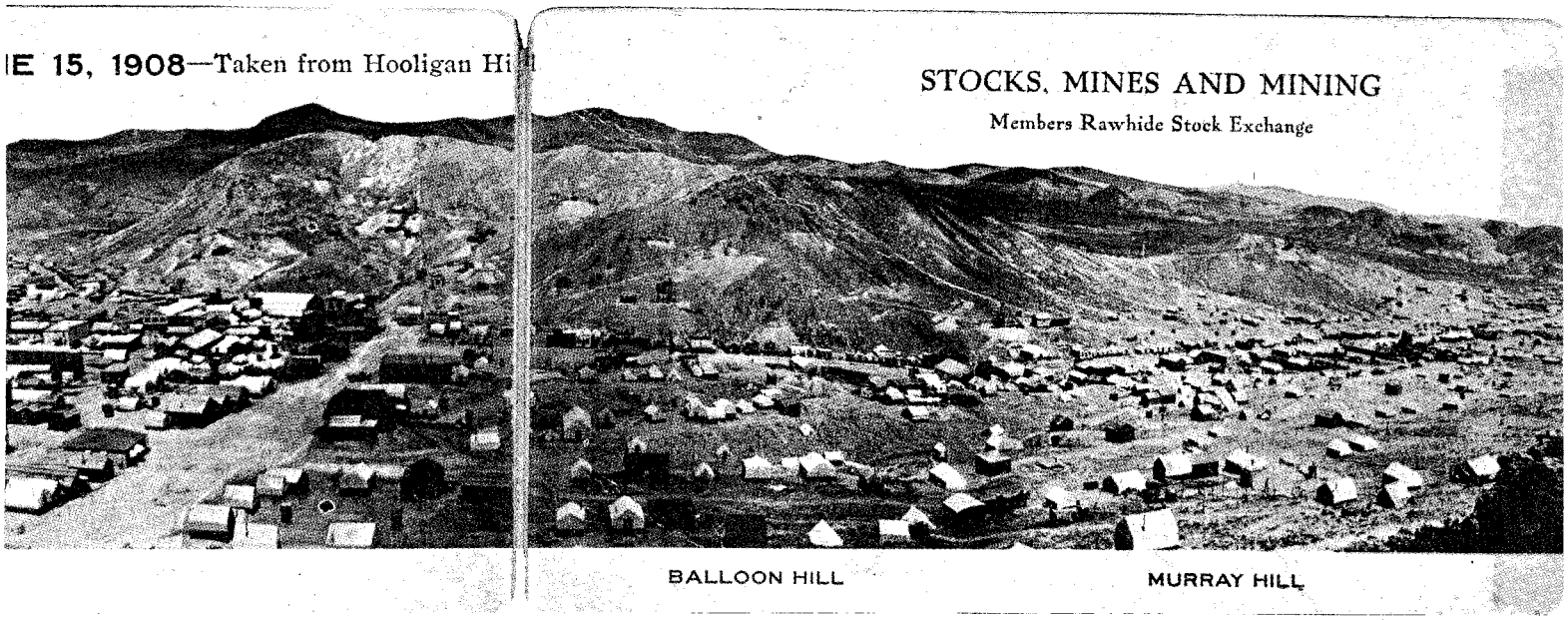


ndred bawdy houses and more than twenty saloons that were open twenty-four hours a day. Shootings and stabbings were so of Rawhide was sent to us by William F. Schaberg, St. Paul, Minnesota.

but I was taken only once or twice a year, so it had no chance to lose its novelty or charm.

At the drugstore, Mr. Bittner would receive his envelope, and shake my Father's hand gravely, thanking him. He would say, "Wait till I get something for the little one." We would wait while he poured a scoopful of horehound candy into a paper sack and put it in my hands. I would thank him and we would leave. The envelope would be lying as we left it on the counter, still unopened.

Each place we visited would be a repetition of the first—the transfer of the envelope, the handshake, the gift "for the little one" (sometimes a balloon, or an apple, perhaps a few crayons or a new pencil). None would open his envelope while we were there.

Today, coming home from paying my bills, I thought of all this. I had spent an hour handing over cheques in exchange for duly signed receipts. Two bookkeepers had murmured, "Thank you" impersonally, one had scrawled it illegibly across the receipt, another had used a rubber stamp to say it. The other ignored the courtesy.

Suddenly I was hungry for the taste of horehound candy. It would have eased the lump in my throat.

LAST OF THE ARIZONA RANGERS

By Margaret Kuehlthau

"I can still spot a crook just by looking at him." This positive declaration came from a spry little man of eighty-nine years—the last of the Arizona Rangers, a daring and picturesque body of mounted police who made Arizona an unpopular resort for early-day lawbreakers. Chapo Beatty came to Arizona when the territory "was wide open country and cowboys cooked their meals on a fire laid between three rocks."

Beatty now lives quietly in Patagonia, Arizona, where he regularly rides his twenty-year-old horse, a beloved companion. Once a cowboy, always a cowboy, and the man who was born in the Choctaw Nation in Oklahoma's Indian Territory has spent his life on horseback. His bowed legs attest to that fact.

Beatty insists that "there was great respect for the law in them days," and he stoutly maintains that "old-time citizens were good people and there was nothing like the lawlessness there is now. Them old fellows would give you their word, and their word was as good as gold."

Beatty still lives by a bit of practical philosophy which he explains this way, "If a man won't look you straight in the eye, or if he won't answer a civil question, then leave him alone. He's no good."

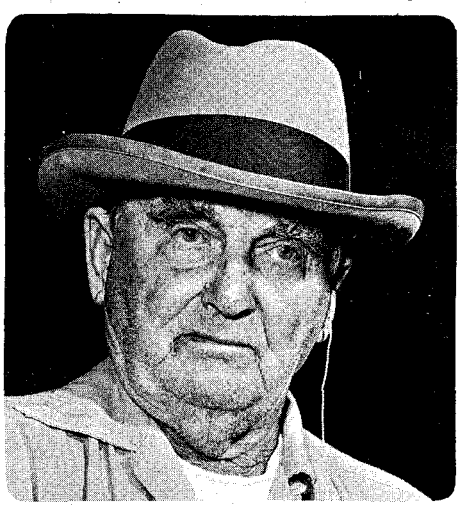
The Arizona Rangers were organized in 1901 and a company to work the frontier regions was mustered the same year. Beatty, one of the first to join the group, signed up in 1902 when he was twenty-eight years old. Most had been cowboys and they could outride, outshoot and outmaneuver most suspicious characters who showed up in the wide-open country.

Beatty says that the Rangers wore no "special uniform." His badge number was "14" when he joined as a private. Four years later when he retired, he was a first sergeant. The organization was disbanded in 1909.

His longest assignment, Beatty says, took him and a fellow Ranger some 1,000 miles into the Buckskin Mountains north of the Grand Canyon, searching for outlaws. Although it took months to round up the rustlers and bring them to justice, the modest old Ranger says this work "was only routine."

He is glad he never had to kill anyone in the line of duty and insists that the wildest episode of his Ranger career came when two Wells Fargo men shot and killed one another and one of the men fell dead at his feet.

Chapo Beatty, last of the Arizona Rangers.



"It happened at Naco, just this side of the border," Beatty recalls. "About fifty people was standing around listening to one of them old-fashioned gramophones. You know, that was quite an invention.

"Then I seen the crowd move as one fellow ran through the bunch. He had a .32 calibre Colt. Whang! Whang! Whang! The shots rang out. Then I heard the other boy. He was shooting at the same time. One fellow worked in the Wells Fargo express office and the other was a messenger.

"They was fighting over a suit of clothes that someone else had stolen. Each was accusing the other. I started to run to stop the fight and just then one of the boys dropped dead. Right at my feet. The other boy died that night."

THE nickname Chapo, which means Shorty, was hung on the youthful Beatty at a ranch in New Mexico before the turn of the century. Chapo liked it that way. Who ever heard of a bonafide cowboy by the name of Clarence?

"As a Ranger, nine times out of ten we never had to arrest anybody," he recalls. "We just settled trouble. That was our job—to settle trouble before it got started.

"We never sneaked up on people. We believed in fairness and evidence, and we tried to keep the peace without it costing too much."

Rangers in those days received $100 a month and furnished their own grub and equipment. This was much better pay, he says, than the $35 a month and board received by cowboys.

In 1904, the Governor of the Territory wrote of the Rangers: "They are fearless men, trained in riding, roping, trailing and shooting, and they are one of the finest bodies of Rangers ever recruited for service on the frontier.

"The personnel of the Ranger force is not known to the general public, as the success of the work performed by them requires secrecy."

The lawmen usually traveled by twos, each with a riding horse and a pack horse. Sometimes "two little mules was substituted for the pack horse."

For weapons, Beatty said that the Rangers generally carried .30-40 calibre carbines, or rifles, or six-shooters.

(Continued on page 67)

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PANAMINT

By REMI NADEAU

A FEW mining camps stand out beyond their historical context as part of Western folklore: Bodie, Deadwood, Tombstone, and not least, Panamint. Two books have been written about this fabulous ghost town: one a novel, *The Parson of Panamint;* the other, a history with frank excursions in the unhistoric, *Silver Stampede.*

Panamint is a necessary fragment of the California legend; yet this camp rose and fell in the slight space of three years. Its population never exceeded 2,000. As a mineral producer it was a dead loss. And few Californians have any idea where its ghost is located.

The Panamint of history was the California echo of Nevada's Big Bonanza. In 1873 the West Coast was caught in a frenzy over the new silver strike in the Comstock's Con Virginia and California mines. Their owners, Fair, Mackay, Flood and O'Brien, had suddenly become the Bonanza Kings of Western mining. With wild optimism ruling the day, any new silver discovery was hailed as a potential Comstock.

It was on this crisp tinder that the Panamint spark fell. In January, 1873, three prospectors poking through the canyons of the Mojave Desert struck silver in the Panamint Range, the western wall of Death Valley. Rock samples showed astounding values ranging from $300 to $3,000 per ton. But the discovery was made at the head of Surprise Canyon in remote Panamint Valley, 200 miles from the Coast. To translate this kind of ore into cash required two things: transportation and capital.

For more than a year the first Panaminters spent more energy pursuing these two necessities than in digging silver. Finally in the spring of 1874 they found both. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce raised money and built a wagon road to Panamint Valley. Capital was provided by two Nevada Senators, John P. Jones and William M. Stewart.

Panamint's name suddenly skyrocketed from the fame of these two investors. Stewart was the leading lawyer on the Comstock, the man who had written the Nevada Constitution and literally fathered the thirty-sixth state. Jones was a mine superintendent who had gained fame as hero of the terrible Yellow Jacket fire of 1869. More recently he had won new popularity among Nevada miners by outsmarting the California banking interests which had dominated Comstock finance. Knowing of a rich new lead in the Crown Point Mine, he quietly bought up its mining stock and made himself one of Nevada's silver kings.

When the West Coast heard of the latest interest of these "Silver Senators," the stampede to Panamint was on. Through the summer and fall of 1874 desert roads were choked with silver seekers bound for Surprise Canyon. By November no less than seven stages a week were carrying the crowds into Panamint from the direction of Virginia City, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Bernardino.

In three short years this lusty, brawling mining town earned for itself a reputation that has made it a California legend

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In the bottom of Surprise Canyon a rude town was rising from the handiest materials—stone shanties, log cabins built of pinon pines and even frame buildings made from lumber hauled in by mule team at $250 per thousand feet. Of the fifty structures that lined the mile-long street, there were six general stores offering goods at prices ranging from $2 per dozen eggs to $200 per ton of hay; at least twelve saloons, led by the Oriental, whose elegant furnishings were advertised as "the finest on the Coast outside of San Francisco"; a Bank of Panamint; a brewery; a meat market (whose wagon also served as the town hearse); and the office of a small but virile newspaper, the *Panamint News*. The sides of the canyon were dotted with the cabins, tents and caves of the miners, but were too steep to permit wheeled traffic. The mule teams, ox trains and stages kept to the main street which was made livelier by showers of rock from the hills whenever a new blast was set off in the mines.

PANAMINT was just about as far from law and order as a California town could get, and so were her citizens. Among them was Ned Reddy, proprietor of the Independent Saloon, who had already killed two men in Owens Valley, supposedly in self-defense. Owner of the Oriental Saloon was Dave Neagle, who had arrived after a shooting scrape in Pioche, Nevada; later, as bodyguard to Justice Stephen Field, he would put a violent end to the career of Judge David S. Terry.

But Panamint's quickest gunman was Jim Bruce, professional gambler. The claim that Panamint's Boot Hill was his private cemetery was not quite fair, but two Panaminters did bite the dust before his ready trigger. One of them burst in on him in the boudoir of one of the camp's madames, and was promptly chastened with lead. Another prospector had a shooting argument with Bruce in front of the Bank of Panamint and came out second best. A witness to this second slaying was one of the founding fathers, Senator Stewart, who discreetly took refuge behind a stone wall while bullets swept the main street.

It remained for two Nevada stage robbers, John Small and John McDonald, to bring the Robin Hood element to Panamint. Living in nearby Wildrose Canyon, they swaggered through Panamint unmolested by the law. On one occasion they journeyed to Nevada, robbed the Eureka stage and wounded the messenger, then returned to their Panamint hideout with the loot.

Senator Stewart, according to his reminiscences, said they hung about while his giant stamp mill was being built, inquiring pointedly when he would begin shipping bullion. Finally on June 29, 1875, the great monster was fired up and the twenty stamps began grinding up the ore. When the first silver bullion was tapped from the smelter, the badmen were on hand, armed with six-shooters and sheepish grins.

But the crafty Stewart was ready for them. Out of his smelter rolled silver cannon balls weighing from four to five-hundred pounds each. The bandits abruptly lost their smiles.

"Do you think it's right to play that game on us?" one of them demanded with injured pride. "Why, we can't haul away one of those boulders!"

It was Stewart's turn to grin. "You can't expect me to be sorry for you, can you?"

So, while the hard-hearted Senator watched, the robbers tried to lift one of the silver pigs. It remained stubbornly in place. Then they got a pack mule and tried to heave the thing on his back. With no stomach for the venture, the animal bucked furiously until the men gave up. What was the use of making off with these impossible objects, anyway? Only Stewart's company could cash them in.

For months Small and McDonald had to suffer the torture of watching these silver balls leaving Panamint regularly by mule team, lurching down Surprise Canyon and across Panamint Valley. Before the cargo could reach Los Angeles and the steamboats which would carry it to the San Francisco Mint, it had to traverse 200 miles of lonely desert under no protection but an unarmed driver. But there was nothing Small and McDonald could do about it. The insult was so deflating that on April 20, 1876, they robbed a general store of $2,300 and left Panamint for good.

WHILE Stewart was opening production in Panamint, his Senator partner was on the Coast rounding out the enterprise on a grand scale. If Panamint was to be another Comstock it needed a railroad. And so in September, 1874, John P. Jones rode into Los Angeles and put up $220,000 toward a proposed line from tidewater to the silver country—the Los Angeles and Independence Railroad. Then he visited Santa Monica Bay and bought up three-fourths of the Santa Monica y San Vicente Rancho as a sea-going outlet for his tracks. What was more, Jones contacted the Eastern railroad magnate, Jay Gould, and suggested linking up with his Union Pacific line for a transcontinental connection. Gould agreed informally to meet him halfway, and the Panamint venture became national news.

(Continued on page 57)

Illustrated by Willard Ballow

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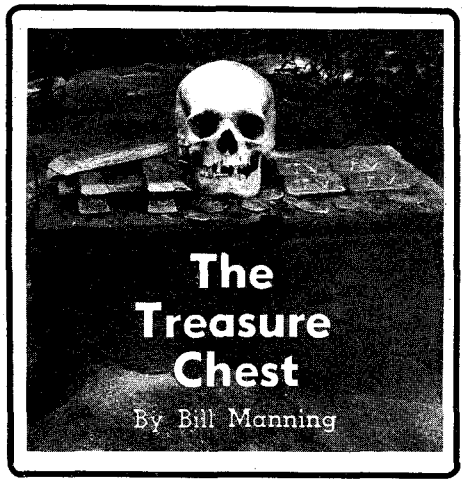

Readers may direct inquiries to "The Treasure Chest," Western Publications, Inc., P. O. Box 5008, Austin, Texas 78703. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your question.

Question: Can a person dig for gold on what is quite possibly Government land without getting permission from the owner?—P. B., Bryan, Ohio.
Answer: Ownership may be checked at the county land office. If Government land, it is permissible to dig up any gold or treasures. If natural gold, it can be sold at the U.S. Government Mint. If coins, see the coin dealers. Don't forget to pay the income tax on amount sold.

Question: Could you tell me where I may get information, books, and maps on buried and lost treasures in this area?—C. W., Ferndale, California.
Answer: Foul Anchor Archives, P. O. Box 206, Rye, N.Y., has maps and books on most sections of California. We recommend *Buried Treasures and Lost Mines* by Frank Fish.

Question: How can I go about rediscovering a lost Indian lead mine? Does it run in seams like coal?—D. H., Birmingham, Alabama.
Answer: Lead usually is in veins similar to the seams of coal and can either be vertical or horizontal. A good metal-mineral detector should be just what you need to locate this.

Question: About a year ago I found some gold in an abandoned house while treasure hunting. I sent this in to the Mint and they returned it saying they couldn't buy it as I was not the true owner. Licensed buyers will only offer about half of its value. Where and how can I sell it legally?—G. J., Portland, Oregon.
Answer: If it is impossible to establish proof of ownership I would recommend selling it to collectors. After all, a half loaf is better than no loaf at all.

Question: Where is a good place to pan a little gold—not for big value but just to get some gold?—P. Z., Battle Creek, Michigan.
Answer: Most of the streams of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and California have placer gold deposits. Many of the large ones have been worked out but there are still plenty of places where you can get some "color."

Question: Can you tell me where I can obtain plans for building my own metal detector?—A. H., Weatherford, Texas.
(Continued on page 58)

"Use Him Up, Bill!"

(Continued from page 19)

party of six which left Sacramento in May, 1857 under the leadership of John Aiken and his brother. It was suspected, and *suspected* only, that they were spies riding east to meet General Johnston in order to report Mormon strength. Because of the Indian scares, the Aiken party joined a Mormon wagontrain, also eastbound. John Pendleton, leader of the Mormon wagons, was to testify later that he had "never seen a better lot of boys. They were kind, polite and brave—always ready to do anything needed on the road."

When within twenty-five miles of Salt Lake City, the six men of the Aiken group rode on ahead, and upon reaching the city were arrested as spies. The party had livestock, property and money estimated (according to Hickman's account), at $25,000, a huge fortune in those days.

The doomed men were confined, but since there was no legal evidence against them, were released to leave. Four of them did go, accompanied by Danites Rockwell, John Lot, a man named Miles, and a fourth, unidentified.

Upon reaching Nephi, Rockwell talked to Bishop Bryant, advising him that his orders were to kill. Bryant appointed four men to assist the Rockwell party. The group rode until nightfall when camp was made. There the unsuspecting Aiken party took off their guns and made ready for bed. When sleep claimed them, the Danites attacked with clubs and kingbolts from the wagons. Two were killed outright, but John Aiken fled into the brush. A man named Klink of the Rockwell party, drew his revolver and shot Aiken in the back. The fourth victim, known to history only as "Colonel" escaped, although wounded.

Aiken was not dead, but feigned death. He heard one of the men say to Rockwell, "Are the damned Gentiles all dead, Port?"

"All but one," answered the Danite chief, "the s.o.b. ran."

Blood-spattered and severely wounded, Aiken returned to Nephi where he learned that the Colonel had also survived the brutal attack. Ironically, Bishop Bryant extracted the bullets from the wounded men, and told them they must return to Salt Lake City!

In the meantime Rockwell and the other bumblers returned to await another opportunity. When Aiken and the Colonel prepared to leave, they were informed by Bryant that their bill was $30. Neither man had any funds, but Aiken had a fine gold watch easily worth $250, and the Colonel had managed to save his pistol. When told that they must pay before leaving, Aiken offered the watch, but the Bishop chose the Colonel's revolver instead. This was an obvious move, and Aiken turned to the Colonel and, with tears in his eyes, said, "Prepare for death, Colonel, we'll never get out of this valley alive."

They were lent a horse and buggy driven by a Mormon named Wolff. At an apparently deserted cabin, Wolff stopped the horse, unhitched him and mumbled something about having to water the animal. At that signal, two men stepped from the cabin, each carrying a double-barrel shotgun. Without a word, they raised up the terrible weapons and shot Aiken and the Colonel in the head. Both men fell dead, and their bodies were weighted with stones and dropped into a deep pit.

It was after that that Hickman was called upon to kill Buck, the last remaining member of the wealthy Aiken party. Hickman does not mention the sixth man, the one who had remained with Buck, but presumably he left Salt Lake City before his friends were murdered, or was himself murdered without Hickman's knowledge. Hickman does not mention the disposition of the property of the Aiken party, but doubtless it was taken care of.

FOR AWHILE Hickman rested, enjoying life. He sold some cattle to a sutler for $2,000, and some horses for a profit. He was in constant touch with Brigham Young, and in the spring of 1858, the churchman summoned him.

"Bill," he said, "a man named Drown has returned to Salt Lake. He's a bad man, and we chased him out in '51. He is a horse thief and rustler, and we had to threaten him with shooting to get him to leave. But now he is back and is telling all the bad stories on the Mormons that he knows or invents. Bill, I want you to 'use him up.'" "Use him up"—the death sentence of the Mormons.

That very night, at a celebration for the opening of a new paper, *The Mountaineer*, Drown was shot in the thigh. Hickman and one of his followers, Mathews, searched for the wounded man but could not find him. The following morning Mathews reported to his chief, "I found where Drown was hiding, and got two men and went to the house. He would not let us in, so we kicked in the door and shot him. A man named Arnold was in the house and we shot him, also."

Hickman denied this killing in later years, but the popular account in Utah, also put forth by Twain in *Roughing It* was that Drown had sued Hickman and had obtained a judgment. The men quarreled with Arnold taking sides with Drown. According to that account, Hickman killed them both. In later years, testimony from former members of the church indicated that it was not for stealing or for antagonizing Hickman that these men were killed, but because they were apostates, a most serious charge in those days!

A man named Franklin McNeal had come to Salt Lake City from Bridger's Fort, and had been arrested by order of Governor Brigham Young. He was kept in custody for three and a half months and, when released, brought suit against Young in U. S. District Court to recover a large sum of money. The word went out that McNeal was to "be used up," and Hickman once again prepared to do his master's bidding.

He found McNeal drunk at Sterritt's Tavern. McNeal, a hard-case, was anything but popular, and Hickman learned that a gunfighter named Rhodes was also seeking McNeal. Hickman decided it would be a good idea to let Rhodes find the intended victim, whom he had threatened in public to kill. The two men met in an alley, and Rhodes drew his revolver first and fired. The wounded McNeal died the next day.

When Hickman reported to Brigham, he was asked who had done the deed. Hickman told him that Joe Rhodes had killed the man, and Brigham said it was a good thing. The suit against Brigham was, of course, dismissed, and no charges were filed against Joe Rhodes.

HICKMAN was next sent after some horse thieves, and his first move was to contact all known offenders, threatening them with death if they were guilty

(Continued on page 42)

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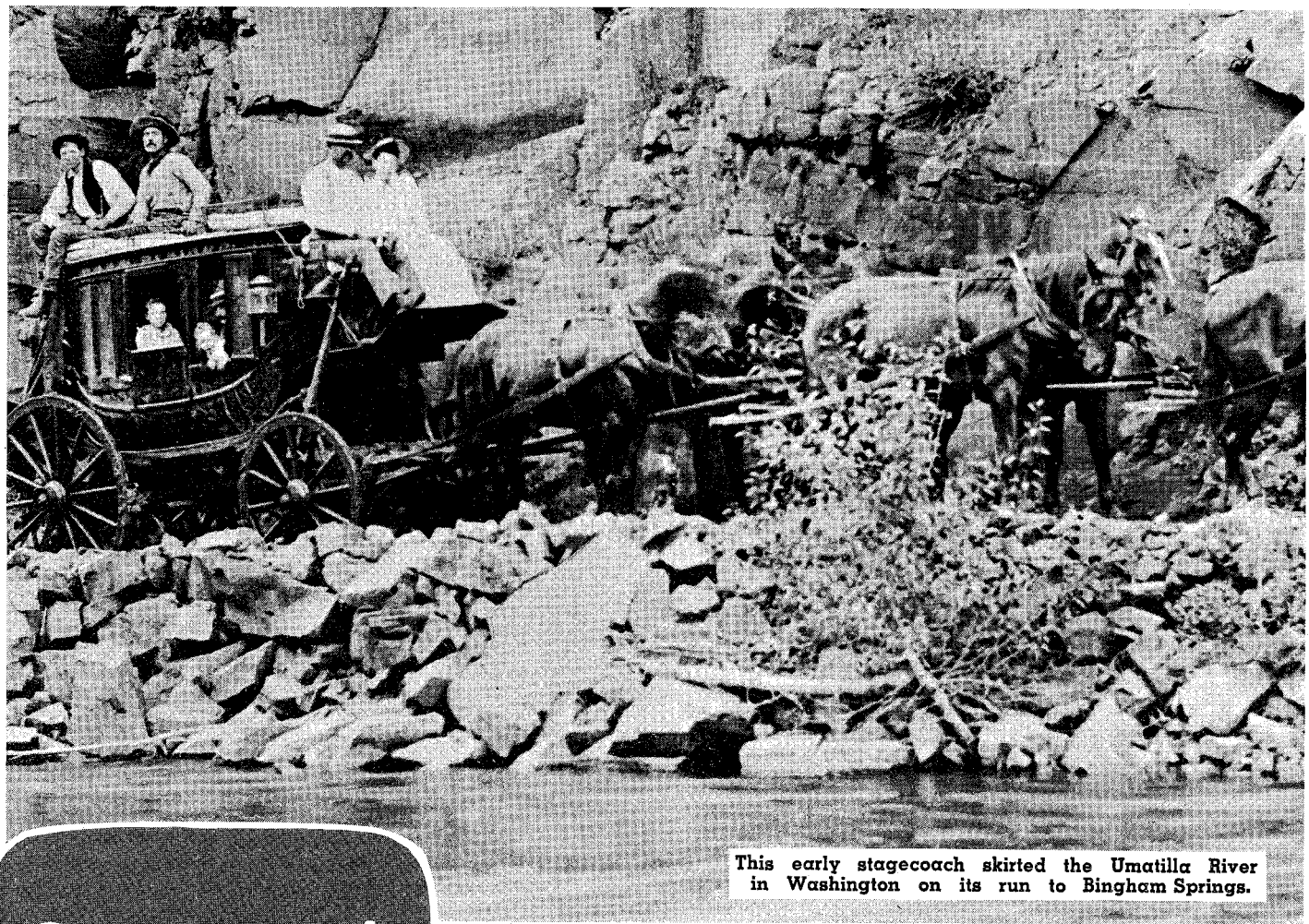

This early stagecoach skirted the Umatilla River in Washington on its run to Bingham Springs.

Stagecoach Lady

By JOHN BARTON PETTIT

Photo by Bus Howdyshell
Pendleton, Oregon

Dedicated to all men whose wives insist on going along on that business trip—and to the famous line, "I won't be a bit of trouble!"

OUTSIDE of the stage station the sign read "Hotel de Starvation, 1,000 miles from hay and grain, 70 miles from wood, 15 from water, and only 12 inches from hell!" Inside, the dishes of coarse food nearly slid from the travelers' supper table to the floor as a horse plunged against the thin partition that separated the stalls from the one room of living quarters.

If the bride of Robert Strahorn had any misgivings about this rugged incident in her initiation to the Montana of 1878, she swallowed them in deference to her decision to follow her husband while he traveled through the West as a representative for the Union Pacific.

Enroute by stage to Helena from Utah, they were riding in the first rig to run the Blackfeet war lines in the Bannock trouble. The last previous stage had been burned, the horses stolen, and the driver killed. Fortunately, no passengers had dared that journey. Now the coach carrying the Strahorns had arrived at the most desolate shack to serve as a station on the five-day trip. The station-tender begged them to wait or to turn back.

The decision was left to young Mrs. Strahorn. She was informed about their chances of a brutal death by attacking Indians, but to be holed-up in the filthy shack offered no appeal. She chose to keep moving—by moonlight—although signal fires flared along the horizon. At mid-morning of the next day they reached the safety of a home station that bristled with the arms of a newly arrived detachment of cavalry.

Probably no other woman traveled as many miles by stage and on horseback to as many different parts of the Old West as did Mrs. Strahorn. There was little pampering of any woman as a coach passenger and Mrs. Strahorn took the same risks and roughness as did her reporter husband.

Spending the night on a loaded stagecoach was a nightmare behind a four-horse team. Any snatch of sleep would be jerked away when a wheel of the coach hit a chuckhole or clanged over a boulder in the rutted trace that passed for a road. Not the least annoyance with the wide-awake tenderfoot who chose such a night to relate the story of his life to his suffering fellow-passengers.

The overnight stops at stage stations were not too attractive either. The bedding arrangements for large parties consisted of sleeping on the floor in makeshift shakedowns prepared from surplus feed sacks and horse-blankets from the stable. Mixed parties produced some vexing situations—especially for females whose habits conformed to the Victorian Age.

The Strahorns spent one memorable night in a log and slab shack whose roof was covered with sod and dirt. A heavy rain poured mud and murky water over the sleepers. A few lucky ones slept under umbrellas; the others were virtually encased in soggy mud-packs. During the night a loud-snoring passenger finally awoke with a mouthful of mud. Seeking a better taste, he groped around in the darkness for his whiskey flask and accidentally jabbed his hand into the face of a sleeping lady. She reacted with a bloodcurdling scream and a bite of the unhappy

(Continued on page 69)

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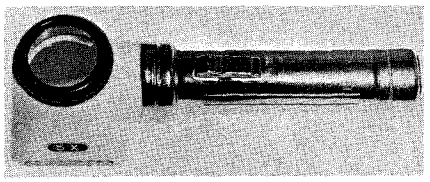

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"Use Him Up, Bill!"

(Continued from page 40)

in this instance. A short time later, seven of these men cornered Bill in the alley behind the livery stable and three of the men had revolvers drawn and cocked. Hickman tried to argue with them, but the more he talked, the less he accomplished.

Finally, seeing that he was going to be shot, Hickman's hands dropped to his low-slung holsters and, before the men could take advantage of the drop, Bill covered them with his two revolvers. The incredible swiftness of his draw unnerved the men, and they turned and ran. Hickman allowed them to go, referring to them as "cowards and thieves." For days after, he heard about threats these men had been making, and he regretted that he had not "used them up" when he had the chance.

A short time later, it was reported to Hickman that the firm of Gilbert and Gerrish had lost seventeen horses, and it was suspected that they had been stolen. Hickman contacted Joe Rhodes, the Gentile gunman who was free only because the Mormons felt they might be able to use him. Rhodes accepted $50 from Hickman, in return for which he admitted that the Johnson gang had stolen the horses and had them in the brush about fifteen miles from town. Hickman sent two men to check out the story. They found the horses and returned the stock to the owners.

The thieves, learning that they had lost their booty, threatened Hickman and on Christmas Day, six of them, well-liquored, accosted him. One drew his revolver, but Hickman grabbed it before the man could shoot. Whipping out a knife, he would have killed the man, but the others came forward and grabbed him. Two of the group were trying to get into position to shoot when a friend of Hickman's appeared on the scene and got the drop on them.

Hickman let loose of the man he was holding, and slipped his knife back into the scabbard. No sooner had he turned his back than the man again leveled his pistol. Something must have warned the Danite chief, for he whirled and fell to one side, drawing his own gun as he fell. The man's shot hit Hickman's watch in his front pocket, entered the thigh, and passed around the bone, remaining in the leg. When the horse thief saw that Hickman was not out of action, he began to run. Deliberately, Hickman took aim and fired, the ball striking the fleeing man in the leg. Hickman shot four more times, none of which took effect.

Bill was taken to a doctor's office where he lost a great quantity of blood. When the two doctors, considered to be the best Mormon surgeons in the city, could not extract the ball, they closed up the wound, and told Hickman he would die. Hickman dismissed them and wrapped his leg in ice. It became swollen and inflamed, and finally his wife's cousin, Dr. Hobbs of the U. S. Army, was summoned.

When he opened the wound, Hobbs was revolted at what he saw. "A dirty piece of butchery!" he exclaimed. "If it were not for my respect for the profession, I would say that these men have poisoned you." With that, he removed a dirty green piece of cotton, saturated with something.

Hickman was on crutches for six months, but recovered. During his convalescence, however, his stock was run off and he lost everything he had. He asked for help, but the authorities refused to do anything about it.

In the spring of 1860, Dawson, a Gentile, was appointed Governor. He insulted a Mormon woman on a Salt Lake City street, it was said, and a group of young Mormon toughs gave him a terrible beating. Although most of the people rejoiced at Dawson's "accident," the newspapers raised a hue and cry, and the Government prepared to investigate the matter. To smooth the matter over, Brigham gave an interview during which he denounced the young assailants, and said later in private that "they ought to have their throats cut" for involving the Church in such an outrage.

Two of the boys were arrested and put in prison, without bail. Three others fled the city, but were overtaken by a posse. One refused to return, and was shot in the chest with a load of buckshot. The other two on the way to prison, "tried to escape and both were shot dead."

Both, however, were powder-burned, and one was shot in the face. Hickman must have asked himself how a man running away could have been shot in that manner. Jason Luce, one of the remaining men, when he learned of the fate of his fellows, confessed that Police Captain Bob Golden had given them instructions to give the Governor a good beating. Realizing that they were not to be protected, he decided to confess.

By 1860 Bill Hickman had begun to entertain serious doubts about Brigham Young. After the killing of Hartley whom Brigham had ordered slain "because I have proof of the man's perfidy," Hickman learned without the shadow of a doubt that the man was innocent of Young's charges. He learned, also—to his own satisfaction, at least—that Young had known that at the time he ordered the man to be "used up." By that time, however, Hickman had graduated from killing persons *known* to be guilty, to killing those whom Young and Hyde sentenced. He would, later, begin to kill on his own account.

IN 1861 Hickman went to Montana to look for gold. He didn't find any, but made $2,000 trading in horses and decided to settle there, intending never again to occupy any position in the Church. He farmed, raising grain and livestock, and became a close friend of General Connor, whom he accompanied on various trips. On one of these scouts in Utah, Hickman discovered a piece of galena ore in Bingham Canyon which, he said, "was the start of mining in Utah."

Bill had his last serious break with Brigham in 1863. Young was an avowed enemy of General Connor, and offered Hickman $1,000 and expenses to kidnap the General and take him to California. Hickman laughed in Young's face, but Brigham apparently took no offense.

Six months later, he approached Hickman again with the same proposition. "Then," wrote Hickman, "I spoke up to Brigham Young for the first time in my life. I said I would not do it, that General Connor was a good man and the best officer ever in Utah, and I knew him to be an honorable man. And what is more, it shan't be done, and I will see to that myself!"

Thus the gauntlet was thrown down by a thoroughly disillusioned man. Would Brigham take the thinly veiled threat lightly, or would it become necessary to take steps—to possibly "use him up" as so many others had been?

Not long afterward, Hickman was arrested on a trumped up charge of burglary after he himself had identified

(Continued on page 44)

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AXLE GREASE

By OLEVIA E. MYERS

The delight of a trip to town with Papa turned to terror because of one forgotten item that was back in the General Store

I was six years old at the time I went to town with Papa for groceries and a box of axle grease. We lived at Tuskegee, Indian Territory, and three or four times a year Papa would take the big wagon and go to Bristow for supplies. He always put the sideboards on the wagon and if it looked like bad weather he put the bows and wagon sheet on—in other words, it was a covered wagon or prairie schooner.

I had been begging Papa to let me go to town with him for a week. In vain he tried to reason with me. It was a long hard trip; I would be cold and tired and hungry. Still I begged and at last Papa gave in.

When the day came we were up at four o'clock in the morning. Mama had a hot breakfast ready and when Papa came in from the barn after feeding the team he said, "I've put the cover on the wagon. Looks like it might rain."

He had brought in several tow-sacks and taking them to the fireplace, he rolled a large rock in them that had been warming all through the night. This was to keep our feet warm for the long drive.

It was a cold, windy, blustery day. A heavy quilt was spread over our laps and another was spread over the spring seat. We were ready. At four o'clock on a November morning the stars are unbelievably bright and beautiful. The roosters were crowing for the coming day and I was wide-eyed with excitement at my great adventure.

Papa checked his pocket to be sure he had the list of things Mama wanted, knocked the ashes from his pipe on the cold tire of the wagon wheel, tucked the heavy comfort around us, and we were ready.

A journey across the continent now could not give me the thrill I felt when Papa picked up the lines, threw off the brake, and said, "Gid-up."

It was near noon when we drove into Bristow and I was cold and hungry. The store had a wonderful smell. Coffee and potatoes, dried apples and peaches in huge wooden barrels, cheese on the counter in a great round wheel, feed and flour and dry goods, buckets and tubs and harness and plows—in fact, there was everything a pioneer farmer in Indian Territory could want. A huge grey cat slept on a sack of feed in the back of the store (I have wondered since if she helped herself to the cheese at night).

PAPA had complained on the trip that the wagon was "dry" and that he must not forget to buy some axle grease. I remember it came in a gold-colored round can and was called, "Golden Axle Grease."

As soon as the supplies were packed in the wagon we started home, our wagon full of flour, feed and groceries. It was a long tiresome trip and the entire distance from Tuskegee to Bristow was longhorn cattle country. A man could not have lived an hour on foot here but on horseback you were perfectly safe. The cattle paid no attention at all to a horse and rider because they were accustomed to them.

We were far out in range country and darkness was falling rapidly when we came to a steep down-grade and Papa applied the brakes. The brakes were dry and they made a strange noise. I remember Papa said, "The dad-burned brakes are squawling."

The incline was long and the brakes squawled most of the way down. When we reached the bottom and Papa threw off the brake I heard him say in a low fearful voice, "Good Lord!"

(Continued on page 55)

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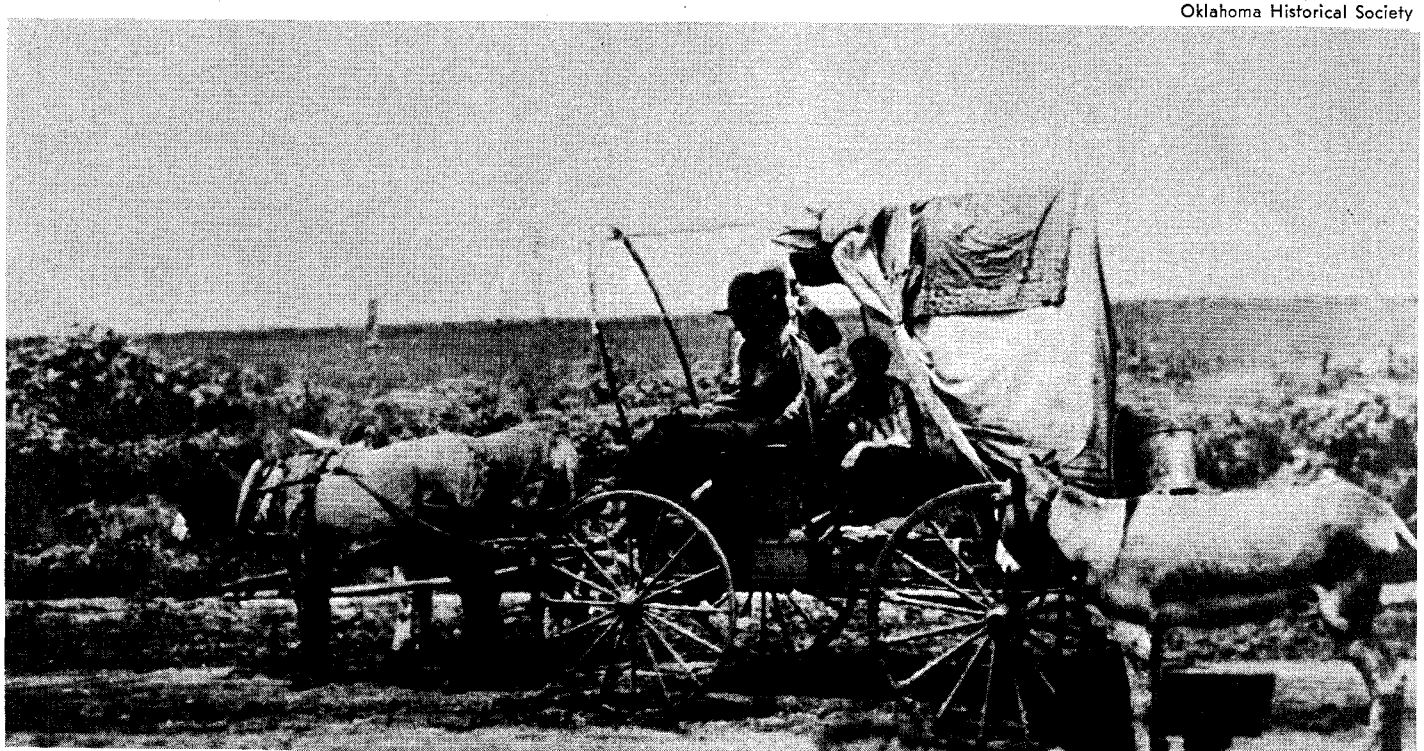

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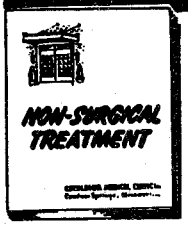

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"Use Him Up, Bill!"

(Continued from page 42)

the real burglars and recovered the stolen loot. A friend offered to put up $30,000 bail but the Judge would not allow it, saying that "double that amount would not be an adequate bail." Another friend put up $100,000 and Hickman was reluctantly released on $130,000 bail.

The trial was a long one and, before the case went to the jury, the prosecuting attorney filed a *nolle prosequi* and Hickman was let go. Then a new charge was filed for which it was necessary to again put up bail. During his time in court, Hickman's 200 head of livestock was driven off the ranch and he was told later by one of his few remaining friends that the Bishop had said it would not be sinful to kill and eat Hickman's cattle. He also lost twenty-five blooded horses worth several thousand dollars, either strayed or stolen, and Hickman thought the latter.

The Bishop began undermining Hickman with his wives and children, condemning him as a wicked man. The wives, except for his first, were persuaded to leave, taking the children with them. Hickman pressed for an explanation, and was told that he was in disrepute for consorting with Gentiles, and saying uncomplimentary things about the Church.

A son of Joseph Smith, coming to Salt Lake City from Illinois, preached about Brigham Young's misconduct and deviation from true Mormon principles. Because he had been a friend of the elder Smith, Hickman had a number of visits with the young man, whereupon he was charged with "Josephism" which, as he said, "was enough to damn anybody."

Hickman was soon openly charged with being an apostate, and to avoid further trouble and possibly to save his life, he sold all his holdings at a loss. He arranged to see Brigham once more and explained to the leader that he was having great tribulations. Brigham professed not to know anything about it, and sent his lackey, Sheriff R. T. Burton, to investigate.

Hickman wrote, "Of course, he knew nothing, he being Brigham's dirty jobber as he had been for eight or ten years." Hickman then told Brigham that armed men had been prowling about his house at night, guns in hand, and begged for permission to defend himself. Brigham told him he must not hurt anyone.

Since he had run into a stalemate in

General Patrick E. Connor. When Young ordered Hickman to kidnap Connor, it started the split between Hickman and the church.

Salt Lake City, Hickman bought a small ranch at the mouth of Brigham Canyon. He soon discovered that he was being watched, and having been the Danite chief for so many years, he well understood the portent. One night he saw two men, revolvers in hand, enter the tent where he usually slept. The following night the same thing happened. There was no longer any doubt, if there ever had been, that his life was in danger.

He went to California and visited with his old friend, General Connor. After two months, he wandered to Nevada where he received a letter from his son telling him that Brigham Young had asked him to return. Bill gave the request no consideration, however, and was making preparations to go to New York when typhoid fever struck him. His injured leg became swollen and useless. After being alone and sick for four months, he was finally found by some apostate Mormons whom he had befriended some years before. They cared for him until he was able to travel.

HICKMAN, still trying to believe in a cause that had treated him badly, went once more to see Brigham Young. Young accused him of many things which Hickman denied. That was their last visit and from that day Hickman "had no desire to belong to his Church."

Author's Collection

The meeting of Hickman and U.S. Deputy Marshal Gilson

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In the fall of 1870, Hickman's fifty-fifth year, another attack of typhoid laid him low, and while down with this illness, he learned that Deputy U. S. Marshal Gilson was seeking him. Although suspicious, Hickman agreed to meet the officer, and they got together in April, 1871. Gilson informed Hickman that he had been assigned to clean up Utah and to arrest the real criminals there.

In order to assure a successful prosecution of Brigham Young, Hickman gave a detailed statement of the Yates murder, emphasizing that it was done solely on Brigham's orders. By agreement Hickman was then arrested by Gilson, whereupon he gave a full statement of all the crimes committed in the Territory with which he was familiar and with which Brigham Young or Orson Hyde were involved. Hickman was kept in "protective custody" at Camp Douglas pending his trial, receiving many threats against his life, should he leave the safety of the garrison.

Hickman's book, *Brigham's Destroying Angel; Being the Life, Confession and Startling Disclosures of the Notorious Bill Hickman, the Danite Chief of Utah,* was written during his confinement while awaiting trial for the murder of Richard Yates.

It was here that Hickman met J. H. Beadle who agreed, at great risk to himself, to arrange for publication of the Hickman manuscript. With criminal charges being prepared against high church officials, Brigham Young was loudly denouncing Bill Hickman as a notorious criminal, but as Beadle points out, "Why was Hickman not arrested and punished during that long period in which the Mormons arrested and punished whomsoever they pleased?" Then, answering his own question, he goes on, "Ah, why indeed—except upon the explanation in this book."

Upon the information furnished by Hickman to the Federal Marshals, Brigham Young and many other church leaders were indicted for murder. They fled to the south of Utah which was practically inaccessible to strangers, but were tracked down by the relentless Federal officers. The three Church dignitaries, accused with Brigham Young of conspiring to have Yates murdered were Daniel H. Wells, the Mayor of Salt Lake City; Josea Stout; and W. H. Kimball. These men were arrested on October 28, 1871 and returned to Salt Lake City, but were never brought to trial. The charges against Hickman were likewise quashed, and the erstwhile Danite leader dropped from sight.

"Revenge is mine," saith the Lord, and Brigham said it, also. From that time on, Bill Hickman was a marked man but, having practically written the rules, he knew how to play the game, and no other "Destroying Angels" were ever able to get within shooting distance of him.

Hickman's friend, Porter Rockwell, died June 9, 1878. He sometimes was known to sleep off his prodigious drunks in the Colorado Livery Stable in Salt Lake City. The official opinion was that death was "caused by severe vomiting which could have been caused by liquor."

Hickman spent his last years in Lander, Wyoming, at that time located in Sweetwater County. He died there August 21, 1883, being 68 years old. Presumably his death, unlike the deaths of John D. Lee and Porter Rockwell, was a quiet one, not attended by the ghosts of those whom he had, in the name of righteousness, "used up."

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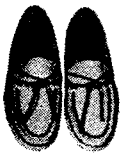

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Old-time Ranchmen of the Southwest

(Continued from page 11)

Morgan Creek in the Texas Panhandle and bought the old Morgan Ranch, which was the second one settled in the eastern part of the Panhandle. Sam established a stage stand on the ranch and ran it for several years; it was on the road between Mobeetie, Texas, and Dodge City, Kansas, and just north of the South Canadian River.

No. 7, sixth in back row—**BUD WALKER; Brand, "Flying W."** The youngest man in the group, Bud came from South Texas as a horse wrangler for Lytle and Light, to the Cherokee Outlet in the Territory in 1885. He worked on ranches in the Territory and the Texas Panhandle for several years, finally settling in New Mexico. There he ran a large ranch for a few years only to be driven back to the Panhandle by hard winters and dry summers. He eventually moved to the Oklahoma Panhandle.

No. 8, first on the left, center row—**IRA BOONE; Brand, "IRA."** As a very young man Ira came to the Cherokee Nation in 1884 from a trail drive. He began running cattle, and when the order was passed forbidding cattlemen to remain in the Nation, he moved west and established a ranch on the Texas-No Man's Land border. After the country began to settle up, he moved to Clear Creek in the Texas Panhandle and established a ranch which is still in operation under the third generation of the Boones.

No. 9, second in center row—**FLEM CARMICHAEL; Brand, "C Bar C."** Flem came from South Texas when a young boy as a horse wrangler for the C Bar C outfit, an English cattle company. He later brought the old Springer Ranch at the mouth of Boggy Creek on the South Canadian River, which had been set up in the Seventies. This ranch had a very bad reputation and the change was welcomed by neighboring cowmen as Carmichael was a good honest man. He took the brand of the English company which had disbanded and ran the ranch for several years. At his death his sons took over and at the time of this writing, it is still operated by the family.

No. 10, third in center row—**SEBE JONES** and No. 11 insert upper right—**ALEX CRAWFORD.** They grew up on adjoining farms in Kerr County, Texas, and were closely associated for forty years. Their first trip was made up the trail when they were fifteen and each was a trail boss before he was twenty. They drove for Schreiner, Light and Lytle, one of the largest trail outfits in South Texas.

In the spring of 1878, the two left South Texas each with a mixed herd. When they arrived in Dodge City, they found a ready market for the steers but no market for the cows. After holding their cows for a month, a day's ride south of Dodge, the weather turned cold. They combined their herds and moved south to Beaver River in No Man's Land, where they wintered. The following spring, Mr. Schreiner sold the cattle to these two young men and they established a ranch on Kiowa Creek, on the Texas—No Man's Land line where they operated for years. Their brand was the **"Heart Cross H."** Later they sold their ranch and cattle and divided partnership. Jones remained in Texas and ranched on Commission Creek; his brand was the **"H Heart H."** Crawford moved to the Cheyenne and Arapaho country in the Territory. His brand was the **"Diamond Cross Diamond."** Both men remained in the cattle business until they passed on many years ago.

No. 12, fourth in center row—**J. W. (BILL) KELLEY; Brand "Bar O."** Bill started as a cattleman at an early age along the Kansas-Cherokee border and worked for various outfits in that area. Later he drifted into the Panhandle and settled on the head of Wolf Creek. There he acquired a large holding, which he ran until his death. A few years ago the ranch was still in operation under the direction of his son R. T. (Cap) Kelly and his grandson, R. T. Kelly, Jr. The same brand is still used.

No. 13, fifth in center row—**HIRAM BLACK; Brand, "Bar Triangle."** An old-time trail boss, Black drove cattle up the trail for many years. He was one of the four Black Brothers, who with the four Barton Brothers, formed a trail herd crew that became famous as a driving outfit. He settled on a fine ranch on Willow Creek in the Panhandle of Texas in 1884. This was the best improved and the first modern ranch in the Panhandle area and was operated by his wife for many years after his death. She was able to ride horseback until she was past eighty years old.

No. 14, Extreme right, center row—**ALEX YOUNG; Brand "Bar AUY."** An old time cowhand from around San Antonio, Alex drove trail herds for Light, Lytle and Jones for many years. He worked the brush areas in South Texas and was one of the best riders and ropers that the State ever produced. He was also an expert brand reader. Alex settled on Kiowa Creek just south of the Texas-No Man's Land Line. When he died, his son Alex Jr., took over the ranch and it was still in operation a few years ago.

No. 15, Bottom row, left—**GUS MAHLOP; Brand "HB Bar."** Gus came from Iowa in 1885 and settled on Skunk Creek, in Lipscomb County, Texas. He acquired a well-stocked ranch which he ran until his death, after which his wife carried on for several years. The holding was sold at her passing.

No. 16, second in bottom row—**ED RUBOTTOM; Brand "Y Bar Cross."** Having worked as a cowboy in the Big Bend Country in South Texas during the late Seventies, Ed was probably with the first herd that was driven across the entire State of Texas, No Man's Land and on to Dodge City, Kansas. With the wages earned on this trip, he started a small ranch on Commission Creek in the Territory. As time went on, he became the holder of much land and many cattle but the outfit was sold at his death.

No. 17, third in bottom row—**ALEX MALTSBERGER; Brand "ALX."** Alex was another cowboy who came to the Panhandle as a trail driver for Schreiner, Light and Lytle in 1880. He afterward worked for the Box T. in Lipscomb County and was elected the first sheriff of that county. In later years, he became a ranchman in the Cherokee Strip. His ranch was located on the John Chisum Trail near where it crossed the Cimarron and was well known over the Panhandle.

No. 18, Front row, right end—**WILL HALE; Brand "/ / /" on left hip.** Will left a cotton patch near Kerrville, Texas, at the age of fourteen and joined a trail herd being driven by Alex Crawford. Being a good bronco buster and a favorite with the cowhands even at that age, he was made horse wrangler. He was a natural cowhand and went up the trail every year until he became of age. He then settled on Little Robe Creek in the Territory.

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Will ran a small ranch until he was elected sheriff of old Day County and assisted in cleaning up the cow thieves and outlaws. He was a fearless officer.

An account of the activities of the above men would not be complete unless the name of **CHARLES SCHREINER** was mentioned. He lived at Kerrville, Texas, and was one of the grand old men of the cattle business and of the State. He probably had more cattle driven over the trails to northern markets than any other single individual. At least twelve of the men mentioned in this article owe all or part of their start in the cattle business to Charles Schreiner. His cowhands sometimes numbered as many as 500 in a single year. His trail brand was the **"Y Inverted Y."**

EACH of these men had adventurous lives. For example, after the bank at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, was robbed by two desperate characters, J. W. (Bill) Kelly, then a very young man, came upon them dividing the loot. Bill called upon them to surrender and the answer was a shot from a Winchester rifle. Singlehanded, the young cowboy killed one of the robbers and forced the other, who was badly wounded, to surrender.

Will Hale and another cowboy, while rounding up strays, once came upon a band of cow thieves whom they surprised. The thieves showed fight, so two of them were killed and the leader and the rest of the band were captured.

While gathering cattle in South Texas, Sebe Jones and Alex Maltsberger shot it out with and captured a bunch of horse thieves. They were taking them to the county seat at Kerrville when a group of vigilantes took the prisoners from them and hanged them to a nearby pecan tree on Turtle Creek.

Another exciting incident happened to Alex Crawford and his men. It was a very dark night and they had just thrown a Schreiner trail herd together and were changing guards when a bunch of Comanches started shooting at them, wounding three of the cowboys and stampeding the herd. After waiting about three hours for the Indians to leave, Crawford and some of his men got the wounded ones into the chuckwagon and took them to Fort Sill, a distance of about forty miles. Some of the soldiers from the fort helped gather up part of the cattle, but many of them were never found. (About twenty years later Mr. Schreiner sued the Government and received compensation for his loss.)

On another occasion, some Panhandle cattlemen shipped a trainload of cattle to Kansas City and ordered the payment sent back to Canadian, Texas, by express. Some outlaws learned of the arrangements. Sheriff McGee and several cattlemen were at the station to meet the train. When it pulled in, the outlaws headed by "Tulsa Jack" appeared. In the attempted robbery, McGee was killed but the money was saved by the express messenger who got off the train on the opposite side and took it to Gurlock's Store during the robbery.

The robbers, failing in the attempted holdup, headed back into the Territory. A band of Texas Rangers, under Captain G. W. Arrington, led by Bill Kelly, Charles Rynearson and John McQuigg, who were familiar with the terrain of the country, started in hot pursuit of the outlaws. On the second day, they were sighted near the mouth of Packsaddle Creek. By that time they had procured fresh horses, while those of their pursuers were about exhausted. In the gunfight that followed, one outlaw was killed. The horse ridden by "Red Buck," one of the robbers, was also killed and the rider captured. Two Rangers were slightly wounded and the rest of the badmen escaped.

These exciting and dangerous events were part of the everyday life of those old cattlemen. Some may say they were hard but beneath their rough exteriors, they were kindhearted and sympathetic men. Violence occurred only when they had to protect themselves, their families, friends or properties.

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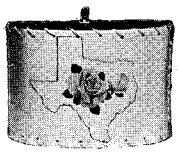

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The Big One

(Continued from page 23)

long and about an inch-and-a-half through at the butt. Into the butt, you inserted a pitchfork tine that had been straightened out, leaving about twelve inches of the tine protruding from the pole. To the small end of the tine, you set the spear tip that would slip off when you speared the salmon, come crosswise of the hole, and hold the fish by the strong fish line that attached the tip to the wooden shaft of the spear.

The tips were made of an old umbrella shaft. The tip was solid for about an inch, then hollow the rest of the way. We cut the tip off about three-quarters of an inch back of the solid part and bored an eighth-inch hole at the middle point. Through the hole we threaded a heavy fish line, tied it fast and looped the other end back to the pole where it was fastened.

To use the spear, you slipped the tip over the tine, leaving just enough line looped to permit the tip to come off easily. The tip was filed to a sharp point. A rope, tied to the small end of the pole and wrapped around your waist so you could retrieve the spear after you had thrown it, completed the rig. It was very efficient and may have originated in the McKenzie Valley. At least I've never heard of such an outfit from anywhere else.

Our farm, of about thirty-five acres, lay along the inside of a big curve of the river and there were two riffles opposite our land, one at the east end and one near the center. Water on these riffles ranged from six inches to a couple of feet deep, but once you got downstream from the riffle, you hit deep water pretty quick. The river was very fast most of the way past the farm, and was mighty cold too, but that didn't bother a small boy too much when he had the incentive I had. To get a fair shot at a salmon, you had to wade out into the water and work your way toward him slowly and carefully, hoping to get as close as possible before heaving your spear. You always tried to get in a shot when he was directly in front and swimming past you. This not only gave a good target but, if you speared him in the middle of his body, he couldn't fight very effectively.

As I waded out onto the first riffle, I saw several salmon working their way along the bar, their dorsal fins cutting the surface of the water. Most of them appeared to be in pretty bad shape, but I finally saw one that seemed good enough to make a try for. I missed my throw, so retrieved my spear, waded a little farther out in the river, and waited for another chance. It was not long in coming.

In a few minutes, I spotted a fin slicing through the water downstream a bit and heading in such a way as to place the salmon directly in front of me if he continued on his present course. As he got closer, I saw that he was quite dark in color but there were no rotten spots visible, and he was a real big one.

"Man, oh man," I thought as the fish got closer, "that's a sockdolloger of an old Chinook! He must be more'n three feet long and not a spot on 'im. Boy, if I can get that one I'll have me just the biggest old salmon in the river."

I hardly breathed as the fish worked his way steadily upstream and my arm was drawn back, ready to heave the spear. In a few seconds, he was right in front of me and I let him have it.

"I got 'im . . . I got 'im!" I yelled as I saw the spear hit the fish. I started to haul back on the rope.

NO SOONER had that spear hit the salmon than he started in a direction which was opposite to that which I intended to go. I soon realized that I had not made a perfect hit. The spear had entered the body near the tail and at an angle so that the fish could swim with his head almost directly away from me. That meant that he could get a much stronger pull than if I had hit him in the middle so the spear and the salmon formed a "T".

Right away I realized I had a fight on my hands. I tried to brace myself but by this time the water was up to my knees and with the slippery, rounded rocks on the bottom, it was all I could do to keep my feet, much less get a firm foothold to brace against the pull of that darned old fish.

"Lord A'mighty," I thought, "he'll get away from me if I don't stop him pretty quick. If there was just a big rock on the bottom I could put my foot against!"

I thought if I could get hold of the spear shaft I might be able to ram it into the bottom and slow him down, but when I tried to hand-over-hand the rope, I only succeeded in getting myself farther out into deep water. By this time I was getting worried. The water was now over my waist and the deeper it got, the less force I could exert against the fish and the more power he seemed to exert against me. My only fear was that he was going to get away from me; somehow, it didn't occur to me to be frightened for my own safety until I was up to my chest in water which was getting swifter all the time.

I could swim all right, but I knew it would be pretty tough trying to swim in that fast water while I was roped to a wild, rampaging salmon. But when I tried to get at the knot to untie the rope and let him go, I just couldn't reach it. The water was nearly neck-deep and I was about to let out a yell when suddenly I was grabbed from behind, lifted out of the water, and carried back toward the shore.

My father had come down to the river without my knowing it. Seeing my predicament, he waded out, got me under the armpits and dragged me and the fish to shore.

"Ye Gods, son, why didn't you turn loose?" my father wanted to know. "It's a good thing I got here when I did or you might not have made it."

"I was having some trouble getting that old salmon back to shore all right." I admitted.

Dad sort of grinned "Yeah, I could see you were."

The fish weighed just over forty pounds which was just about half my own weight at the time. He didn't have a bad spot on him and when I took him to the Indians, I talked them into paying me a whole dime for him!

Forgotten Hamlets

(Continued from page 31)

Bueno

Picnic Spot on Turkey Creek

FLOWING southerly down the slope of the Prescott Mountains in Central Arizona are many clear, tumbling streams, all on their way to respective confluences with the Agua Fria River. The most capricious, the most musical of these is Turkey Creek. And probably the most lush little valley along the meander of Turkey Creek was once the

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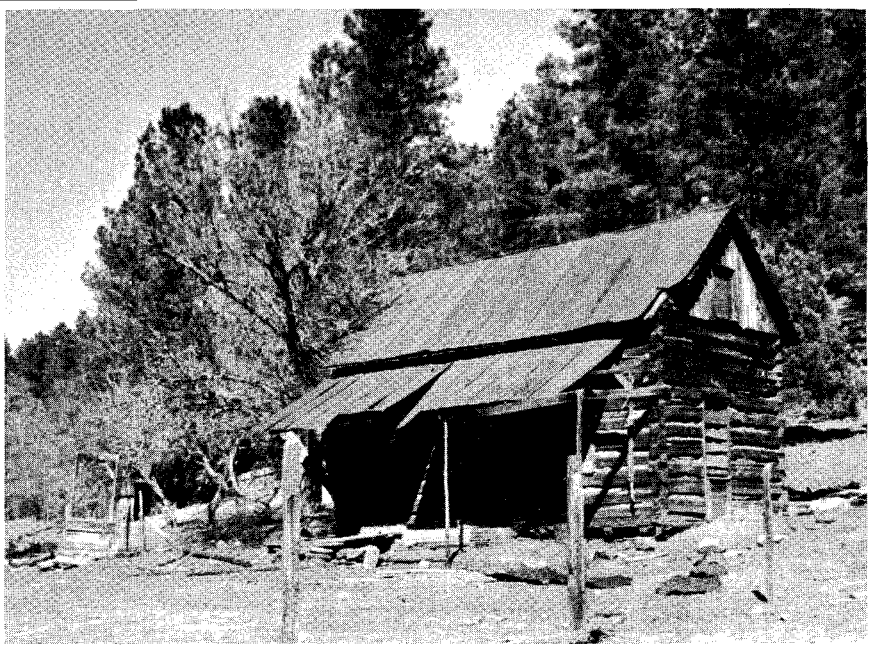
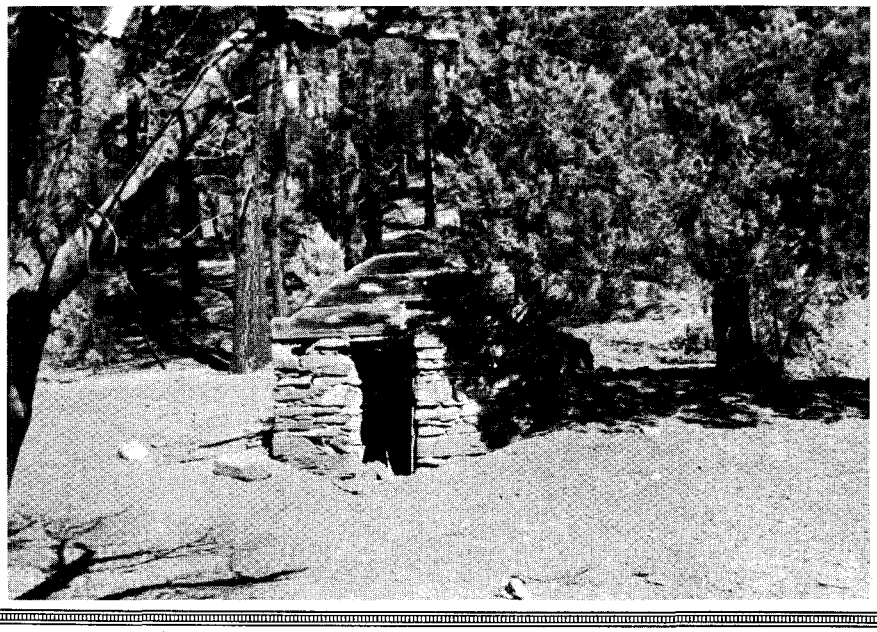


This once busy store still stands on the main street in Bueno. Shelves in the structure below indicate that it was once a food cellar.



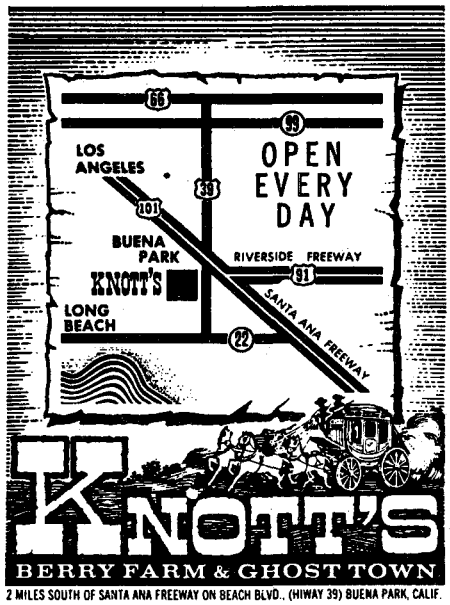
site of the village known as Bueno.

The post office was established at Bueno in 1881 and was named after the Bully Bueno Mine, already in operation. Legend tells us that the mine's name derived from the first prospector in the area, who announced that he had discovered a "bully, bueno strike."

The exact date that work was begun at the Bully Bueno is lost in antiquity, but J. Ross Browne referred to the mine as active in 1869 and it was again mentioned by Richard J. Hinton in his work of 1878. It was never a big operation, but did boast of both the mine and a mill during its heyday and was important enough to warrant construction of a road leading from the Senator Highway to the site.

Bueno, located two and one half miles south of Goodwin at an elevation of 5,258 feet, flourished until 1893. Today, in spite of time and the ravages of the elements, a few structures still stare vacantly across hurrying Turkey Creek. The ancient store building stands proudly but bone white from many summer suns and winter snows. Remains of the old mine portal and sturdy remnants of a family's food cellar, half hillside excavation and half rubble masonry, stand empty and deserted except for a few shelves giving testimony of its original use.

Spring and summer breezes, together with the music of Turkey Creek, make the old Bueno townsite an ideal picnic spot. The canyon opens out to a fairly broad expanse, but rests in the cool shadows of the foothills on either side. Trees, vines and flowers are bountiful. Wild berries are plentiful, and undoubtedly went into more than a few pies and muffins during those days before Bueno was surrendered to nature and the confirmed ghost town enthusiast.



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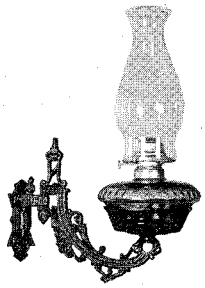

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The Indian as a Marksman

(Continued from page 15)

the Hudson's Bay Company were further distinguished by the figure of a seated fox superimposed on the initials EB on lock-plate and barrel.

W. Chance and Son; J. Hollis and Son; Ketland, Lacy and Company; Parker Field and Company; Robbins and Martin; Sargent Brothers; and Wilson (all British firms), contributed guns for the American Indian trade, in addition to Barnett and Bond.

Leman of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Deringer of Philadelphia, Boulton, Pennsylvania, and the C. H. & S. Company of New York are among the American gunmakers known to have turned out facsimiles of the Northwest Gun for the Indian trade. The U.S. Government got into the field by building over 1,200 "Indian muskets" during the years 1807-10. Most Indians rejected these substitutes for the Northwest Gun, and in 1848 nearly 700 of the guns were still in storage at the Springfield Armory where they had been manufactured.

In the middle 1820s the redmen became aware of the superior accuracy of the rifle over the smoothbore and began to demand them in exchange for furs at the annual rendezvous of the American Fur Company. Henry Deringer and Tryon of Philadelphia made rifles for the Indian trade, as did the famed Goulcher family of gunsmiths—the name was also spelled Golcher—in their shops in New York City and Philadelphia. Most of these weapons employed the new caplock ignition system, but some were flintlocks designed for the warriors who still preferred them.

War between the Indian and the white man on the Great Plains became inevitable with the virtual disappearance of the beaver trade in the 1840s, the consequent acceleration in the slaughter of the buffaloes for hides, and the appearance of the first settlers' wagontrains west of the Missouri.

George Bird Grinnell writes in *The Fighting Cheyennes*: "American Horse (a Cheyenne chief) had told me that the emigrants passing up the South Platte River to the mines between 1858 and 1865 were largely armed with the Sharps military rifles, and the Indians secured many of them in trade from these travelers. . . . The Indians also had some old-fashioned cap six-shooters, and during the year 1875 (the year before the Custer debacle on the Little Big Horn) there was a good deal of trading done for improved rifles.

"The method by which the Indians kept themselves supplied with ammunition for firearms, not only loose ammunition but also fixed, has always been more or less mysterious, but they explain that in those war years they were constantly purchasing powder, lead, primers, and also outfits for reloading cartridges. They carried with them as part of their most prized possessions sacks of balls they had molded and cans of powder. So far as possible, they saved all the metal cartridge shells they used or found, and no doubt became expert reloaders of shells."

As to the relative marksmanship of redman versus white, the late Professor Walter S. Campbell (Stanley Vestal), famed Western historian and close friend of the Sioux, before his death in 1957 compiled a box score of twelve major engagements between redmen and white, including the Custer fight. In these engagements a total of 10,365

"Yes, you told me already about the time you gunned down the sheriff in Tucson."

Indians fought 5,249 whites. The results: Indians—69 killed, 28 wounded; whites—383 dead, 102 wounded.

The list appeared in an article Mr. Vestal wrote in *Guns Magazine*, December, 1956 issue. "Other than the astonishingly low numbers of casualties on either side," stated the author, "the battles reveal an important trait of the Sioux campaigns. The Indians, like Napoleon, fought as a rule only when they had the advantage of numbers. They fought two to one or better. Figures of losses in twelve major engagements of the Indian Wars reveal that the Sioux killed about five times as many white soldiers as they lost Indians killed, and wounded approximately four times as many whites as the Long Knives wounded Indians. They did this with hardly half enough guns to go around under the best conditions, and with no cannon at all."

When we turn to the men who actually traded shots with hostile Indians we find that, gun for gun, the Indian was more than a match for the soldier. Also, the Indians not only outshot but outrode their cavalry foemen.

Major Walsh of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police declared them "superior to the best English regiments." One of General Crook's staff officers described the Plains Indians as "the finest light cavalry in the world." Major Anson Mills, a captain at the Battle of the Rosebud in 1876, declared, "Their like will never be seen again." General Frederick W. Benteen, also a captain in 1876, gave the red riders of the Plains this blunt accolade, "Good shots, good riders, and the best fighters the sun ever shone on."

General George Crook, in an official report to the Secretary of War in 1876, sated: "When the Sioux Indian was armed with a bow and arrow he was more formidable, fighting as he did most of the time on horseback, than when he got the old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle. But when he came into possession of the breech-loader and metallic cartridge, which allowed him to load and fire from his horse with perfect ease, he became at once 10,000 times more formidable."

General Crook added: "I have seen our friendly Indians, riding at full speed, shoot and kill a wolf, also on the run; while it is a rare thing that our troops can hit an Indian on horseback, though the soldier may be on his feet at the time."

In 1866, in the Fetterman fight at Fort Phil Kearney, the Sioux acquired a total of seventy-nine Sharps carbines and

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Springfield muzzle-loaders from the bodies of the slain soldiers. Two frontiersmen killed in the fight carried 16-shot Henry repeating rifles, caliber .44. These were the first repeating rifles ever taken by the Sioux. A good idea of how the hostile tribesmen were equipped with firearms *before* this scrap may be obtained from Grinnell, who notes: "Only six of the eighty-one white men (killed in the Fetterman fight) bore gunshot wounds."

Even after whipping Crook on the Rosebud on June 17, 1876, and capturing a number of Springfield carbines from the troops, only about half the Indians had guns for the climactic struggle with Custer eight days later. Grinnell states that "the guns were of many sorts—muzzle-loaders, Spencer carbines, old-fashioned Henry rifles, and old Sharps military rifles. The Sharps were probably the best guns they had, except those recently captured by the soldiers."

Regarding the persistent myth that hundreds of the Indians at the Custer battle were armed with modern Winchesters, one has only to scan Army Ordnance records of long guns turned in by the defeated Sioux and Cheyennes in 1877. Of 284 long guns surrendered, some 160 were muzzle-loaders. Included in the lot were 94 percussion rifles by H. E. Leman, six Hawkens, and a weird assortment of Kentuckys, old Springfield and Tower muskets, and one flintlock smoothbore. The balance were cartridge weapons. Thirty-nine repeaters were included in the batch of 124 breech-loaders. In six different calibers, they included four Henrys, twelve Winchesters and twenty-three Spencers. One hundred twenty-three revolvers were turned in, all but one cap-and-ball. The Ordnance report listed the condition of these weapons in these terms, "would be classed as 'unserviceable' at an arsenal."

Don Rickey, of the Custer Battlefield National Monument Museum, told Stanley Vestal: "On the Custer Battlefield, we have found several types of empty cartridge cases—of other than Army issue. They are mostly .50 caliber (for the Sharps, like the carbine we have that was used by Spotted Wolf, a Cheyenne) and for other .50 caliber arms such as the 1866, 1869 and 1870 models of the Springfield carbine and rifle, which were retired from Army service by the introduction of the .45-70 Springfield in 1873-74. I have one .50 case that has been purposely altered at the primer pocket end, to enable a hostile to re-prime the cartridge with a common percussion cap—the usual method. It was originally a civilian, Berdan-primed cartridge. We have also found many .44 copper rim-fire cases that would have fit either the Henry rifle or the 1866 Winchester rifle or carbine. Other dug up items include a .58 caliber mould for the Minie type bullet used in the Civil War muzzle-loaders (dug up at the site of an Indian village, Little Big Horn Valley), two percussion revolvers, and one 1873 Winchester .44-40 carbine."

Rickey did not mention finding any center-fire cartridge cases for the lone '73 Winchester uncovered, which would seem to dispose of the old tale that hundreds of braves were armed with this famous rifle in the Custer battle. Sitting Bull's own Winchester, surrendered to Major Brotherton at Fort Buford, July 19, 1881, was a Model 1866 carbine, .44 caliber rim-fire, serial number 124,375. This weapon is now in the Major Brotherton Collection at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C.

Crazy Horse, fiery young war leader of the Oglala Sioux, also carried a Model

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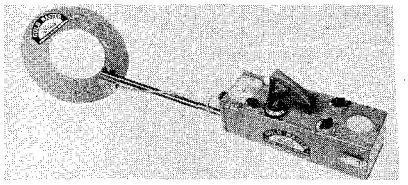

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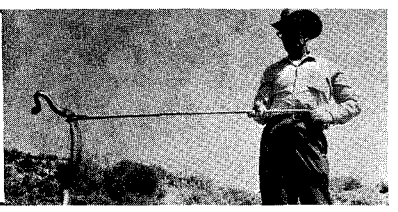

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1866 Winchester, as did a few of the other chiefs. Colored pictographs of the Custer battle drawn by Indian participants show lever action rifles with bronze or brass frames in the hands of some of the warriors. Clearly, these weapons were 1860 Henry rifles and 1866 Winchesters.

Vestal notes that "when the Army used Gatling guns and Hotchkiss cannon, as at Wounded Knee, the Indian wars came swiftly to an end."

Even before the brutal massacre of 300 Sioux men, women and children at Wounded Knee in December, 1890, the Apaches had discovered that the White Eyes' fast-shooting "wagon guns" were bad medicine and simply too deadly to resist.

Sam Bass Robbed My Train

(Continued from page 29)

prevented our getting more shots at them. They then opened a conversation with us asking whether we preferred to open the door and come out of the car or force them to cut the car off and pull it away from the train and set it on fire. They were determined to get us out and if necessary would shoot us as we jumped from the burning car, in order to get to the money. . . . We held a hurried consultation and agreed to get out and so notified them. They told us to open the side door, jump to the ground and line up, being very sure to leave all guns in the car. This we did, raising our arms as high as we could reach.

As soon as we were all out (six, including Engineer Barron), Bass called two of his party, placing them in front of us and instructing them to drop every one of us if anyone shot at him while he was searching the car. That part did not disturb us, for we knew there was no one in the car and we had no guns. But we were very much exercised at the way the two men in charge of us handled their ivory handled .45s. With one in each hand they continued to turn them over and over and over like wheels, cracking them and letting the hammers down every time they rolled over almost like keeping time. This was not a very soothing tune for those of us who were standing in front of them.

All of this time Bass was in the car looking for money and not finding very much. He turned his attention to small boxes and packages, throwing the boxes against the floor. I, in fun, told him to be more careful, that there might be eggs in some of the boxes. Just at that moment he broke one that contained one-half dozen goose eggs, then laughed saying, "Young fellow, you beat me to it. You have already been through this car and knew what was in that box." He finished searching the car overlooking $900 we had hidden under a switch rope in a small corner closet.

Bass got out of the car, came over to where we were standing and started searching us. When he reached me, he looked me over and said, "Why, you old bald-head! You haven't a cent—I robbed you just a week ago." What he overlooked was a months' pay which I had in my watch pocket. Then he looked at Uncle Billy Towers and said, "Old man, you are too old. I don't want your money." But he took all the money he could find from the pockets of the rest of our men.

After this they marched us 200 yards down on the prairie where they mounted their horses and told us to hurry or they would beat us into Dallas. Before leaving, Messenger Curley begged Bass to give him back the sawed-off shotgun he had taken from the car. It was an extra fine gun which had been lent to Curley by his father. This was also the gun the Pinkerton detective had during the fight, but never used while the rest of us used every shot we had. The gun was actually the property of Sam Finley, the Express Company agent at Texarkana.

We also insisted that the robbers return to us enough money to buy supper when we finished the run. Bass did give some of us fifty cents and some a dollar for that purpose as he was leaving—at the same time wishing us better luck next time.

WE then went back to the train, but there was no one in sight and not a sound to be heard. I boarded the front end of the second-class car and took a look through the glass part of the door, but could not see a soul. I opened the door, stepped inside and announced to them that it was all over and to get out from under the seats where they had hid during the fight. Passing through the coaches on my way to the sleeper, I saw a number of men grab a kid and pull out their old, long, red and black pocketbooks from up under the waistband of the kid's clothes. It was a good hiding place.

Among others I helped out from under their seats was one of our traveling passenger agents who I had heard remarking a few days before the robbery that he would like to see a gang hold up any train he was on. I asked him how he expected to see the performance from under the seat. I heard many men say the same thing in those days, but it takes a man who has been there to explain how easy it is. I finally got to the sleeper and there learned that our conductor was badly hurt. After doing what we could for him, he told me to take charge of the train and proceed to Dallas.

I don't remember now whether we had any communication with the marshal, before arriving in Dallas or not. Jake Zurn, who is now (1921) division passenger agent at Fort Worth could tell for he was station agent at Mesquite. I don't expect he has forgotten his experience that night—one of the robbers clubbed him with a six-shooter before he got to our car with the mail sack. I do remember though, that among other jokes told by the boys, one was that after Jake got up, he left the station and never showed up again until after sun-up the next morning. But that's up to Jake, if he reads this.

There were many funny things that happened that we didn't enjoy that night—but did afterwards, and do now when we think or speak of them.

Fireman Tom Mooney, by some means, passed by the robbers and walked out on the prairie south of us. When all was quiet and Bass was searching us, one of the robbers yelled, "Halt there!" We all looked; it was Mooney and he halted. When the usual command, "Hold up your hands," was given, they went up. The ground where he was standing was much higher than where we were and he being between us and the sky, he looked all of eleven feet tall. The robber ordered him to advance. He had only gone a few feet when he stepped in what was called a hog-wallow, found on most uncultivated prairie land. He quickly recovered his balance, rose up with hands still in the air, made his way to where we were and was put in line.

There was a convict train on a siding at Mesquite that night. The convicts were doing construction work for the T & P Railroad. Many of us never did under-

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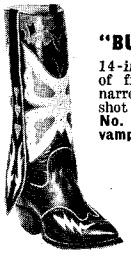

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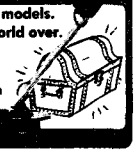

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stand why the guards did not come to our relief. . . . A few days ago I talked about the robbery to Captain Lynch of the Dallas Police Force, who was one of the guards on the convict train. He said that it was all they could do to hold the convicts in the cars that night. It was several days before they got them back in line. If I remember correctly, inside of ten days after the robbery, three or four convicts were shot in order to break up a mutiny arising from our fight.

ON ARRIVING in Dallas, Conductor Alvord was taken to a doctor's office in some hotel. His wound, which proved to be a serious one, was attended to. He virtually lost the use of his arm, but it was not taken off. After several months, Alvord was back in service and ran passenger and freight trains for a number of years.

When we left Dallas that night it seemed that the entire population had learned of the holdup, and excitement was at its best. All detectives and other officers were starting to search the surrounding countryside for Sam Bass and his gang of train robbers, who had completed the circuit of robberies, north, south, east west of the city and, you might say, all four within earshot. The city was full of men who were using every means to locate the robbers, but the officers did not keep nearly as good a watch of Bass as he did of them. Consequently no arrests were made even though the reward, by this time, exceeded $5,000.

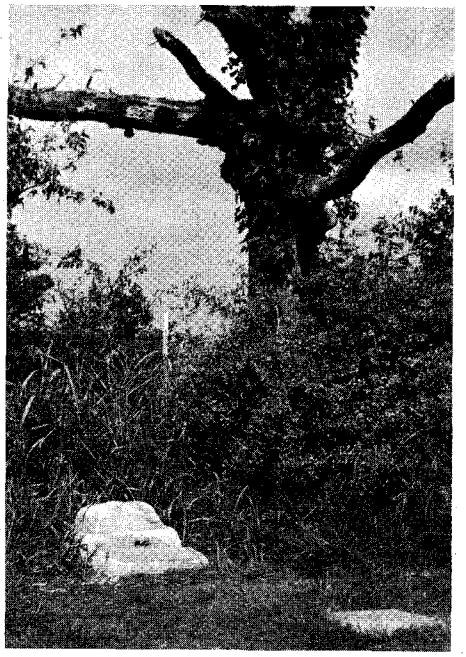
This caused many men to make an effort to catch one or more of them and secure the big reward, but there was never but two of them taken alive—Pipes and Herndon. Pipes was shot in the hip or side by some of our party at Mesquite. Several days later he was forced to call a doctor. After a day or so, Dr. Johnson became suspicious and informed the officers. They went out to Pipes' house and arrested him and Herndon. I have forgotten the grounds upon which they arrested the latter, but he proved to be one of the gang and was convicted with Pipes in an Austin court.

It was reported, the day after the robbery at Mesquite, that there were fourteen men in the gang. We saw only nine. The robbers did a very neat job but failed to find the money secreted in the corner locker and I think they missed $600 the Pinkerton detective had shoved into his boot-leg. Uncle Billy Towers left two or three registered letters on the distribution table; he had hidden the rest under some tie sacks in his car. Bass failed to find these.

A day or two after this second robbery I was sent to Dallas to see if I could recognize some of the gang on the streets. The officers were of the opinion that several of Bass' men lived in Dallas or were on the streets every day to keep track of what was being done to locate them, as well as to get information on shipments of money in and out of Dallas. But as I told them, there was only one man I could absolutely identify and that was Sam Bass, himself. For, although this happened forty-three years ago, I believe I would recognize him today. I may have forgotten some people of that day, but never Sam Bass.

I remained in Dallas for a few days and then Bill Bell, passenger conductor; Amos Beal, yard master in Dallas for the T & P; and I were deputized. We rode the engine of all-night trains for thirty or forty days, but didn't have the pleasure of meeting Bass or any other robbers.

Now if this story comes under the eye of any old-timer with a memory better than mine, he is welcome to fill in details that I have left out of this story. Forty-three years, half of my life, is a long time to remember all the points.



The grave of Sam Bass at Round Rock, Texas.

Editor's Note: Mr. Caperton wrote his story of Sam Bass in 1921 after he had become a semi-invalid. He sat in a chair using a lap board and the original manuscript was written in pencil on both sides of twenty-five sheets of old Texas and Pacific Railroad stationery. This account has never before been published.

The Intelligent Stupidity of the Burro

(Continued from page 27)

speed, sneaked up on a burro grazing placidly at the edge of a wide clearing. The cowboy got all set and charged with his horse lined out at a dead run. He was almost on top of the burro, ready to cast his rope, when the burro looked up and saw him.

From a flat-footed, standing start the burro took off at what must have been full speed from the first jump. Though the horse had a good 200 yards of flat, open running in which to give the cowboy a throw, after the burro got underway the horse didn't stand a chance. I was watching very carefully and it seemed to me the burro's belly was so close to the ground it was touching gravel as he whizzed along.

I've never seen a madder cowboy and I'm positive the safety and well-being of that good cowhorse depended completely on the fact there wasn't a gun in the crowd at the time. It was, indeed, a hard thing to accept. Knowing both mount and rider as I did, I would never have believed it, had I not seen it happen.

Yes, he is a rugged, independent individualist—the burro—donkey—jackass—or whatever you choose to call him. His blatant, discordant yaw-eee-aw-eee-aw can still be heard from lonely mountains and valleys of the West. Ornery and perverse as he may be, the indelible slash he made in western lore as the irreplacable conveyance and companion of the prospector can never be erased.

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Daughter of Courage

(Continued from page 26)

a strip of dried meat, a drink of snow water, and went on. There was no noon meal.

THE GLARE of the sun on the snow and constant straining for landmarks was hard on Marie's eyes. They pained and swelled almost shut; she could see only a short distance. One day Baptiste called her attention to tracks in the snow. When Marie knelt down to examine them, she discovered they were their own. They had walked in a circle. She straightened up, got her bearings again and went on, but by nightfall she was blind. She explained to the children that they could travel no more until the blindness passed. Baptiste helped make a shelter in the brush, and Marie lay in it most of the next three days with her eyes covered. The boys stayed beside her—they took less food when they were quiet.

On the morning of the fourth day when Paul moaned with the pangs of hunger, she uncovered her face and found she could see him. She saw something else too. A half circle of wolves were sitting on their haunches waiting. For the first time fear got the upper hand. Marie screamed, again and again. The frightened children added their screams to hers. The noise may have startled the wolves for they did not attack, and after a fire was built, the animals slunk away into the timber.

That night they camped where the baby had died. The snow was nearly gone but so, also, was their meat. Measuring carefully, Marie estimated there was enough for four days. Surely they would then be with friends. But after the four days of little meat, there were two with no meat at all.

Little Paul gave out first and fell. Marie tried to carry him but her magnificent strength failed at last. The best she could do was to steady him and push him ahead of her a few steps at a time. It was then she saw the smoke from an Indian village across the sagebrush slopes in the valley. It brought a gleam of hope though it was far away and the children were exhausted.

Finding a spot partly sheltered by rocks, Marie wrapped the boys in the robe and skins and told them to stay there until help came. Then as she walked on toward the camp, she broke off bits of sage, turned over stones and scraped the earth to leave a trail, for the snow was now gone. Though unencumbered by pack or children, darkness and weakness overcame her and she dropped down on the ground and slept without any protection whatever. At the first sign of morning, however, she was up and moving on.

At midday, a Walla Walla woman saw the tragic figure coming slowly over the trail and ran to welcome her. Marie Dorion had reached the Columbia and with enough strength left to tell about her children.

That evening she again wrapped the buffalo robe about her little ones but now they were well fed and comforted and in the shelter of a good teepee. For two weeks the little family did nothing but eat and rest; then one morning word came to camp that white men were coming up the river in canoes. With the others, Marie and her children ran down to the water but the boats had already passed. Marie seized a canoe and started after them.

"Call to them," she cried to Baptiste, for he could speak the white man's language better than she.

"Arretez donc!" he shouted. "Arretez donc!"

The boatmen heard and pulled into shore. They were a party of Astorians sent out to bring in the Reed party. To them Marie and Baptiste told the tragic story.

The Dorions lived with the kind people of the Upper Columbia for several years and Marie eventually married a man named Venier by whom she had a daughter. After her husband disappeared without leaving a trace, Marie married, according to Indian custom, the well-known John Taupin.

Many years later Taupin brought his wife to Father Blanchet to be married in the church. "We couldn't be married before," he explained, "because there was no one to marry us."

Father Blanchet "legitimatized" the Taupins' son and daughter, baptized Marie giving her the name of "Marie Aoie" (Iowa), and performed the nuptials. By then the Dorion boys were grown men. Baptiste was married and living in Oregon. Paul had drifted away with some roving Indians and his mother did not know where he was.

Marie Dorion Taupin died in the Willamette Valley near Salem, Oregon, in 1853, a woman whose strength and courage has been seldom equaled.

Axle Grease

(Continued from page 43)

That was strong language for Papa. I followed his strained look in the gathering darkness and saw that the bowl-like depression we were in was entirely ringed with longhorn steers.

The Texas longhorns would lower their heads and bellow, paw the ground, bellow again, then take a step closer to the wagon, their great heads with an awesome spread of sharp, long horns tossing from side to side so that the tips clashed in the darkness.

Closer and closer they came. Papa put buckshot in both barrels of "Ole Betsy," the double-barreled shotgun he always carried and he said in a very low voice, "Crawl under the seat and get under the quilt, and go to sleep."

It was black by now and the bright, clear stars were coming out. I wrapped up in the quilt shivering with cold and fear, but instead of going to sleep I raised the canvas cover and peeked out to watch the cattle.

It was an experience never to be forgotten. The herd was growing larger and noisier by the moment and there was much pawing of the dry earth as the steers step by slow step came nearer and nearer the wagon.

Papa had his foot set firmly on the brakes and the lines were wrapped around his hands; he talked soothingly to the horses which were trembling and shivering with fear.

"Steady, steady, boys," Papa would say each time the horses quivered. "Whoa, steady, boys," he said. "It's all right."

On and on he talked in his firm soothing voice, and there in the bowl of the starlit, winter prairie, ringed in by the most deadly killers of that time, I sucked on a stick of peppermint candy and went to sleep.

When I woke up Papa was lifting me out of the wagon and we were home. I heard Papa tell Mama, "Three hours they had us ringed in! If the horses had bolted there'd have been only the iron part of the wagon left."

Papa never ran out of axle grease again.

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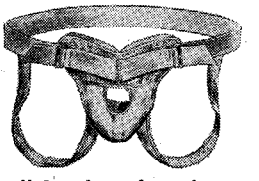

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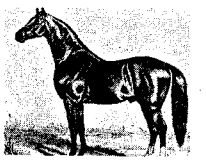

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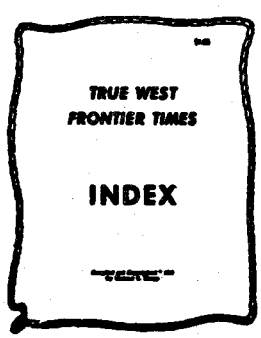

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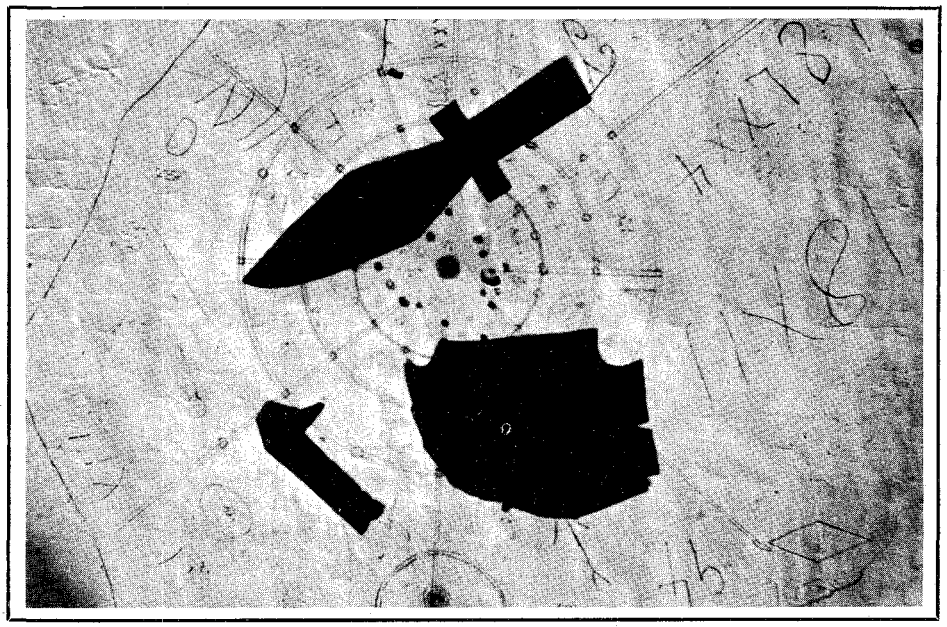

These three treasure clues made of copper were found atop the "Spider Rock" which was dug up in 1908. One is a knife, but the identity of the other two has never been determined.

Mystery of the Spider Rock

(Continued from page 22)

dogs howled and whined, but their owners were afraid to go into the hole which had already partially collapsed. Numerous people have tried to re-open the old mine, and some dug into it a number of feet back, but the end of the old tunnel was never found.

ABOUT six miles north and three or more east of Rule, Dock found three other valuable signs to the Spider Rock. These signs were two plat rocks, an eye rock, an Indian arrowhead and a niccolite bar of metal. Under the metal bar was a plat rock with markings of 14, 19, an X, cross, two arrows and Os with dots in the center. Under the rock map was an arrowhead.

Then about 100 feet northwest of the first rock map Dock found another one bearing the marks II8, XXX, another X, an arrow and dots.

Southeast of the first plat rock, Dock found the "Eye Rock." This was a human eye carved into rock looking straight at the smelter across the forks on the west side of the Salt Fork, near the junction.

Several miles northwest of the two plat rocks and west of Jud, Dock discovered another map rock. On this rock are Roman numerals, a pot with legs, three 4s, a box, and a long arrow making the shape of a diamond. Several years ago, Dock found a rock wedged in the forks of a mesquite tree only a few feet from the plat rock. It has since died and fallen down. Not far from here, the cedar brakes treasure hunter found an arrowhead hammered out of a gold coin.

"I figured the pot sign meant that a pot of money was right under that flat rock," Dock says. "I was going over there that weekend to check it out and I'll be doggoned if the owner of that property didn't put some Mexicans in there to grub out mesquites. The Mexicans turned over the rock and dug the pot up. I saw the imprints!

"But they didn't get all the treasure," Dock knows. "The numerals stood for twenty-six steps northeast of the marked rock. It was here that a no-good polecat named Reid and I dug up a silver figurine in 1938. We dug under a rock with a square hole cut through it.

"The legs of the figurine were spread apart and on the back were drawn the forks of the rivers which meant something," Dock notes. "It also showed two trees on the south side of each river above the forks.

"We found another square hole rock near there which had come out of the plowed field next to this, but we didn't know exactly where, so we never dug for that one.

"Reid and I also found another silver statuette about a mile north of the first. Each statuette was about six or eight inches long. The second one's legs didn't spread apart.

"We also found a silver V and two silver arrows. One arrow was six inches long and the other eight inches. One arrow forked at the back; the other one didn't.

"We found two silver crosses worn for collar pins," Dock says. "They and the silver V and some chunks of gold were all in a can. The collar crosses still had a button type affair on the back. We also found a muzzle-loader rifle ball.

"We found two chunks of silver which were put in a hollow mesquite. Reid only found one at first, but I later went back and found the other one after the tree had been cut down.

"That dirty Reid," Dock sneered, "got away with everything we found, everything but the one small chunk of silver I later picked up."

Another treasure sign Dock found is a "lead star" he discovered in the riverbed about one-half mile below the forks. Apparently the star had been nailed to a tree for it bears that type of imprint. "The tree had probably rotted down and fallen into the river," Dock believes.

The third smelter site which the "eye rock" had looked to, near the junction of the forks, holds the most slag—still containing copper and lead.

Dock says the Spaniards built the smelter on the east side of the hill and on the west side of the Salt Fork for the purpose of dumping the green speckled slag into the river so no one could find it. He disclosed he once dug under the smelter and found an old rusted

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shovel and the iron part of a hub to a Mexican cartwheel.

"One man once came in here and told me if he could find the smelter, he could find a large sum of gold in just a few minutes," Dock explained. "At the time I didn't know where this smelter was, but several weks afterward, I found it. There is supposed to be a tunnel mine right across from it, but there are no signs of it today."

Dock Henderson is a man who can say that he has found some of the Spider Rock Spanish treasure. If there ever was a man who has prowled and explored this country for forty years until he knows every foot of it, it's certainly Dock. If there's anyone truly entitled to the Spider Rock gold, if and when it's found, it would surely be Dock Henderson.

Panamint

(Continued from page 41)

All this did not suit the "Big Four" directors of the Southern Pacific—Stanford, Crocker, Huntington and Hopkins. They had their eyes on the Panamint traffic, and were miffed when Jones carefully avoided a connection with their Southern California rails. Worse still would be any link-up which would introduce a competing transcontinental line into California. To the Big Four, such a challenge meant action.

The strategic spot in Jones' master plan was Cajon Pass, where a Los Angeles and Independence survey party had already made preliminary explorations. On January 7, 1875, a band of Southern Pacific men rode into the Cajon to drive their stakes and take possession. But the L. A. & I. had an alert construction engineer—young Joseph U. Crawford. Getting wind of the S. P. move, he took his own crew and headed for the pass the same day. Somewhere along the sandy bottom of Cajon Creek they passed the rival S. P. gang. Knowing the ground from his previous reconnaissance, Crawford rode straight for Toll-gate Canyon—the one spot too narrow for more than one railroad. His men were driving stakes and running lines when the Southern Pacific men arrived. Jones' railroad had won the first round.

Then Huntington of the Southern Pacific tried to stop the upstart railroad with an act of Congress. On January 8, a bill was introduced to give the S. P. an exclusive right-of-way through Cajon Pass, but the Los Angeles people heard of it and deluged Congress with such outraged protest that it dropped the scheme. Huntington soon had to calm his alarmed partners.

"I do not think they will hurt us much," he wrote. "I will ventilate their safe harbor."

Jones had only begun to fight. By April he had started work on his railroad from Santa Monica Bay to Panamint Valley. In July he founded the town of Santa Monica with a grand auction sale of lots. By December the L. A. & I. rails had reached from the bay fourteen miles to Los Angeles. And in Cajon Pass his men were digging a tunnel which would give access to the Mojave Desert—and Panamint.

Then things began to happen which deflated Jones' dream. A financial panic swept California and took with it the leading Los Angeles bank, thus hurting stock sales for the L. A. & I. In the accompanying crash of Comstock mining securities, Jones was badly crippled. Then some of the most promising Panamint mines started running out of ore. In the

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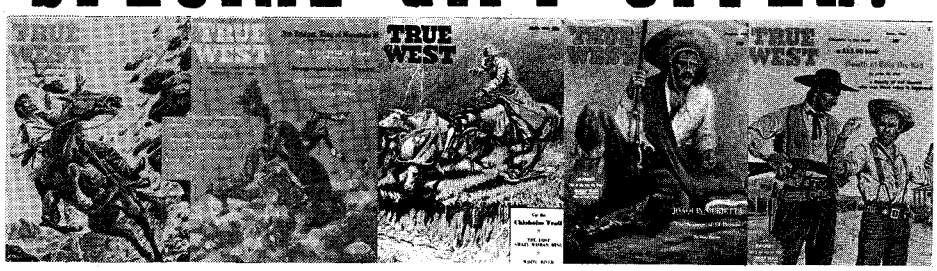

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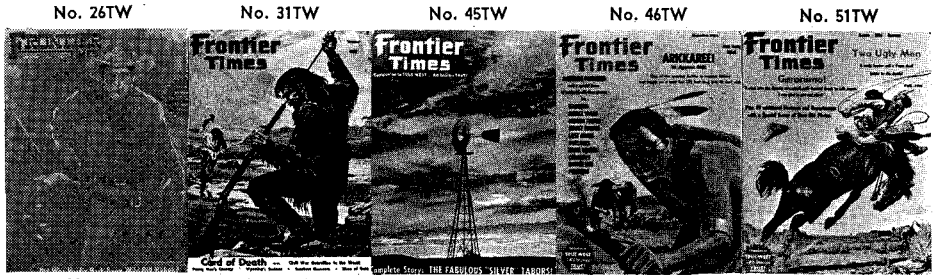

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spring of 1876 Jones and Stewart shut down their mill while their miners explored for more raw material. The Panamint venture had suddenly stalled.

Out of Surprise Canyon now trudged a disconsolate horde—miners, stock promoters, merchants with their goods, even the *Panamint News* editor with his hand press and type cases. Nights in Panamint's roaring saloons suddenly went still. Town lots that had sold as high as $1,000 could not be given away. By May, 1877, the last company mines were closed and Panamint was a dead camp.

Most of the boys didn't have far to go. Across Panamint Valley and beyond the Argus Range was Darwin, a new silver camp a few miles south of Owens Lake. Discovered in October of '74, its rise was more meteoric than Panamint's. In less than three months the Panamint stage route had been moved to take in the new town, and in ten months Darwin was shipping bullion. With most of her population coming from Panamint, Darwin's nights were never dull. Through 1876 her stages suffered one robbery after another, while her last bright days in 1878 were climaxed with a labor dispute which turned into a general shooting match by all hands.

The Panamint country was to produce still more mining excitements. Beginning in 1877 the new camp of Lookout flourished in the Argus Range. Situated south of Darwin, it was connected by a pack trail over the crest of the mountains with its chief supporting mines, the Minnietta and Modoc (the latter owned by Senator George Hearst, father of publisher William Randolph Hearst). Today's tourists find a remnant of this silver boom in the rock charcoal kilns of Wildrose Canyon in the Panamints, whose product was hauled by mule team across Panamint Valley for the smelters of the Modoc and Minnietta.

Then in the early '90s gold was struck in the canyons south of old Panamint, and the town of Ballarat was born in the floor of the valley. Named for the famed Australian gold center, this camp served for several decades as a hell-roaring oasis for Mojave Desert prospectors.

Today the Panamint country is more accessible than ever. Taking the main road to Death Valley past Trona, the traveler crosses the Slate Range, and by way of a short side road, reaches the adobe walls of Ballarat. From here he can drive—by dirt road, of course—up the great alluvial fan at the mouth of Surprise Canyon, and if conditions are favorable, get several miles closer to Panamint City without walking.

Though cloudbursts have left little of the Panamint that was, the camp still displays several stone walls and frame houses, the brick stamp mill and a bucket tramway which furnished it with ore from a leading mine. But the reckless miners who once inhabited these hillsides are replaced by jackrabbits and ground squirrels. And the shouts of revelry that used to burst from saloon doors now find echo only in the rustle of wind through the sagebrush on Main Street.

The Treasure Chest

(Continued from page 40)

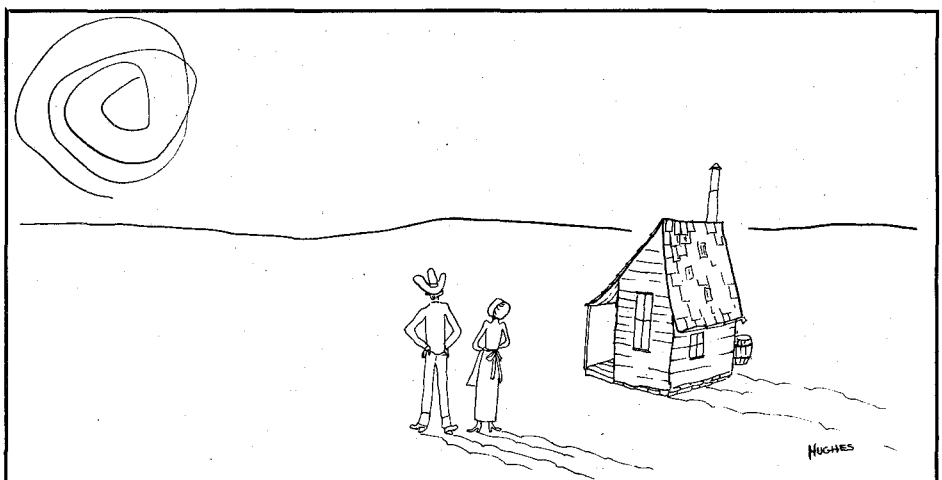
Answer: Most all the electronics trade magazines run these quite often. You should be able to get information by writing to almost any of them.

Question: Please tell me where I can get maps of locations of ghost towns in California and other western states.—L. G., Los Angeles, California.
Answer: Most state historical societies have records of the old towns; book sellers are a good source, too.

Question: What happened to the gold paid for the Louisiana Purchase in 1803? Is there a metal detector available that will detect gold at eighty-five feet? Does the Government tax you for the amount you find?—J. B., Las Vegas, Nevada.
Answer: According to *Narrative and Critical History of America* published in 1888, Book VIII, Page 547, "Marboise, who had the confidence of Bonaparte, had been in the diplomatic service in America, and was now at the head of the French treasury. He was put forward to negotiate the sale, and he gives us reports of his interviews with the first consul. The price was 60,000,000 francs, and the satisfying of the French spoliation claims, estimated at $3,750,000, was agreed upon. The treaty (April 3, 1803) was ratified by Bonaparte in May. 1803, and by the U.S. Senate in the following October." Also on page 273. same volume, "The acquisition of Louisiana, the rapid payment of the debt . . ." We find that gold was sorely needed by France and the "rapid payment of the debt" but nowhere can we find any indication that it was not paid or delivered.

About detectors—we have never heard of any detector that claimed that depth.

Yes, you must pay the tax on any income, gold or otherwise.



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By Ethel A. Roesch

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LUMBRE! by George P. Gray. You may not speak the language . . . but when in Rome, do as the Romans do. This story of a greenhorn in a copper mine brings this lesson home with an explosive force.

KING OF THE BANK ROBBERS by Carl Breihan. Henry Starr boasted of robbing more banks than any other man in the country. Too bad he didn't quit while he was ahead!

IRON DOOR TREASURE by Justin Sturm. Mission Indians knew the place . . . but they had been told that seeking the cave would "cost their souls" . . . white men were willing to take the chance.

QUEEN OF THE COWTOWNS by Gary L. Roberts. An Irish colleen left the misty fields of the Emerald Isle for the dusty streets of Ellsworth, Abilene and Dodge City . . . and her new-world friends included Hickok, Masterson, Earp and Tilghman.

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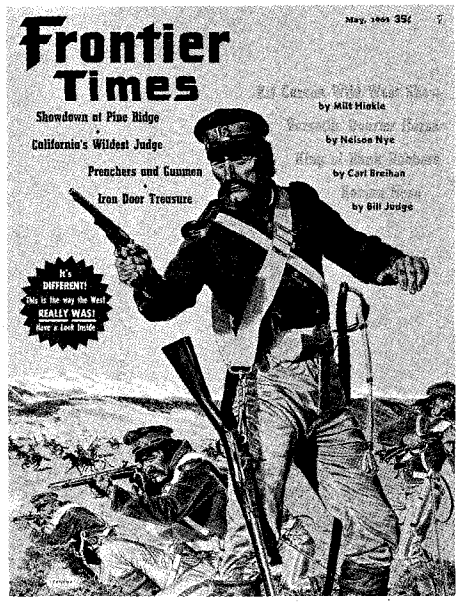

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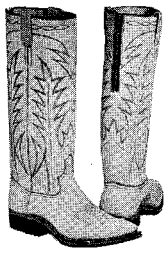

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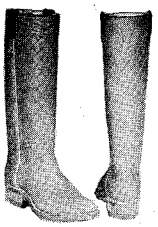

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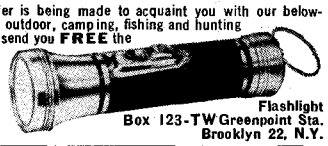

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

END OF THE OPEN PLAINS

Cattle Raising on the Plains 1900-1961 (University of Nebraska Press, $6) by John T. Schlebecker, a scholarly history of a popular subject, can easily be the cattle book of the year. After a brief introductory chapter on early range cattle development in the United States, the book presents an introspective chronology of the shift from open range methods to fenced "ranch farms" and subsequent progress in technology that has distinguished the Great Plains as a prime cattle-growing area.

This history is the product of enormous research and a lengthy bibliography appears at the back of the book. The author describes the Great Plains climate which was sometimes mild but too often was so fiercely cold that the first emigrants wouldn't live there. This was the last of the American frontiers to be settled. The plow-up during World Wars I and II, the demoralizing effects of drought and depression in the 1930s, the government cattle-buying program, dust storms, erosion, conservation, regrassing, hoof and mouth disease, and new technologies in breeding, feeding, transportation and marketing are given superb treatment.

The part played by ranchers and livestock organizations makes an interesting part of the book which ends as follows: "Cattlemen have always seen themselves as fiercely independent, neither seeking nor receiving help from the government. Yet the slightest glance at the record reveals countless efforts by cattlemen to get governmental assistance. They continually sought help, and they often got it. This is true, neither good nor bad, but just true."

COW COUNTRY CLASSICS

Gauchos of the Pampas and Their Horses (Westholm Publications, Box 82, Hanover, New Hampshire, $5) is a collector's item in all respects. There are four stories—two by W. H. Hudson and two by R. B. Cunninghame Graham—selected by J. Frank Dobie who has written a beautiful and informative foreword for them. This reviewer discovered Graham before Hudson but somehow in recent years the Hudson collection continued to grow while only an occasional Graham item was added. Instinct has now become knowledge, thanks to Dobie, but his words you must read for yourself. Do not delay your order if you want to read them—only 400 copies were printed at The Prairie Press in Iowa City, Iowa. The book was designed by Carroll Coleman and printed from hand-set type on mould-made rag paper imported from Holland. Even the acknowledgments by publisher Herbert Faulkner West sparkle.

KNAVISH KICKAPOOS

A. M. Gibson, author of *The Kickapoos* (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.95) has clarified the confusing history of this rebellious tribe, which for over three hundred years badgered white settlers from Lake Erie to the Mexican border between Sonora and Matamoros. A fiercely independent group, Kickapoos blackmailed tribute, as payment for a tepid alliance at various times, from the governments of France, England, Spain, U. S. and Mexico. These intractable warriors fought valorously against the invading whites as they slowly retreated southwestward during three centuries. Prior to 1873 they raided Texas ranches and towns as hired agents of the Mexican Republic.

Some of the more peaceful and imaginative Kickapoos became prosperous southwestern tradesmen and served as intermediaries between Comanche and Kiowa raiders and the U. S. Government. They kept up a lucrative trade in stolen goods, horses, mules and cattle. Their greatest profit came from white captives, bought at low prices from Comanches and Kiowas and sold at high prices to the U. S. Government.

After 1873, Kickapoos were forced onto a reservation in Indian Territory where they were victimized by swindlers, whiskey peddlers and politicians. In 1908 the Government made reparations for many misdeeds suffered by this tribe and from then on conditions for them improved.

This excellent book has two illustrations by artist Catlin and a frontispiece by Nick Eggenhofer.

PIONEER LIFE

Nebraska can proudly add Nellie Snyder Yost to her galaxy of literary women. Her latest book, her mother's biography, *No Time On My Hands*, (Caxton, Ltd., $8.95) brings together history and literature in an admirable combination.

Many readers balk at tackling a 500-page book but once you start on the foreword of this one, the dynamic regional history captivates and holds interest throughout. The author captures the mood and action of pioneer Nebraska life, emphasizing the hardships and sacrifices, shocking to modern air-conditioned citizens, which homesteaders took in stride. The frugal life of a clubby family is presented without the soupy sentiment often produced when authors write about mothers and family.

Grace Snyder, the central subject, a first generation Nebraskan, saw her father plow the tough bluestem grass, lay up their sod house, build barns and corrals and belatedly bring in a cherished well near the house. Her girlish dreams of marrying a cowboy, making beautiful quilts and looking down on a cloud all came true.

We wish the book had an index but

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there are many nice illustrations of pioneer scenes never before published. Highly recommended.

Tales from the Brush Country (Naylor $5.95) contains seven stories—three old and four new. The new stories are by Bunyan Blackwell who also contributed the preface. The three old stories are classics—J. Frank Dobie's "Sancho and Other Returners" (from *The Longhorns)*; O. Henry's "Hearts and Crosses" and John C. Duval's "The Wayworn Wanderer of the Western Wilds" (from *The Adventures of Big Foot Wallace)*. Three of the four stories of more recent days in the brush country are well told but the author slipped a little in "No Road Out" or else little seven-year-old Valie Chavez had a mighty unusual vocabulary. You will like these stories.

SANTA FE TRAIL

Pioneer American trails, being the only means of handling freight and passenger travel, played in important part in the extension, defense and development of the country. The Santa Fe Trail was one of the big-time trails of that era.

Collectors of western Americana will want a copy of Kenyon Riddle's revised and enlarged edition of *Records and Maps of the Old Santa Fe Trail* ($6) which was edited by John Riddle and Nancy Riddle Madden. The book is available at 1311 Willow Road, West Palm Beach, Florida.

Riddle describes the Santa Fe Trail, and emphasizes its importance in western growth and development. On-site descriptions of the trail and stations are taken from diaries of military men, writers and others who traveled this rutted road into the Southwest. There are several old photographs of early trail scenes and eight especially good maps provide clean details of strategic locations along the Santa Fe Trail.

SEEN IN THE SOUTHWEST

Sketches in the Southwest and Mexico, 1858-1877 (Dawson's Book Shop, $12.50) reproduces twenty-five drawings made by fiddle-footed William Hayes Hilton. Clarey S. Bliss provides an illuminating biographical sketch of Hilton who was soldier, miner, cattle drover, stock broker and rancher plus being a self-taught amateur artist. The twenty-five illustrations are samplings from the Hilton collection in the Huntington Library and Bliss provides an appropriate note to introduce each drawing. Many of the scenes have been described by travelers and historians and it is good to have the words and pictures together for the first time. This attractive little book was designed and printed by the Marks at The Plantin Press. It is a gem.

ROCKHOUND BIBLE

A Guide for Rockhounds and Prospectors (The Tombstone Nugget Publishing Co., $2) by George Gibbons Hayes is loaded with information. The glossary is the most important feature of the book—it was prepared for the tyro by an expert. Hayes, known as "The Old Rockhound of the Rockies," also provides some valuable tips on the trade and tells how to avoid much of the cost of professional assaying. If you are going rockhounding and still enjoy an amateur rating, this book is for you.

DANGEROUS GAME!

The Western Sport of Rattlesnake Hunting (Privately printed by the author, Box M, Ottawa, Kansas, $2) is by Joseph B. Mickey who also provided the photos for this interesting account of a dangerous game. It includes the story of the annual Waynoka, Oklahoma hunts. The ranchers along the south bank of the Cimarron have sponsored organized hunts for eighteen years and they have learned a lot about the diamondbacks. They have passed much of the lore along to author-photographer Mickey. If you are going to be in rattler country, this book is a must for you—fact-loaded and profusely illustrated.

MAN-MADE FLOOD

Charles F. Outland's *Man-Made Disaster, the Story of St. Francis Dam* (The Arthur H. Clark Company, $9.50) provides a full description of the hellish flood that destroyed farms and villages in California's Santa Clara Valley March 12, 1928. Constructed on an ancient fault, the two-year-old St. Francis Dam broke at midnight releasing a liquid avalanche that boomed down upon sleeping farmers and villagers destroying property and drowning people and animals as it gutted the fertile valley. Over 400 people lost their lives, a few miraculously escaped drowning by clinging to trees or by floating to land on roof tops that served fortuitously as rafts.

In Castaic Junction, Fillmore, and Santa Paula, crops, citrus groves, roads, telephone and power lines, bridges, schools and homes were destroyed in five hours of terror and darkness. Engineering errors were blamed for the dam's faulty construction. A unique accomplishment, the City of Los Angeles settled three thousand damage claims with only one claim suit being filed in court.

Outland's book is amply supplemented with documentary verifications, seventy illustrations, maps, bibliography, appendices and index.

KING BIB

Charles King, American Army Novelist (Hope Farm Press, Cornwallville, New York, $3) is a bibliography compiled from the collection of the National Library of Australia, Canberra, by C. E. Dornbusch. The novels of Charles King have been eagerly sought by Western Americana collectors in recent years. Don Russell, long-time student of King's writings, in his illuminating "Foreword" explains it quite simply, "In everything he (King) wrote he added information about the Old Army of a day when it was very small, but very important." King graduated from West Point in 1866 and from 1870 on participated in campaigns against the Apaches and the Sioux as an officer of the Indian Fighting Army until forced to accept disability retirement as the result of a wound received at Sunset Pass. King wrote from experience and the Indian war buffs are wisely supplementing their collections with his books. This check list will be a valuable guide to these fans since the number of publishers involved with the various editions of King's books have tangled the bibliographic trails.

OUTLAW CLASSIC

The Banditti of the Prairies (University of Oklahoma Press, $2) by Edward Bonney is Volume No. 23 in The Western Frontier Library. It is a reprint of a book that is very rare indeed in the first printing—so far as is known the only copy of the first ever offered at auction brought $1,350 in the Peter Decker sale at Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York on November 19, 1963. Bonney was a bounty hunter and worked closely with the peace officers of Illinois and Iowa in breaking

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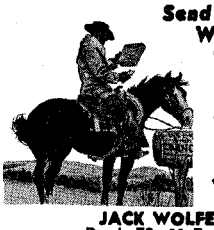
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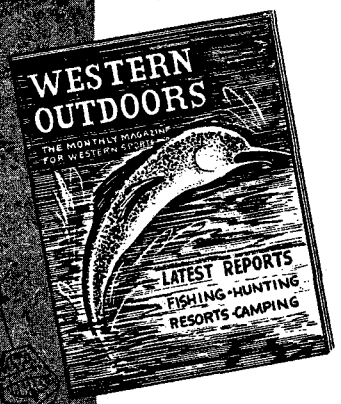

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up the banditti who headquartered in Nauvoo and nearby when this area was a Mormon stronghold.

Bonney was certainly anti-Mormon but he was diligent in his efforts to run down all wrong-doers. There is much dialogue in this book that is suspect and this has led some bibliographers to class it as fiction. Dr. Philip D. Jordan of the history faculty at the University of Minnesota wrote the introduction. After checking the court records and contemporary newspaper stories, he states that Bonney's account is accurate in every major detail. It is good outlaw history of a particularly trying period on the Illinois-Iowa border. While Bonney's book was reprinted several times before 1900, this seems to be the first issue in well over half a century. It is a worthy addition to a fine series.

The Apaches Run Cattle

(Continued from page 33)

Ted bought 2,000 grade heifers from various ranchers in the area. He selected them very carefully. From W. W. Cox of the Organs, he bought bulls, four to one hundred cows. He branded and turned them loose at Elk Canyon.

Daklugie had not exaggerated the quality of the grama grass of the reservation. In 1914 the first roundup was held and the first calf crop branded. Sutherland's friends on nearby ranches volunteered to help with the work without recompense. Bernard Cleve came from Elk; El Chandler, rep for the Tanneyhills of the Spurs was there; Carl Paxton, now Chief of Police at Alamogordo came; and El Ward, son of S. S. Ward who owned the Flying H, made famous by the Englishman, Tunstall, assisted. Ed Morgan drove the chuckwagon. Ted had also a cook, an Indian called Juanito.

There were expert Mescalero cowboys on the works—Ramon Chico, son of Chief Roman Grande; Clyde Blake, Andrew Mosquien, Miguel Little, John Bigrope, and Everitt Smith. Each had ten or twelve mounts which had been roped out of the wild herd and trained.

BEFORE they started to the Number One Camp (there are seven), they were joined by Asa Daklugie. He had only one horse, and that a poor one, but he had been in charge of the herd at Fort Sill, and was expert with cattle. He asked no recompense.

Soon after the chuckwagon pulled out from the Agency a Model T rattled up with a load of Government inspectors.

They held up the departure until a wagonload of goats could be procured and added to the train. They informed Ted Sutherland that no beeves could be killed for food—that he and his men were to eat goat. Goat! To cowboys accustomed to butchering a beef every day—more if needed—this was a solar plexus blow. In view of the fact that his friends were working without pay except for food it seemed to Mr. Sutherland that they should be well fed—but he offered no opposition.

He said, "We camped in that flat at the Number One near Pajarito Spring. The old Ford gave up the race at White Tail but we just didn't know it. Before daylight next morning horses were pitching all over the place. Asa's mount stepped in a prairie dog hole and fell with him. I lent him one of mine. We began roping and branding the calves and tallying the mother cows. We put the USID (United States Indian Department) on them, and the Bow and Arrow of the

Mrs. Ted Sutherland, daughter of Mescalero Apache agent, Alfred Carroll. She wears a costume made by an Apache woman.

reservation; we castrated the males; and we threw those we'd worked back of us so we wouldn't be encumbered with them again.

"I knew no cowhand would work on goat meat, so we saved the mountain oysters. They're the choice part of the beef, anyway. About ten o'clock, when we'd been at work six hours, the inspectors showed up on the plain below. They couldn't drive the Ford through the brush and arroyos. And they couldn't ride the horses—I'd left some for them—so there they sat with the wagonload of goats. At noon we feasted on fried oysters, ranch-style beans, sourdough biscuit, and coffee. What the inspectors ate I don't know—didn't miss any goats when we got back five days later. We didn't have time to bother about them; and they never got in sight of us.

"There had been plenty of rain and the grass was good. I never saw better calves. From those 2,000 heifers we got 1,984 calves! I never saw such a calf crop before or since. It's possible that some of them were twins, though that's rare in cattle.

"And there really were not 2,000 three-year-old heifers, for we found the remains of two. One had been killed by lobos, and the other hanged herself on the fork of an oak. Stuck her head through and couldn't get it out. The skeleton was still hanging.

"I'd wondered why Daklugie came along. We weren't paying him. He told me frankly he had no faith in the honesty of white men, and wanted to know how many of the cattle I'd stolen. From that time on I had no better friend."

This prodigious task was performed in five days and ever since, the Mescalero Reservation has had cattle. Each October and November sales are held at the Number One Camp.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

it is remarkable how those intelligent animals had managed to break down a large section of barbed wire fence and crowd closely together in that cut to avoid the bitter wind from the north! But there they were, and cattle in such cir-

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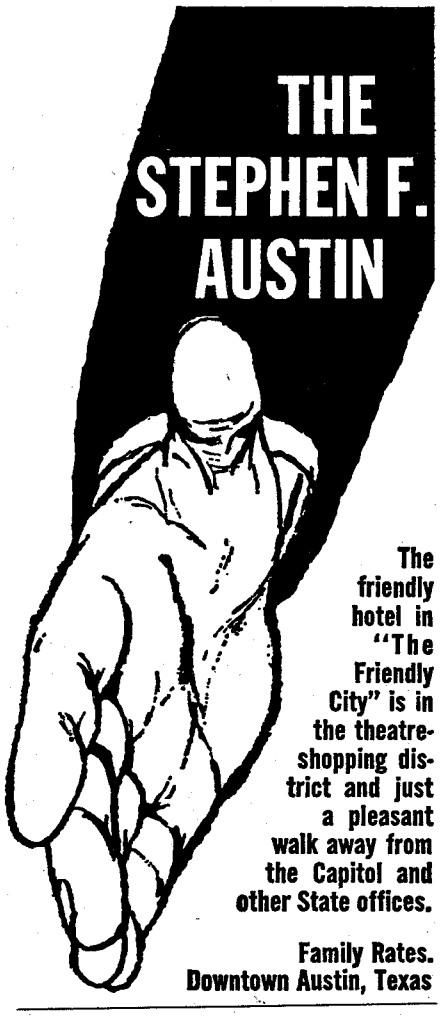

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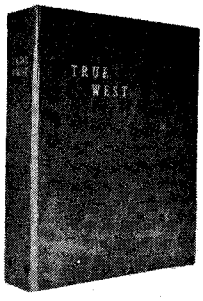

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cumstances create a serious hazard. Not quite as bad as sheep which are more likely to get under the locomotive cowcatcher and become entangled in the pony truck causing a derailment, but they are bad enough. However, nothing serious happened except that many of the cattle were killed or so seriously injured that they had to be put out of their misery. And those cattle all had the Lazy S brand!

It was surprising, too, how many cowboys were out just riding around on that bitter cold night and managed to reach the scene of the accident shortly after the locomotive hit the first cow (although the nearest ranch house was several miles away)!

There used to be two ways of enhancing the value of cattle. One was to breed with bulls of a better breed. This took time. The other was to cross the cows with an iron horse. You have no idea how quickly an old bag of bones could be transformed into a valuable blooded animal just by being impregnated with the cowcatcher of a railroad locomotive. Few people, outside of railroad claim agents, realize how many valuable animals were raised on some Texas ranches in those days!—Burr H. Mallory, 3 Mitchell Place, Glen Ridge, New Jersey.

Dear Sir:

Well, an age-long mystery was solved for me in the February issue of TRUE WEST and that was who the "Lazy S" brand belonged to. Back in 1902 my mother decided to emigrate to Alamogordo, New Mexico and take up a homestead there. I was fifteen years old at the time and we were living in San Antonio. We started out in a covered wagon, she and my ten-year-old sister driving and I walking behind the heavily loaded wagon.

I walked every step of the way but about ten miles which I covered riding in the two-wagon, four-horse outfit of a freighter near Concho. Near Big Spring we went through the Lazy S Ranch, which meant nothing to me until a team passed us hauling an empty wagon with two ranch hands on the spring seat. But underneath that wagon, panting and trotting along in its shade, was a red, flop-eared hound with black markings, and extending the length of its left side from shoulder to hip, was a Lazy S brand! I have never forgotten the double cruelty displayed: branding the dog in the first place and making it walk in that heat when they could just as well have let it ride in the wagon!

Like everyone else who mentions Chisum's "Jingle Bob," you never gave his brand. What was it? His ear mark gave an awful look to cattle.—J. B. Wellman, Lt. Commander (Ret.) U. S. Coast Guard, RFD. 1, Harlingen, Texas.

Editor's Note: Chisum's brand was the "rail," a streak from shoulder to thigh. The ear mark was made by slitting ear (not the dewlap) deeply so that the lower part dangled limply—the "Jingle Bob."

Dear Mrs. Lawler:

May I take this time to thank you for my copy of TRUE WEST with the article on Yellow House Ranch, my great-uncle, Major George W. Littlefield, and my father, James Phelps White. I have read the story and I do believe it is the best and most accurate article that I have ever read. May I thank you and the entire staff for the manner in which it was composed.—George L. White, Yellow House Ranch, Box 472, Littlefield, Texas.

Homesteaders of Chamberlain Basin

Dear Joe:

I have just read with much interest "River Rat Pioneer" in the December '63 TRUE WEST. During the fall and winter of 1920-21, I trapped in Chamberlain Basin, Idaho, and became well acquainted with the only two homesteaders in that region, which then was only reachable by horse trails. August Hotzel was born in Bavaria, Germany and Al Stonebraker was a native of Idaho. These two men, and Jesse Root (who was the only white person ever born in Chamberlain Basin) ran the Salmon River with Cap Guleke from Salmon City to the mouth of Lick Creek in late May, 1918.

Root's father had filed on his ranch in the 1890s and no other claims were filed in the remote area until Stonebraker came in 1915 and Hotzel in 1916. Their homesteads were only a mile apart, while the Root place was seventeen miles to the east. Jesse's mother died when he was very young and his father went insane after Jesse was grown. I became well acquainted with Jesse in Warren, Idaho, in 1921 while I was working in a gold mine there. Jesse owned one of the only two stores in town and was the postmaster.

In the spring of 1918 Hotzel and Stonebraker started out on the hundred-odd miles' journey they had planned during the winter to buy mowing machines (they had been using scythes). Captain Guleke was to transport the machines by barge from Salmon City. Jesse Root, who had planned to abandon his father's homestead that spring, went along for the experience of the wild ride down the river.

The three men had to travel most of the way to Salmon City on snowshoes. When they arrived, arrangements were made with Cap to freight them down the river to the mouth of Lick Creek. With the precious mowing machines and the three men aboard, the run down the Salmon was begun. It was, at least for the passengers, a highly exciting and frightening experience and was climaxed by the wrecking of the barge against the foot of a jutting cliff that rose perpendicular from the water.

At the impact the men were thrown to the deck and Root called out loudly, "We are gone!" Luckily, however, the barge spun around and settled in a shallow eddy close to the bank. She was moored to trees and all cargo removed and this allowed her to float high enough that the break in her hull was above the water line. Guleke always carried axes, saws and a quantity of large spikes for repairs if needed.

The men camped ashore three days during which they hewed out boards two inches thick and eight inches wide to be fitted to the break and spiked in place. Then pine rosin was gathered, heated and applied to the seams in the repair job.

With the barge seaworthy again, they reloaded and proceeded down the river, arriving at Lick Creek without further mishap. Hotzel and Stonebraker spent the next ten days traveling the twenty-eight miles from the point of debarkation to their homesteads to collect their horses from spring pasture and packing out the machines which took two round trips.

Men in the sparsely inhabited wilderness areas of the Pacific Northwest had hardihood and resourcefulness. Hotzel's and Stonebraker's nearest neighbors were over thirty miles away after Jesse moved away. One was a lone homesteader on the south bank of the main Salmon, and two others were located near the point

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where the Nelson Trail crosses the South Fork. Nelson, in spite of his then seventy years, ferried me across the wildly running South Fork in July, 1921 in a leaky rowboat, as exciting an experience as I have ever had.—C. W. Bain, 1009 Greensboro Road, High Point, North Carolina.

How It Really Was

Dear Sir:

In TRUE WEST back in April, 1963, I read a story by Ed Wright which took me back fifty-seven years. In Wyoming in the winter of 1906 I hauled hay for 700 head of old cows and calves and the next spring my brother and I went on C.Y. roundup. I was the nighthawk. I think that the poor nighthawk had the hardest job of all. I was in the saddle from 8 p.m. until 3 a.m. with no let up. I remember stormy nights herding up to 300 head, grabbing a few winks of sleep when I could, and trying to stay on a stampeding horse. My riding wasn't over in eight seconds as it is in rodeo today and I'll admit my fingerprints are probably still on some of the old saddlehorns. I remember wet beds and coffee made out of alkali waterholes where sheep and cattle had been first. I sometimes think I can still taste the durn stuff. But back to the reason I wrote this letter—please renew my subscription.—C. H. Hagins, 1420 East Grand Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

The Custer Story

Dear Editor:

I was most interested in Bill Judge's story on Custer in the October, 1963 TRUE WEST. In 1954 Harold Webb, John Whittemore and I formed the Ghost Patrol, a re-creation of E Troop of the 7th Cavalry, which is at present headquartered at Knott's Berry Farm under the command of 1st Lt. D. A. Hoggarth. Its sole purpose is to preserve for present and future generations a true picture of the frontier army (specifically the 7th Cavalry) from 1868 to 1890.

In addition to training each man in horsemanship, foot drill and marksmanship as per the manuals of the period, much time is spent in research, which brings me to the purpose of the letter.

I have had an opportunity to use all the equipment that Custer's men had at the time of the battle. Mr. Judge's evaluation of the Springfield Carbine, model 1873, is in complete accord with our experiences as to dust, fouling and copper cases. As for the men having whiskey in their canteens, a walk over the battleground on a hot June day will show how impractical this would be.

For years I, also, have believed that Custer was a suicide. In my opinion this is just what a man of Custer's personality would do under the circumstances and furnishes the only logical reason for his not being scalped or mutilated. All in all, I want to congratulate you on a fine story and one I believe to be as close to the truth as will ever be known.—John M. Lee, Ghost Town Office, Knott's Berry Farm, Buena Park, California.

Pioneers in our Largest State

Gentlemen:

Looking through some of your back issues, I ran across a story on Will Rogers. On August 15, 1935 when Wiley Post and Rogers crashed near Point Barrow, it was Noel Wien who brought pictures of their departure from Fairbanks and their accident at Point Barrow to Seattle.

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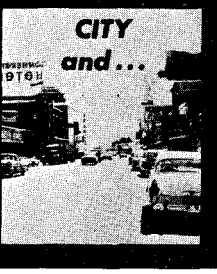

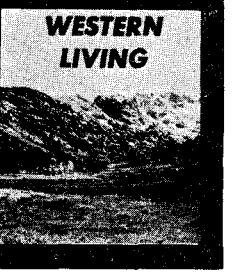

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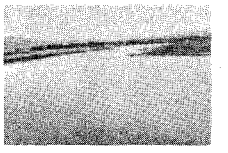

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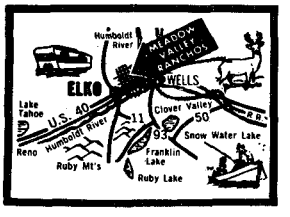

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seater surplus army training plane and in 1927 established the first air service between Fairbanks and Nome. He was the first to fly across the Arctic Circle, first to fly from Alaska to Siberia, first to land a plane at 60 degrees below zero and first to fly a person to a hospital.

In 1929 the Wien boys salvaged many thousands of dollars worth of furs from a schooner frozen in the Arctic Ocean north of Siberia. It was a round trip of 2,250 miles. I can't begin to relate the number of adventures and narrow escapes from death Noel and his brothers have had. Ralph lost his life in a crash at Kotzebue Bay and Noel crash-landed on a mountain top in 1925 with two passengers, but all three walked out. Noel, who has been honored with a Doctor of Science degree from the University of Alaska, has now retired but still flies occasionally. The Wien Alaska Airlines which had such a humble beginning, employs 300 people. —Albert Enzmann, Box 161, Forbestown, California.

Mystery in the Guadalupes

Dear Sir:

I can vouch for the truth of what I am going to say as I knew M. A. Daugherty personally and he was a truthful man. In the year 1888 or 1889, Daugherty was freighting from Delaware Creek through Crow Flat past the point of the Guadalupe Mountains.

One night he was rather late finding a suitable place to camp. It was dark when he finally decided to unharness and hobble his team. He hunted around for some wood for a campfire and soon discovered he was in the midst of a number of graves. He hitched up and drove on perhaps a mile and a half. By then it was so dark he could see nothing except that he was in a valley.

The next morning he discovered he was in another cemetery of numerous graves. The only marker was for the scout which read "Killed by Indians: Francisco Mario Palencio: 1855."

That seems to be the only record I have been able to get so far. Some old-timers had a faint memory of an awful fight between soldiers and Indians near the point of the Guadalupes in the past. Perhaps some of your readers can get the details or might have heard some rumor of this. There must be some record somewhere. Daugherty said the graves were covered with rocks.

I hope you will publish this soon so I can find out before I pass on.—Mrs. T. C. Key, Capitan, New Mexico 88316.

Our Youngest Readers

Dear Sir:

I have read the stories written by Milt Hinkle and enjoy them very much. My little boy, aged ten, has made a scrapbook from your magazines which he took to school. The teacher read the articles to the class and passed the book around to each student. My son was very proud.

Most boys know something about the West due to television, but to see the people as they actually looked and to know the real truth about them is very interesting not only to the children but also to the grownups.—Mrs. J. C. Carter, 1014 Park Avenue, Piqua, Ohio.

From One of Our Authors

Dear Editor:

You surely did a wonderful job on my story, "Lewis Fleagle, Man of the Old West," in the February issue. The drawing is so like him if you had a real picture I doubt if you could tell them apart. The house and the setting and all is so near like the real place that it takes me back to the days of the past. The hat I wore back then was a stiff brim Stetson, so you hit that right on the nose. Thanks very much.—James E. Harvey, Salem, Utah.

Editor's Note: The thanks should rightfully go to Al Napoletano. When we are unable to locate actual pohtographs, Al is so good he can take over and satisfy the man who actually saw the original scene with his own eyes. Quite a talent!

A Teen-ager in His Prime!

Dear Sir:

I want to tell you how much I enjoy your magazines. Although I am nineteen years old, a teenager in his prime, I still take time to read them. I have purchased most of the back issues and renewed my subscription. Your magazines are treasures that will never depreciate.

I know that the stories you print are true. Tonight I read the article, "The Lonely Ones," in the Old West section of the February TRUE WEST, describing the hardships of the Dakota women pioneers. After reading it I asked my mother, "How did Grandma wash clothes when you lived in North Dakota?" and what she answered was an echo to that article by Doris Eastman. Then I let her read the story and when she finished, instead of closing the covers, she went on to the next page and the next and the next. I'm quite sure you have one more new reader!—Gary Neske, Port Angeles, Washington.

Put on Your Thinking Caps

Dear Sir:

I write to ask the help of TRUE WEST readers. I would like their suggestions for a name for my new home—with a western flavour, of course. You know, like Ponderosa, etc.

Also, I would be most pleased to write to anyone who would like to know more about England. I enjoy your magazine very much.—R. W. Tyrrell, 14 Caystreward, Peddars Cross, Gt. Yarmouth, Norfolk, England.

I Found the Planchas De La Plata

(Continued from page 14)

Mexican side of the fence that actually belongs to the United States. It was supposedly surveyed that way to hold down any disputes about the exact location of the line. However, inquiries in Washington brought only the information that for all practical purposes, the fence is the border.

Perhaps I could work the ore body by careful high-grading. This would certainly result eventually in serious trouble, for not only would I be stealing from Mexico, but smuggling contraband into the States. In fact, that would be the most foolish move I could make, for I'd have to disclose the origin of the ore in order to sell it, and high-grade such as this would bring many questions. On top of the disposal problem is the certainty of detection by the Border Patrol. I've been around them long enough to know that no one puts anything over on them for any length of time.

JUDICIOUS inquiry convinced me that a Mexican national as a partner is the only answer. As a result, I've taken in an old *compadre* on the part that lies south of the border. He's honest, smart,

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HUGO MILLER, Assayer

Nogales, Arizona

For
Wayne Winters
PIEDRAS DEL SOL MINING CO.
P. O. Box 462
Tucson, Ariz.

Date
May 3, 1961

Dear Sir:

The following are the assay values of your sample marked "Mexico-Arizona Native Silver Ore":

Gold--1.12 Oz.	$ 39.90
Silver--21,864 Oz.	19,869.20
Copper--2.5%	15.12
Total Values Per Ton	$19,924.22

HUGO MILLER, assayer

Hugo Miller

Above is a photostatic copy of the assay report on ore samples taken from the newly found mine.

and knows mining. We've made legal arrangements with the land owner and soon expect to cut into the tunnel from the Mexican side. The Mexican Government takes about fifty percent right off the top of the gross mineral production, it is true, and for a United States citizen to engage in such a business in that country he must have a Mexican national partner who owns fifty-one percent of the partnership, but even this and the associated mining expenses should leave a husky piece of change for me.

Minor explorations south of the border subsequent to the original discovery, turned up a couple of Mexican "ovens" such as were used ages ago in removing metal from high-grade ores. Using my metal detector, I learned that one of these ovens contained metal. Dismantling the crude smelter disclosed a fourteen-pound piece of nearly pure, smelted silver. Today this plate of silver is on exhibit in a Mexico City museum. At any rate, it supposedly is, for I turned it over to certain "authorities" in that country as part of the deal that is to let me mine the property.

Still another possibility presents itself—for the vein may well run north across the border and into the United States. A core-drilling program might pick up an ore body, but for the moment I'm preparing to give it a going over with a mineral-metal detector made especially for this job. I have the instrument here in Tucson, and, after a bit of practice with it, will head for the border country.

Why do I believe this is the lost Planchas de la Plata Mine? There are many reasons: the locale is right, for it is approximately twenty miles southwest of Tumacacori and straddles the border; the cross cut into the stone and used to mark the mine definitely indicates that it was church property; and the nature of the ore itself is similar to that described in Hinton's account. Granted, I've found no two, three or four-*arroba* pieces (an *arroba* is twenty-five pounds), but I have done no actual mining there and you cannot expect to find the big pieces just sticking out of the veins waiting to be plucked by the first-comer.

Yes, I'm convinced I've found a "lost mine." No, I don't need another partner. I want no one snooping around the property and, as a legal mining claim, it is my property, so I'll discourage anyone I find there.

I have hesitated to tell this tale, for a lot of luck and hundreds of hours of hard and dangerous work on my part have been involved in bringing the property to its present status. Now all I want is a chance to mine it and cash in on my find. However, I know that I'm now legally protected from the vultures that hover over every small mining venture, and believing this discovery will be of interest to readers of TRUE WEST, I've decided to put it down on paper.

Old West

(Continued from page 37)

"I found that a ten-gauge Winchester sawed-off shotgun was a good gun to carry in a pack outfit. You could shoot it from your hip like an automatic, and it was a good gun to have for protection at night," Beatty remembers.

Although his hearing is not the best, the old Ranger plans a pack trip every summer, taking his horse and his gear out into the mountains of southern Arizona.

"I know every camp for miles around, and I need to get away by myself every now and then. Do I get lonely out by myself? Of course not!

"I make camp and return to it every night. In season, I shoot a deer so I've

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A man of honor and fairness and discretion, a man who keeps under his battered old hat tales that had best remain untold, this is Chapo Beatty, the only surviving member of the Arizona Rangers.

GALISTEO'S APPARITION

Editor's Note: The following story, submitted by Phil Cooke, appeared in the *Daily New Mexican*, Santa Fe, in 1880. Galisteo Junction is now known as Lamy.

GALISTEO JUNCTION, N. M., March 26, 1880—Tonight soon after the arrival of the train from Santa Fe, as the operator at this point and two or three friends were taking a short walk before retiring for the night, they were startled by voices evidently coming from above them. At first they supposed it was from some persons on the mountains near here, known as the Sierra Colorada, but on looking upward they were astonished to see a large balloon coming from the west.

As it rapidly approached, the voices became more distinct but were entirely unintelligible. Loud shouts, in a language entirely unknown to any of the party, were constantly given, evidently with a desire to attract attention.

The construction of the balloon was entirely different to anything of the kind ever seen by any of the party, being in the shape of a fish, and at one time was so low that fanciful characters on the outside of the car, which appeared to be very elegant, were plainly seen.

The air machine appeared to be entirely under the control of the occupants, and appeared to be guided by a large fanlike apparatus. The party seemed to be enjoying themselves, as laughter and occasionally strains of music were heard.

A few articles were dropped from the car as the balloon passed over the Junction, but owing to the imperfect light the only thing which was found was a magnificent flower, with a slip of exceedingly fine silk-like paper, on which were some characters resembling those on Japanese tea chests. One article which from its weight when thrown from the car, seemed to be a cup or some other piece of earthenware, could not be found tonight, but diligent search will be made for it in the morning.

The balloon was monstrous in size, and the car, as near as could be judged, contained eight or ten persons. Another peculiar feature of the air machine was that the occupants could evidently sail at any height they chose, as soon after passing the Junction, it assumed a great height and moved off very rapidly toward the east.

LATER:—The cup thrown from the balloon last night was found this morning. It is of very peculiar workmanship, entirely different to anything used in this country. Both flower and cup are in possession of the operator at the Junction, and can be seen by any one who desires to see them.

GALISTEO JUNCTION, March 27, 9 p.m.—This evening a collector of curiosities passed through this place and on

"The Old West is gettin' too durned commercial."

being shown the magnificent flower and cup dropped from the balloon which passed over this place last night, offered such a sum of money for them that it could not be refused and he became the possessor of them. He gives it as his opinion that the balloon must have come from Asia, and thinks it possible it came from Jeddo.

THE LOST WAGON TRAIN

By Bob Rybolt

ON the morning of November 5, 1865 Major Eugene Ware of the United States Cavalry slowly plodded along on his way from Julesburg, Colorado Territory, to his camp on the old St. George Ranch, about five miles east of the present site of Sidney, Nebraska. The sky was bleak and dreary and as he arrived in camp he sensed things were not as usual.

He was informed that a log expedition had been sent up Lodgepole Creek in search of firewood and hadn't returned. Since there had been no signs of Indians for quite some time, Major Ware decided to go in search of the expedition alone.

Several miles up the creek, the Major spied a mounted figure coming toward him at a full run. As the rider came alongside it was learned that he was one of the expedition members and that they had made a very unusual discovery and his opinion was needed. Major Ware and the messenger returned to camp to get reinforcements.

As the party moved up the Lodgepole and came upon the log expedition, a strange sight greeted their eyes. Before them stood the rotting remains of sixteen wagons and not a sign of life to be seen anywhere. The wagons all seemed to be in order; the left front wheel of one wagon was against the right rear wheel of another and the tongues were all pointed toward the center. In this way the wagons were locked together as was the custom at that time. The amount of grass growing around the felloes gave evidence of a great lapse of time. Ox yokes were propped up against the tongues and harnesses were nearby. The canvas tops had all rotted and many of the floors in the wagons had given way.

Since night was approaching Major Ware gave the order for a temporary camp to be established so that in the morning a complete examination of the wagons could be made in hopes of discovering the identity of the train members.

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THE following morning the men were told to report all items such as letters or logs which might identify the wagon-train. The search revealed no written matter but did disclose several holes possibly made by bullets. Other items found in the wagons were several sheet metal washtubs, two fine stoves and a pretty little ornamental writing desk with an ivory pen and a fancy inkwell. Several chests were discovered with locks on them. The locks were broken and the contents consisted of nothing more than clothing. Why did they leave their wagons? They were all in running order. This was proved by Major Ware and his men when they repaired the better ones, loaded them with the more valuable items, and shipped them to Julesburg.

Since all weapons, blankets and food were gone, Major Ware came to the conclusion that the members of the train had abandoned their wagons for reasons unknown. An Indian attack would certainly have left more than a "few" bullet holes and the victors would most likely have burned and plundered the wagons.

In an attempt to discover the identity of the members of the ill-fated wagon-train, ads were placed in all Omaha and Denver newspapers requesting such information as might be helpful in the investigation. Nothing was discovered.

What happened to the people? Why did they leave their wagons? Where did they go after leaving the wagons? All these questions are yet to be answered. One of the most unusual facts surrounding the wagontrain mystery is that they were miles off any known route of that time.

Stagecoach Lady

(Continued from page 41)

man's hand. After the disturbance was over and the occupants of the soggy sleeping quarters had again quieted down in a feigned sleep, the thirsty man once more sought his misplaced flask. This time he seized the lady's ankle! In those days duels were fought over lesser offenses but, luckily for the health of all concerned, daybreak was piercing the chinks with a beautiful Western dawn and apologies were made and accepted.

On the stage route to Helena, Montana in the 1870s the Strahorns stopped at a home station kept by Mrs. Corbet. The company maintained stations from ten to twenty miles apart, with "home stations" spaced each twenty-four hours' ride. These home stations were points where supplies were kept and where a defensive shelter was maintained against Indians and highwaymen.

It surprised Mrs. Strahorn to find a woman in command of one of these stops but Mrs. Corbet was an unusual and surprising person. Among other duties, she served meals to all the stage passengers—*all* of them. Any bashful passenger who might be reluctant to be served at the table by this noted lady would be likely to find her six-shooter prodding his ribs. On her better days, Mrs. Corbert simply met the stage passengers with a pistol in her hand and commanded them to eat the meals waiting for them at one dollar per plate!

An acquaintance of the Strahorns, while dining at the Corbet table, commented on Mrs. Corbet's coffee in terms as caustic as the quality of the brew. The station mistress, who was hovering on the alert, overheard the wisecrack. Walking up behind the outspoken gent, she lifted him up by both ears from his chair, ordered him to plank his dollar on the table, and propelled him through the door with an assist from her high-laced shoe.

The Strahorns found the usual furnishings of an isolated stage station to be empty boxes and kegs around a pine board table. The rare cloth that covered the dining board was left to accumulate spots and spills over many months of service. The tableware would be chipped and heavy. Over the food would buzz a cloud of big black flies.

THERE was a price paid for stagecoach travel in risks, discomfort, embarrassment and disgust. What yield did this heavy price return? In the case of our heroine, it gave her the companionship of the man she called "Pard," Robert Strahorn. He had returned to Illinois after a stint as a news reporter attached to General Crook's command in the campaigns against the Sioux and Cheyennes. Jay Gould, the railroad magnate, offered Strahorn the job of traveling representative for the Union Pacific to assess the resources of the West. Carrie Adell Green became the bride of Robert Strahorn about the time of Gould's offer. She insisted that she not be left behind.

Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage was the title of the book Mrs. Strahorn wrote in 1911, thirty-four years after her wedding. Fifteen thousand miles by stage was traveled in a raw and unspoiled land. About Montana, as she first saw it, Mrs. Strahorn could say, "Montana is in itself a veritable panoramic park. The Crow Indians had a saying that the Great Spirit only looked at other countries, but lived in Montana all the year. The Sioux Indians deem it an honor to die in Montana, where it is so beautiful everywhere, and only a step to the Happy Hunting Grounds. . . ."

The Strahorn party once became lost and wandered for a day and a half in search of the Great Falls of the Missouri near where the city of that name now stands. As the first white woman to completely tour Yellowstone National Park, Mrs. Strahorn won the honor of naming the first white child born in the Park to the Marshall family who had built the first home there. Gunnison, Ruby Camp, Virginia City, Hot Sulphur Springs, Fort Benton, through Idaho to Blackfoot and Challis, Colorado Springs, the Royal Gorge, Boise, Walla Walla—sometimes the destination was reached via the creeping branches of the railroads but quite often the trips were partly by stagecoach.

During a pause at Walla Walla, Mrs. Strahorn could declare, "For a time at least there would be no more rough and tumble of jostling, rocking stagecoaches, no more rising at ghostly hours to take the rough-wheeled vehicles for a jog along through weary days and nights, no more fear of a sudden lurch sending a fist into a neighbor's eye or butting a head against a crossrod or a sidebrace of the lumbering, clumsy old dirt-laden transportation wagon. . . . It had been a hard and toilsome journey. . . ."

Yet she could also write, "How much it meant all over the West to hear that cry 'Stage!' The sonorous voice of the stage driver, the clatter of hoofs, the creak of heavy brakes and the grinding wheels as they bumped into the sidewalk, gave notice of the arrival of the daily mail and passengers. All over the western country it was the same great event of the day. Hotel lobbies and sidewalks were full of loiterers waiting for some kind of news to spread through the town, and the idle curious to see who was aboard . . . ."

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Courtesy H. H. Campbell

This was the first post office in Matador. Standing by the door is its first postmistress, Mrs. H. H. Campbell, and her grand-daughter, Erin. Mail carrier Charlie Hampton is by the hack.

Cattle Kings!

(Continued from page 9)

at first; but as the outlaw disposed of good riders one after the other, the foreman began to realize that here was an animal that called for his own superior horsemanship. If the boys had known that the boss was going to try THC, there would have been a flock of men sitting on the fence the morning the foreman met his Waterloo. Haley, however, was not a man for show or display, and there was no one present but a puncher and the cook the day the outlaw was brought in from the horse pasture and saddled.

After carefully tying the rowels of his "gal leg" spurs so they wouldn't slip, Haley swung to the saddle and turned THC loose. The wagon boss need not have gone to so much trouble about the spurs, for the big bay, with a lot of mustang ancestry back of him, promptly kicked off the things that ripped his belly. He then proceeded to sun his side until the Matador foreman didn't know whether he was on the horse's back or under his belly. After tying some knots in his tail, and in Haley's neck, THC unloaded the boss in a water trough and went off toward the pasture kicking at the empty stirrups and trying to throw the saddle.

After that, THC had the run of the 420,000-acre Matador range and was referred to as the horse that could not be ridden. But about 1900 a slender, wiry youth was employed to break horses for the Matador, who, like THC, improved with practice. As the years went by, Claude Jeffers, breaking from 50 to 500 horses a year, got to be something of a champion himself. He reached his highest efficiency the year he broke 580 horses and put them through 9 saddles each with the help of only one assistant. After the Matador broncs had seen for the ninth time that they could not unload the man on their backs, they were pretty well convinced of the futility of bucking and were turned over to the punchers to become useful cow horses.

As bronc after bronc, a lot of them from the tough string, went down before the 135-pound Jeffers, men began to say the horse had never been born that the youth couldn't ride. When someone made a spiel like that, some of the older hands always reminded them of THC, the horse that could not be ridden. Many wondered what would happen if the two ever met. It looked like the irresistible force meeting the immovable object. Anything might happen.

CLAUDE JEFFERS did not press for a showdown with THC, but he continued to clean everything else they put into the corral. The funny thing about his riding was that he never used spurs. Most of the boys considered themselves goners when a spur strap broke or when a tanglefoot like THC kicked them off. But when Jeffers got into the saddle, he just seemed "growed there." To anyone insisting on knowing how he did it, he would say, "Just leave your body limber and hold tight with your legs. Catch the motion and roll of the horse. Hold a tight rein to steady yourself." It sounded simple, but riding bad horses without spurs was not as easy as it sounded.

Sometimes the company paid Jeffers so much per head for breaking broncs (usually $2.00 per year of age), and sometimes he was paid the usual wages of a cowpuncher with a bonus for the more hazardous work he was doing. Lots of different plans can be tried out in thirty-seven years. That's how long Claude Jeffers broke broncs for the Matador, an outfit that worked from 60 to 75 punchers and that still branded 10,000 calves a year as late as 1950.

Of course, when one has to break a large number of horses, he does not have time to train them, but Claude Jeffers was a horse trainer as well as a bronc peeler. In fact, it was his ability to turn out good horses as well as his ability to ride bad ones that made him indispensable to the great ranch. Jeffers proved what he could do. In 1935 his horse, "High Power," won first place and was pronounced the best cutting horse in the State of Texas at the Texas Cowboy's Reunion at Stamford. Jeffers entered this horse three years in succession in the cutting contest, and each year he took a prize and showed progress. The first year, High Power took third place. The second year he advanced to second, and the third time he took first. Jeffers rode

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him and carried off the $150 saddle offered as first prize.

"A horse is one of the most intelligent animals in the world," said Claude Jeffers. "He can see better than a man at night; and his ears, movable in all directions, can detect sounds that man cannot hear. He can smell almost as good as a dog and often smells of his master to see if he is the right person if a change of clothes makes him appear different. Horses, like most people, can be handled best with kindness."

That is one reason this bronc peeler did not use spurs. You have to be a good horseman to ride a bad one without long shanks, but even the worst will pitch harder if he is lifted up on a pair of stickers every time he hits the ground.

"If you want a gentle horse, be gentle," said Jeffers. "That's the whole secret. A nervous, fractious man makes a horse jumpy and hard to manage. Be good to a horse, and he will learn to love you like a dog. Some are temperamental just like people; but they love to work cattle, play polo, or run after hounds. I could ride High Power into a herd, show him a calf or a steer, take off the bridle, and he would do the rest. A man riding him might wonder whether he was coming or going, but out of the herd the cow critter would come."

It takes about the same thing to make a good cow horse as it does to make a good polo animal—sense, high spirits, and endurance. A cow horse should be heavier than a polo animal to throw a heavy steer. They had some pretty big ones down on the Matador. Ed D. Smith, one of the Matador cowboys, got one out of the Croton Brakes in the Thirties that was twenty-one years old and had a horn spread of forty-two inches. All cattle are dated when they are branded and it is easy to tell their exact age. The age is branded on their left shoulder; for example, in 1947 it was a 7. The regular Matador brand is a V on the right side. It looks like a 7 V, but it is just a script V like you make when writing. The horse brand is 50 on the left hip.

Jeffers thought that Morgans make the best cow horses. They are just about the right weight for the average man, and have lots of ginger and endurance, too. The Steeldusts also are fine. They are active and learn quickly. They can't stand as much hard riding as the Morgans, though, in the opinion of Claude Jeffers. They are a little too nervous and work themselves down too soon. High Power was half Morgan and half Steeldust.

"For good cow horses from range mares, I would say that a Morgan stallion would be the best bet," said Jeffers. "Some people find that Hamiltonian is all right when crossed with range stock."

"How about the Mustangs?" I asked.

"Most of them are too small, and they never get gentle. It takes a gentle horse to work cattle with efficiency. If you want to run a good horse to death, put him after a Mustang. Those things can run until the world looks level. Capture a big one, and get him broke, and you will never be afoot, though. They are hard to tame. I have seen them stand in the corral for days without as much as looking at the water trough. You have to wear the Mustangs out or kill them in breaking them. They are complete wrecks by the time they quit fighting. There were thousands of them on the Staked Plains and along the Caprock until stockmen killed them off to save the grass they ate."

Claude Jeffers liked a medium swell fork saddle. The one he used before winning the $150 prize saddle at Stamford was made by H. H. Schwitzer of Matador, Texas. He often used double cinches with a girth just tight enough to hold the saddle on. A single cinch is not enough for roping purposes, and it has to be made too tight for the best results in breaking broncos, he believed.

"It's the tight cinches which tend to cut off a horse's breath that make many of them buck so hard. They are much like a man fighting for air. They do not object to the weight on their backs as much as they do to being strangled. As for spurs, nearly any person is ticklish and will jump if suddenly poked in the ribs. A horse is the same way. He either starts pitching or tries to escape by flight," said the famous bronc peeler.

Jeffers thought there was nothing as good as the Navajos for saddle blankets. They are soft but firm and do not scald a horse's back. A whole lot depends on the weave, but it is probably the natural wool that makes them so desirable. Army physicians long ago found that soldiers get along all right with woolen shirts, even in warm climates. Cotton tends to harden a blanket, and hair scratches too much. Wool keeps a horse warm in winter; in summer it collects the perspiration and provides a cooling process by evaporation.

Although Jeffers converted over 3,000 young broncs into cow horses, he was never permanently crippled. On the other hand, Ed D. Smith has been thrown and kicked about so much that he has a shoulder that slips out of place with the least sudden movement. Even a sneeze will often throw out of place the shoulder that horses and steers have dislocated so many times.

"HAVE you ever been throwed?" I asked Claude Jeffers. He stared at me as though he could not comprehend my ignorance.

"Say! If you ever meet a bronc peeler who says he has never been throwed, you can just put it down then and there that he is not what he claims to be. I've been throwed more ways than a scrambled egg. I don't get throwed very often, but I feel pretty lucky when I go two or three years without getting spilled. Things will just naturally go wrong once in a while. Yes, I rode old THC, the outlaw that had not been ridden for ten years. I'll tell you about that after we eat."

We pulled rawhide-bottomed chairs to the table at McDonald Camp and mixed Ed Smith's sourdough biscuits with more conversation.

Jeffers thought four years old is the best age to break a cow horse for they are at their best age at eight to ten. Like men, it takes time for a horse to get experience and become thoroughly efficient. An animal begins to deteriorate at about twelve, Jeffers believed.

"Ten horses make a full string on the Matador Ranch, although I have seen some men who could get more work out of five or six than others could get out of a dozen. It all depends on the man. If you want to make a hit with the Matador, take good care of your horses. The better horseman you are, the more good horses you will get. If you are a horse killer, the range boss will probably give you some sorry animals to kill off. Every new hand gets a lecture on the care of his horses when he starts to work for the outfit," Jeffers explained.

In winter, the string is cut down to about three horses per man on the Matador Ranch. These are fed and can do a lot more work per horse than the summer

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Courtesy H. H. Campbell

This house was used as a Matador line camp for forty years. It was the scene of a fatal quarrel between two Matador hands, Harkey and Barbee.

remuda, which is ridden on grass. Horse feeding has changed, too, in recent years. The Matador cow horses are now given a balanced diet consisting of corn, oats, kaffir, a little cottonseed meal and such as figured out by feed experts at experiment stations. This is a ground feed that saves a horse's teeth. Ground feed is more completely digested, too. But for maximum endurance, there is nothing like shelled corn, Jeffers believed. The grass season is from the last of April to December 1.

"Rawhide makes the best hobbles. Manila rope is too hard and often skins a horse's legs," said Jeffers. Thirty to forty-five feet is about right for a good lariat, although some men can throw a sixty-foot rope. For roping purposes, there is nothing better than Manila hemp.

Although Claude Jeffers was one of the greatest riders in the world, he seldom performed for rodeos. Peeling broncs for a real cow outfit is different from the showmanship of a rodeo. In the rodeo, the object is to thrill the audience. Jeffers was not spectacular, for everything he did was practical.

The methods of the rodeo won't turn out champion roping or cutting horses like High Power; and the Matador outfit was paying their man to produce fine cow horses, not bad ones. Jeffers, without tricks or fancy stunts, would not have looked spectacular on a bad horse, but he could have kept his saddle just as long as anyone. There is probably not a man living who can go out and put 580 young horses through 9 saddles in a year. Max Bentley, special writer for the *Ft. Worth Star Telegram,* has called Jeffers the "champion bronc buster of the world." If the number of horses ridden counts, that is what he was.

There was a time when the Matador bronc peeler thought every horse had a certain number of bucks in him and proceeded to let him get them out of his system. Later he tried to discourage pitching tendencies. It is something they do not need to practice to become good cow horses.

ALTHOUGH Claude Jeffers disliked public appearances, he rode a few times for local people. For years the Matador punchers wanted to see him ride THC and Jeffers finally agreed to ride him for the benefit of a local celebration that was about to go dead. When the news went forth that the man who could ride anything with hair on it was going to try the horse that could not be ridden, the cowboys and ranchers came in from the range for 100 miles. There was the usual barbecue, calf and goat roping, and a lot of preliminary bronc busting before THC was finally eared down and saddled. It had been ten years since anyone had tried the famous outlaw.

The crowd held its breath as Jeffers swung to the saddle and said, "Let 'em go!"

The horse bogged his head and started to give his opponent the works. In the time since old THC had thrown his last rider, he may have forgotten a lot. Some of the old-timers who had witnessed the contest were of the opinion that age had slowed the famous horse down. Others declared the outlaw did a first class job and that he just looked easy because it was Claude Jeffers who was in the saddle. It is reasonable to assume that the famous man-killer was at least badly out of practice. As he gave the saddle one violent shake after another, he may have discovered something different in this quiet boy who rode with a light, easy swing. No one beat him with a quirt nor gouged him with spurs. The saddle cinches were not tight enough to interfere with his breathing. After a moderate amount of hard pitching, the famous outlaw quit and trotted off without even making Jeffers show daylight.

Those who had bet on the horse were disappointed, and yelled for Jeffers to make THC strut his stuff. But Claude Jeffers played fair even with his horses, refusing to make mean horses out of those that wanted to be good. He patted THC understandingly, and sent him back to the Matador pasture.

Then someone in the crowd unhitched a mule famous for his cussedness, and dragged him out for Jeffers to ride. This animal was in the prime of life and as full of Old Nick as a circus clown. The mule watched the saddling undisturbed and probably confident of his prowess. He had seen a good number of bronc peelers and had convinced them they were just ordinary cowhands. Jeffers may have looked like just another man who should be made aware of the advisability of changing his profession.

When the bronc peeler landed on his back, Old Sam began to bawl and have walleyed fits. He rolled up until there wasn't anything three inches wide for the saddle to rest on. Jeffers stayed with the saddle and hoped that when it was over he would find a mule somewhere beneath. He couldn't tell just where the brute was while the fireworks were on. The mule bellowed and bawled. He fence-rowed until the sky and earth became scrambled. The crowd got onto its feet and, with much laughter, hollered itself hoarse.

Old Sam seemed to have more tricks in his bag than a magician. He hit the ground stiff legged, he whirled, and he sunned his side. The mule had a techinque that differed somewhat from that of a horse. Jeffers had seen a lot of fancy steps, but that mule showed him some new ones. Old Sam had the wind of a buffalo bull and keep pouring it on thick and fast. The hard jar of his stiff leg jumps made the bronc peeler begin to hiccough. The saddle seemed to be tossed about in a hurricane. When the storm was over, Jeffers was still with the saddle and there was an exhausted mule under it!

Claude Jeffers rode many bad horses in his thirty-seven years as bronc peeler for the Matador, a lot of them worse than either THC or Old Sam, but these two remained among the surprises of his career. He was surprised at the ease with which he rode the horse he had once dreaded and equally surprised that an ordinary mule could pitch so long and display such a variety of tricks.

The hard jolting of the buckers over a period of years is thought to have injured the famous bronc rider internally. Claude Jeffers died at Mataor in 1936 after having converted more broncs into good cow horses than any other rider of the Western range.

Editor's Note: With this issue CATTLE KINGS! as taken from George A. Wallis' book is concluded. The follow-up article, OLD-TIME RANCHMEN OF THE SOUTHWEST on Page 10, will be of particular interest to those of our readers who have not found the familiar names of old-time ranchers whom they may remember, mentioned in the foregoing chapters. These men, too, added greatly to the development of the area and we are pleased that we were able to acquire this information to supplement Mr. Wallis' fine portrayal of the people of the Llano Estacado.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. **Wine press**
   Harbaugh Museum, Wellington, Kans.
2. **Stocking Knitter**
   KSTC Museum, Hays, Kans.
3. **Slut or Grease Lamp**
   Harbaugh Museum, Wellington, Kans.
4. **Hot Water Bottle**
   Marietta Weaver Collection
5. **Ox Yoke Key**
   Beeson Museum, Dodge City, Kans.
6. **Cornshuck Stripper (for making bed ticks)**
   Marietta Weaver Collection
7. **Fire Carrier**
   Beeson Museum, Dodge City, Kans.
8. **Mud or Marsh Shoes for Horses**
   Harbaugh Museum, Wellington, Kans.
9. **Carpetbag**
   Historical Museum, Wichita, Kans.
10. **Charcoal Iron**
    House of Yesterday, Hastings Museum, Nebr.
11. **Knuckle Duster**
    Hastings Museum, Hastings, Nebr.
12. **Music Box**
    Wild Bill Hickok Museum, Abilene, Kans.

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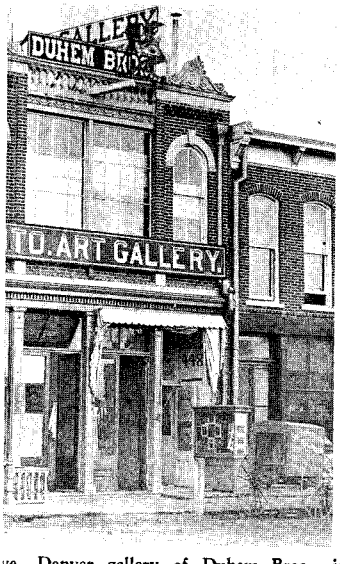
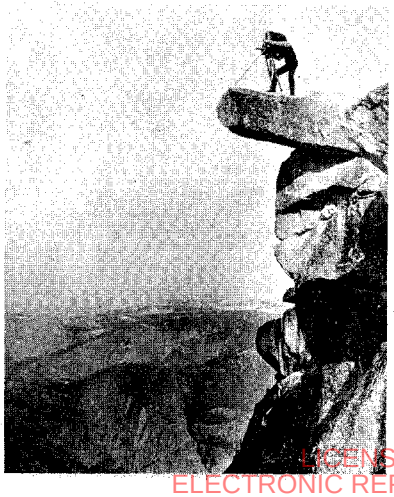
Left, Peter Britt's studio, around 1860, contrasts with E. H. Train's early photograph gallery in Helena, Mont., above. (Historical Society of Montana)



ve, Denver gallery of Duhem Bros., in the 1870s. nver Public Library Western Collection). Below, rare o of James Marshall and Sutter's Mill where he vered gold in 1848, made by Carleton E. Watkins.

w, Peter Britt and camera he brought to Oregon 1854. Right, W. H. Jackson working at Glacier it in Yosemite. (Denver Public Library Western ection)



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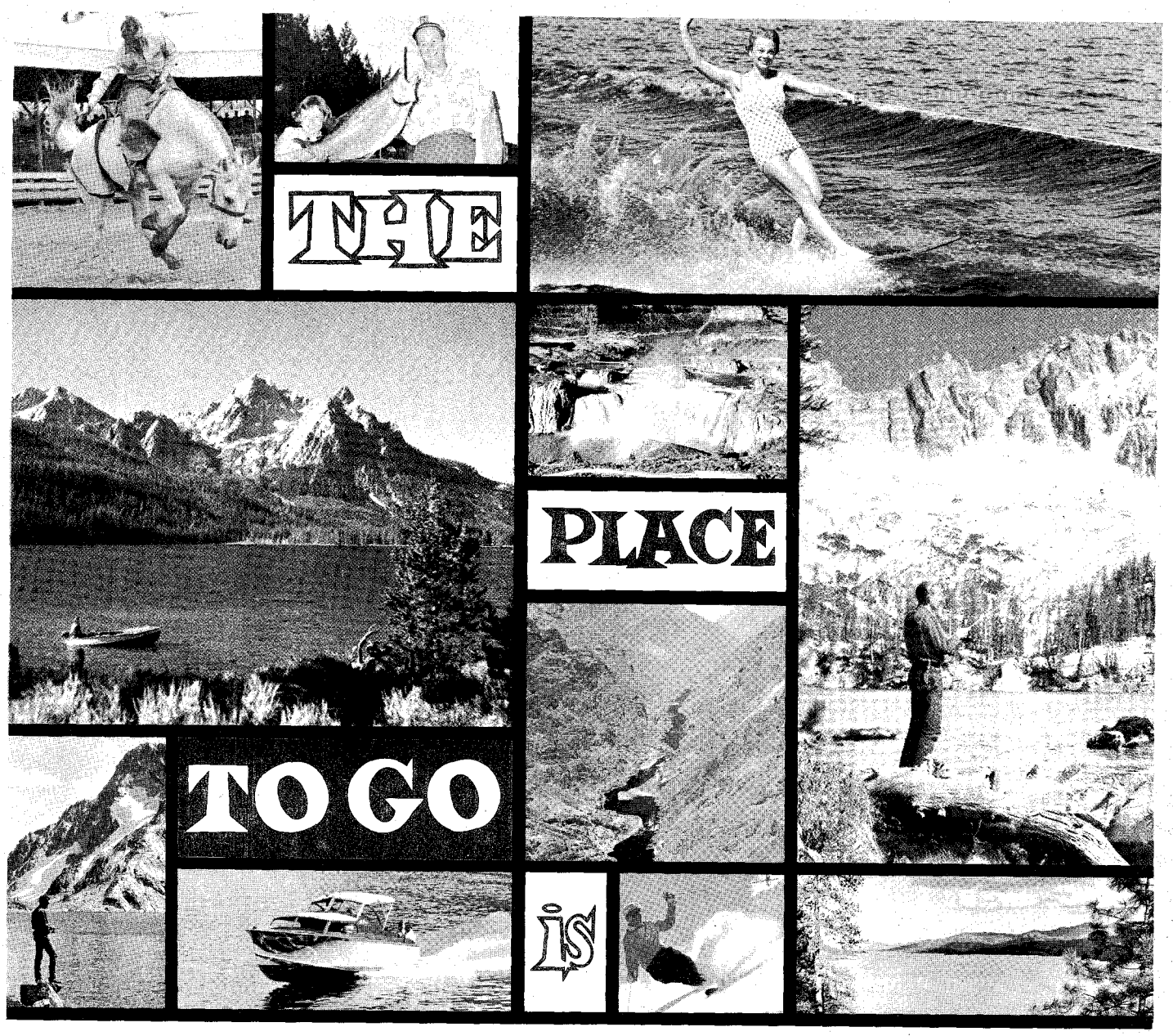

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